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Memoirs of the Comte de Gramont

The Background of History

Memoirs of Court, Camp and Society

Edited by

Cyril Hughes Hartmann

Memoirs of Captain Carleton.

Memoirs of Leonora Christina, Countess Ulfeldt.

Secret History of Henrietta, Princess of England, *and* Memoirs of the Court of France for the Years 1688 and 1689. Both by Mme de la Fayette.

Memoirs of Sir James Melville, of Halhill.

Memoirs of the Comte de Gramont.

Memoirs of the Duchess of Marlborough.

ANTHONY HAMILTON

National Portrait Gallery

Memoirs of the Comte de Gramont

By

Anthony Hamilton

A New Translation by

Peter Quennell

With an Introduction and Commentary by

Cyril Hughes Hartmann

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Introduction

The Memoirs of the comte de Gramont can fairly lay claim to be one of the prodigies of literature—a work that is characteristically and exquisitely French, written by a man who had not a drop of French blood in his veins. Anthony Hamilton was Scottish by descent on his father's side and Irish on his mother's, but he was taken to France in his childhood and brought up and educated there. The greater part of his long life was spent abroad. Presumably he could speak English fluently and write it at least tolerably well—there is actually a mention of a set of English verses by him—yet French was his natural language, and he seems to have talked French habitually and to have corresponded in French even with his own family. One erudite commentator has demonstrated that Hamilton has a few unusual turns of phrase which are derived from English; but it would need the propensities of a mole to discover these if they were not pointed out; or, indeed, to discern in his work any element that could with certainty be attributed to his British birth. His writings furnish a not easily refutable argument to those who maintain that environment is a greater power than heredity.

Unlike so many other memoirs of the time, Hamilton's book has never fallen into even temporary oblivion; it has always been held in high esteem on both sides of the Channel, though in France it has been the fashion to stress its literary, in England its historical, importance. The historical aspects of the work have not been regarded very seriously by French critics, who have been inclined to class it among

"romans prétendus historiques," a hybrid kind of tinselled history very fashionable in the latter half of the seventeenth century and practised by such writers as Madame de la Fayette, Madame d'Aulnoy, Bussy-Rabutin, and Courtilz de Sandras; and it must be conceded that this view does not lack justification, for Hamilton cannot be altogether dissociated from this school, and especially from his friend Bussy-Rabutin, the witty author of the *Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*. All these writers allowed themselves considerable latitude and ingeniously and inextricably combined fact and fiction without shame; but there can be no doubt that the historical value of such works varied even in the case of individual writers: Madame de la Fayette's *Princesse de Clèves* and *Princesse de Montpensier* were avowedly historical novels, while her *Histoire de Madame Henriette d'Angleterre* and her *Mémoires de la Cour de France* can be accounted historically reliable.

The French, then, class the book as a novel and rate it very highly for its style, which no less a judge than Voltaire considered typically French. It is certainly imbued with a grace, an urbane elegance, and a lightness of touch, which, as Hamilton himself says of Miss Stuart's taste in dress, "it is so hard to acquire, except it has been learned in France from very early youth." Hamilton might be described as a literary dandy of the transition period between the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He possesses, however, the defects as well as the qualities of the artificial age of Louis XIV. His sentences, though designedly formal, are sometimes, like the parterres of Lenôtre, perhaps a thought too symmetrical, just a little too irritatingly well balanced; and, significant as his favourite antitheses often are, his affection for this literary trick is so pronounced that sometimes in order to attain symmetry he forces an antithesis where none really

exists. It would, perhaps, be unfair to count against him as a fault his addiction to obscure literary and mythological allusions, for this mannerism was not peculiar to him, but eminently characteristic of the taste of the period. Moreover, it must be remembered that to readers of his time the allusions were not obscure! But if Hamilton adopted in literature a principle that is ruthlessly condemned in other branches of Art, and was prone to construct decoration instead of contenting himself with decorating construction, at bottom his craftsmanship was sound. Masterly design and a true sense of proportion can be discerned beneath the highly-polished marquetry of his elaborate epigrams.

As literature the opening chapters of the *Memoirs* are infinitely superior to the rest of the book: Hamilton's narrative skill is displayed at its best in the account of the adventures of Gramont and his friend Matta at Trino and Turin; and this very superiority may partly account for the fact that the literary value of the *Memoirs*, though admitted, has not usually been highly enough estimated in England, since to English readers the description of Charles II's Court is for obvious reasons the more attractive part of the work. In England the historical importance of the book has always been insisted upon, and it has been regarded, together with the *Diaries* of Evelyn and Pepys, as being among the chief authorities for the history of the reign of Charles II. Of late, however, there has been a reaction among scholars, who now seem disposed to think that the historical value of the *Memoirs* has been grossly exaggerated. This is probably true; but the damage has already been done, and is apparently irreparable, at least until there arises a new generation of historians powerful enough to sweep the great historians of the nineteenth century completely off the board. It would be no easy task to convince popular

opinion that Hamilton is not altogether trustworthy, while Macaulay, who used the book as a reliable authority, is still read with gullibility as well as enthusiasm. The consequence of the estimate of the *Gramont Memoirs* formed by historical writers of the first rank in the Victorian era is that the popular conception of Charles II's Court is nothing other than Hamilton's at second hand. Hamilton, more than anyone else, is to be held responsible for that unhistorical figure, the " Merry Monarch " of stage and story.

Hamilton's picture of the English Court is brilliant but deplorably superficial. It may have been like that, but it cannot have been wholly like that. He is so exclusively concerned with the frivolities of the courtiers that he never lets it be even suspected that there was any other side to their lives. On political matters, both domestic and external, he is completely silent: posterity would never have known from him that during the period he chronicles there occurred events of such overwhelming importance as the Plague, the Great Fire, and the Dutch War of 1664-67. With all these the Court was, of course, intimately concerned, and some of the chief characters in the *Memoirs* played a prominent part in them, but it is not from Hamilton that our knowledge of their more reputable activities is derived. From a literary point of view these omissions make no difference: if anything the rigid suppression of all mention of grave subjects such as these actually conduces to the casual reader's enjoyment; but they do affect, or at any rate ought to affect, the judgment of the historian. Hamilton was quite at liberty to accent the frivolity of Charles II's Court, but just because he concentrates on this aspect alone, the accent falls a little too heavily, and he runs the risk of giving a totally false impression.

Being endowed with a keen sense of the ridiculous

and a satirical wit with which to give it play, Hamilton cannot help being wickedly malicious. The fascinating series of ironical portraits of the men and women who graced or disgraced the Court of Charles II should be treated with more caution than is generally accorded to it. He was very far from being a dispassionate observer, and his judgment is too often clouded by his likes and his dislikes, his predilections and his prejudices. His indulgence towards the easy-going Charles II, a man after his own heart, is in sharp contrast with his ill-concealed contempt for the Duke of York, for whom he evidently felt little sympathy, and whom he usually contrives to show in a subtly ridiculous light. Such men as Lord Arlington and Sir Charles Lyttelton were too serious for his liking, and he delights in deriding their solemnity in little portrait-gems which, if they are masterpieces of the jeweller's art, are nevertheless set with false stones. Towards Sir Charles Berkeley, a knave if ever there was one, he is for some reason unduly kind, and of him he has drawn a flattering picture which would scarcely have been recognized by any of his contemporaries, or for that matter by readers of Pepys, Burnet, and Clarendon. The caustic cruelty of his portraits of the Duke of Richmond and his bride, Frances Stuart, is a more serious matter, since they figure less in other contemporary works, and his estimate of them has found too easy an acceptance and has passed into history. His motive for traducing the Duke's character is not far to seek; he himself reveals it in his story of how Richmond had been a suitor for the hand of his sister Elizabeth and had failed to come up to the scratch. Accordingly, he is pleased to portray as a fool, a sot, and a debauchee, an amiable and conscientious, if undistinguished nobleman, whose many excellent qualities were not altogether swamped by his one weakness, too great a

fondness for the bottle, a fault shared by many of his contemporaries towards whom Hamilton is more lenient. It is more difficult to account for his contempt for Frances Stuart, the aunt of his adored Bulkeley sisters; but it is undoubtedly due to his malice that this shrewd, level-headed, businesslike Scot, whom Pepys more accurately if less elegantly describes as "a cunning slut," has gone down to history as a pretty inanimate toy without an ounce of brains in her beautiful head. But this is really captious criticism; because, after all, it is the very malice of his portraits that gives them their chiefest charm. Whenever Hamilton is kind, he is dull. The least satisfactory portrait in the book is that of his own sister; for the whitewash he has so plentifully mixed with his colours has merely resulted in giving her character a rather opaque and mottled appearance. Fortunately, he very rarely is kind, though even his victims would have had to admit that it is with the most exquisite urbanity that he takes away their reputations. But whether his likenesses were faithful or not, it cannot be denied that his characters do come to life. He is not disproportionately occupied, as were so many literary portraitists of the seventeenth century, with the moral qualities and defects of his subjects; he reflects also upon their appearance and manners, realizing how much these so-called externals may count. Perhaps it is because he so excels in conveying subtleties of character by means of apparent superficialities that one is irresistibly impelled to compare him to a painter.

Hamilton's vivid comments on the manners, customs, and fashions of his age are among the most valuable as well as being one of the most attractive features of the book. He gives an authentic picture of these courtiers at Whitehall, what they looked like, what they wore, and how they amused themselves, in a manner equalled

by no one save perhaps Pepys. And there is room enough for both Hamilton and Pepys, especially as there is a considerable difference between their respective standpoints. Pepys described the Court of Charles II as an inquisitive and acute observer recording the antics of his social superiors from over the fence, while Hamilton was one of the flock chronicling the history of the fold from the inside.

Though it is not, perhaps, of paramount importance that many of Hamilton's portraits may not be strictly true to life, the faultiness of the chronology of the *Memoirs* does constitute a far more valid objection to regarding them as a serious contribution to history. It is true that excuses for this laxity are not hard to find. The book was written some forty years after most of the events recorded, and no man could be expected to keep in his memory an exact time-table with the sequence of events in their proper order, especially when the bulk of these events were of so trivial and frivolous a nature. But Hamilton himself would have disdained to employ this excuse: in his very first chapter he frankly explains that he intends to show no regard for dates and the order of events: he is an artist, and he will therefore place an incident where in his opinion it fits in best. Gramont's marriage to Elizabeth Hamilton actually took place quite early among the events recorded in the English part of the *Memoirs;* but Hamilton seems to have said to himself: "It would ruin my book to put the happy ending in the middle, so I will place it in its proper, artistic, and logical position—the last sentence of the book." Who shall blame him? Nevertheless, this expedient, artistically justifiable though it may be, renders quite futile all hope of placing any trust in the chronology of the book, since it is fundamentally upset by the fact that every incident in which the chevalier de Gramont and Miss Hamilton, or either of them, figured, has

to be twisted and turned to make it fit in with the airy assumption that they were not already married at the time.

The truth of the matter is that the *Memoirs* were never meant to be regarded as a serious historical work faithfully related in correct sequence, but simply as a gallimaufry of gossip partly told to Hamilton by Gramont, and partly drawn from his own recollections and those of his family and friends. And here arises a question of some interest. For how much of the *Memoirs* was Gramont himself responsible? Hamilton's statement that Gramont dictated while he merely held the pen is not only not to be taken literally; it is not even worth taking seriously. It happens to be one of his favourite affectations to represent himself as a scholar editing some ancient manuscript or an amanuensis setting down the words of a friend. It is, of course, obvious that Gramont alone could have furnished his brother-in-law with the material for the early chapters of the book wherein his campaigns and his amorous adventures at the Court of Savoy are related, and these, with some of the stories interpolated in the latter part of the book, may truly be regarded as Gramont's own reminiscences, transmuted no doubt and embellished by Hamilton's brilliant skill. No inconsiderable part of Gramont's fame was due to his gifts as a "raconteur," and Hamilton must have heard all his best stories repeated over and over again; for who has ever heard of a story-teller, however gifted, whose stories are always new? So near a relative as a brother-in-law must have known all Gramont's favourite yarns by heart. When, however, he came to the description of the English Court, Hamilton had many other sources to draw upon, and Gramont does not always occupy the centre of the stage. In many of the episodes he does not even take a part. This is one among several reasons for supposing that

Hamilton did not adhere to his original plan for the book. It is known that he had at one time intended to continue his account of his hero's life after his return to France and to describe the glittering part he played in the Loves, Wars, and Politics of subsequent years; but it is fairly certain that this part of the work was never written. From two manuscript copies of the *Memoirs* still in existence[1] it appears that he also projected, if he did not actually write, two additional chapters relating Gramont's exploits at the Court of France in the interval between his return from Turin and his exile to England. This is a more serious loss, for they are really wanted to fill a gap in the continuity of the *Memoirs*. Whether they were ever written, or, if written, were lost or suppressed by Hamilton, will presumably never now be ascertained. The whole business is enveloped in some obscurity; but at any rate it seems to be established that the *Memoirs* as they now appear do not take the form which Hamilton designed for them when he began his task. This can be deduced from an *Epistle to the comte de Gramont by Anthony Hamilton in his own and his brother's name* prefixed to the French edition of 1731 and retained in many subsequent editions, both French and English. In spite of its undoubted authenticity it has been decided to omit it in this volume, partly because it did not appear in the original edition of the *Memoirs*, and partly also because it has not stood the test of time so triumphantly as have the *Memoirs* themselves. The gist of this very mannered and pedantic medley of verse and prose is that Hamilton and one of his brothers, while staying at Séméac, were irritated by the questions of their slow-witted country neighbours as to whether the comte de Gramont, who so diverted

[1] They are to be found in the Bibliothèque Mazarin and the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. The latter copy contains only the first nine chapters. (See Ruth Clark, *Life of Anthony Hamilton*.)

the Court with his elegance and lively wit, were not a grandson of the famous chevalier de Gramont, and had accordingly formed the project of writing his life. So far, they had confined themselves to setting down the most remarkable incidents of his career, and they were now casting about for a writer worthy to put them into shape. First they had thought of applying to the Academy; but had decided that this course would impair Gramont's aristocratic dignity. Then they had considered the famous preachers, Fathers Massillon and De la Rue, on the sportive pretext that Gramont was so perennially youthful that it was unlikely that anyone would survive to pronounce his funeral oration. Boileau they rejected, because he might be too malicious. They also discussed the claims of Chaulieu and La Fare, and ended with a description of the appearance to them of the ghost of Saint-Evremond, who had advised them to write the book themselves. The solitary value of this *Epistle* is the evidence it affords that Hamilton's first intention was to write a book covering the whole of Gramont's career. It is only possible to conclude—and without much regret—that as soon as Hamilton reached the point where his hero arrived at the Court of England, he suffered himself to be drawn away down enticing bypaths, and in the end found that he had almost insensibly written a book utterly different from the one he had set out to write.

Apart from the minor alterations necessary to keep Gramont and Miss Hamilton unmarried till the end of the book, and the erratic sequence whereby events are placed in the wrong order or sometimes represented as taking place simultaneously when they were really separated by an interval of several months or years, the English portion of the *Memoirs* can be considered fairly reliable. It will be found that most of the incidents, if taken out of their context and isolated,

are confirmed by contemporary authorities, such as Clarendon, Evelyn, Pepys, and Burnet, and especially by the dispatches of the French ambassadors. Hamilton could, and undoubtedly did, exaggerate and embroider; but he could scarcely allow himself too great a latitude while some of the persons who figured in the *Memoirs* were still alive, and there were many among his friends to whom not a few of the anecdotes he related would also be familiar from other sources. Moreover, the readers for whom the book was actually intended were in some cases children or relatives of prominent characters in the *Memoirs*, and therefore in a position to challenge the author's veracity. What it amounts to is that Hamilton may have repeated a good deal of ill-natured and unfounded gossip, but it was gossip that countless other people had heard and repeated, and was not deliberately invented for the first time by Hamilton with the object of adorning these *Memoirs*.

Owing to the innate delicacy of the style no charge of actual coarseness can be brought against the *Memoirs*, but their flippancy and an occasional lack of reticence have sometimes led to their being condemned on the score of immorality. With his complacent acceptance of the licentiousness and levity of the times in which he lived, Hamilton was a convinced Epicurean in morals and manners, and if he does not actually go to the length of glorifying vice, he certainly does portray it as natural and normal and expected of a gentleman. It is just that which renders the book innocuous. Judged by modern standards, his hero, to him the pattern of a fine gentleman, is an out-and-out "bounder," with his insolence, his cheating, his treachery to his friends, and his utter caddishness in love-affairs. Nor is it easy to endorse his description as "men of honour" of the mean-spirited courtiers, who stooped to such cowardly methods in their attempt

to get the Duke of York out of his entanglement with Anne Hyde. The book may have had a subtly insidious influence powerful enough to pervert the youth of the eighteenth century, when Chamfort described it as "le bréviaire de la jeune noblesse," but it is unlikely that the youth of to-day would ever feel inclined to imitate the less admirable qualities of their ancestors as portrayed by the author of the *Memoirs*. The whole question is of importance nowadays only in so far as because of either its moral laxity or the unbecoming profanity and scepticism in matters of religion displayed by its author the book has been on the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum* since 1817.

It is probable that the *Memoirs*, or the greater part of them, were composed about the years 1704-5; at any rate it may be deduced from the frequent mentions of Gramont as being still alive that they must have been well on the way to completion by 1707, the year in which he died. It is known for certain that they were finished by 1712; for it was in that year that they were read by Madame, the second wife of Philippe, duc d'Orléans, who was so delighted with them that she caused a transcription to be made for the Duchess of Hanover. The manuscript form was that in which the *Memoirs* were intended to be read; they were never intended for publication, but simply for private circulation among a few favoured friends, and it was undoubtedly without the author's knowledge or consent that they were published anonymously in 1713 with a Cologne imprint under the title *Mémoires de la Vie du Comte de Grammont, contenant particulièrement l'Histoire Amoureuse de la Cour d'Angleterre sous la Règne du Roi Charles II.* Anthony Hamilton was a soldier, a courtier, and, as became a gentleman of the period, a lover of polite literature; he was not a professional writer, and would have been shocked and outraged had he been considered as such in his own

time. His works were intended for his friends alone: he never meant them to be given to the vulgar outside world, which he despised from the bottom of his aristocratic heart. It is significant that nothing that he wrote, with the exception of the unauthorized publication of the *Memoirs*, was printed until some considerable time after his death.

That the *Memoirs* should immediately have caused a considerable stir in England is scarcely surprising, considering that they dealt with events well within the recollection of many of the older generation then living. The first English translation by Boyer was published in 1714. It was incorrect, slovenly, and peppered with gratuitous interpolations by the translator. Nevertheless, it held sway till 1793, when an entirely new version, ascribed to W. Maddison, appeared. All of the many subsequent editions in English have been more or less patched, revised, and amended versions of Boyer's or Maddison's translations.

The present edition has been planned in the belief that the literary and the historical aspects of the *Memoirs* are, and should be kept, distinct. Footnotes have been reduced to the absolute minimum attainable, and all information that is not essential to clear up possible misunderstandings has been excluded from the text. Elaborate footnotes supplementing the facts given by the author and sometimes usurping as much as half the page are always distracting, and more than ever so in a book the chief merits of which are the magnetism of its style and the free flow of its narrative. What would be the use of Hamilton's devising graceful and dexterous transitions to lead his readers smoothly forward, if the Editor were constantly to lure them away on excursions to the bottom of the page? On the other hand the historical side should not be neglected, and, indeed, by many readers will always

be regarded as the more interesting. Owing to the nature of the book, practically every note of importance refers to either a person or a place, so that it has not been difficult to evolve a method whereby all such additional information as was considered necessary for a full understanding of the book has been collected and arranged in a separate alphabetical commentary and a short appendix dealing with the chronology. This plan leaves the text untrammelled for those who merely wish to enjoy one of the most readable books of its kind ever written, while it is hoped that students and others interested in the historical side of the *Memoirs* will find any information they seek more easy of access than if it were buried somewhere in the bowels of the book. The Editor has conceived it to be his duty to point out any inaccuracies in facts, names, and dates that he has been able to discover, but he records his conviction that, after all, these things matter very little, except of course to students and writers who may use the book as an authority for other work on the period. The real point of interest to the lay reader is the extent to which Anthony Hamilton's book can be considered a faithful picture of the time in which he lived. It has already been pointed out that his account of Charles II's Court is one-sided, and this fact must not be lost sight of in forming an estimate. But so far as it goes it has essential truth, the truth that is always present in a great artist's work, despite the fact that he may take it upon himself to alter proportions, to suppress detail or to introduce it. Hamilton has allowed himself to select and arrange such elements as would fit in with his preconceived composition and to omit such as would jar with it. It is true that, owing to the loss of the projected chapters describing Gramont's adventures in France, the *Memoirs* lack complete unity and fall into two distinct parts; nevertheless, each part has its inner unity and possesses

basic form. Readers of these *Memoirs* can almost say that they have actually attended the Court of Charles II under the guidance of Anthony Hamilton, even though their guide has revealed to them just so much as he chose and no more. But they would be fools to quarrel with him if, bent merely on their diversion, he has elected to show them only the gay aspects of the Court, if he has hurried them past the doors of the Council Chamber into the ballroom or the private apartments of the Maids of Honour. It might have impressed them to have become acquainted with some of the nobler characters of the day, the great Earl of Southampton, the sober and learned John Evelyn, the chivalrous Earl of Craven; but it is surely far more amusing to meet the rakes, the Jermyns, the Rochesters, the Killigrews, and the Buckinghams. To observe the England of the Restoration period at work and at war, other writers must be studied ; Hamilton has depicted only a small section of the upper class in its hours of leisure. Once this is clear, readers of these *Memoirs* need no longer concern themselves about historical accuracy; they are seeing things as they actually were, when they stroll in the pleasant village of Tunbridge Wells; follow the gay cavalcade when His Majesty goes a-hawking; witness Frances Stuart's child-like attempts to build card-castles with Buckingham and the rest of her admirers around her, while fortunes are being lost and won at the other tables; or stand among the throng of gaily-clad courtiers eager to listen to that lively foreigner, the chevalier de Gramont, relating one of his inimitable stories.

CYRIL HUGHES HARTMANN.

Memoirs of the Comte de Gramont

Chapter One

Whereas readers, who come to a book bound solely in quest of amusement, seem to me more rationally inclined than those whose single purpose in opening it is to search out such defects as it may contain, I hereby declare that, without putting myself to any inconvenience for the severe erudition of the latter, my one intention in writing is the delectation of the more frivolously minded sort.

And I declare further that chronological rectitude and the proper sequence of events, considerations which cost the author more pain than they can ever add to the reader's delight, shall not be allowed to incommode me in the compilation of these memoirs.

My design being to convey an impression of him for whose greater glory I write, the incidents which characterize him will be allotted their place in this fragmentary narrative just as they may chance to present themselves to my imagination, without the least regard for the order in which they actually occurred.

For, after all, what matters it where we begin a portrait, provided that the assemblage of the parts forms a whole which is the fair equivalent of the sitter's original traits? The famous Plutarch, who deals with his heroic subjects in much the same spirit as he deals with his readers, picks up the life-history

of the former wherever it may suit him, of the latter will often enlist their interest upon some curious archæological expedition or entertaining digression of his scholarship, not always strictly relevant to the business in hand.

Thus, Demetrius, we learn, the Taker of Cities, was a smaller man far than his sire, Antigonus. And he proceeds to console us by a supplementary piece of information, to wit that his father, Antigonus, was, in fact, by way of being his uncle—all this, when he has begun the history of Demetrius' life with a brief account of his death, a catalogue of his various achievements and of his good and bad qualities, finally dragging in a comparison with the unfortunate Mark Antony, from a feeling of pity, no doubt, for the manifold imperfections of his nature.

Thus too, when undertaking his life of Numa Pompilius, Plutarch sets to work with a dissertation upon his master, Pythagoras; and, since he considers it an extremely knotty problem whether this Pythagoras was the ancient philosopher or another Pythagoras who, after winning a race at the Olympic Games, set off hot-foot to find Numa and instruct him in philosophy and assist him in the government of his kingdom, he gives himself a great deal of trouble anent the solution of the difficulty, which he eventually leaves in much the same state as he had discovered it.

But my remarks are not intended as, in any sort, an arraignment of that historian to whom, of the entire ancient world, we moderns are all of us principally indebted; they are designed merely to authorize the fashion in which I shall endite a biographical narrative, stranger far than any of those which Plutarch has put on record.

My task is the representation of a man in whose inimitable nature faults that the historian makes no pretension of hiding are swallowed up and effaced—

of a man illustrious for his mixture of vices and virtues, united, it would seem, in a necessary interdependence and set off by the rare accord in which they were combined, gaining brilliance by the salient contrasts which they provoked.

Now it was precisely these mysterious contrasts that, in war and love, at the gaming-table and during the different vicissitudes of a long career, rendered the comte de Gramont the wonder of his age. Thus it was that he became the darling of every kingdom where he paraded his charms and his inconstancy—in whatever place the volatility of his spirit let fall such witty observations as the universal admiration of his contemporaries has since consigned to the annals of fame—wherever in his sumptuous train he brought magnificence and prosperity—wherever, in spite of the most urgent perils, he manifested the independence of his judgment and, in the midst of war's gravest dangers, showed by the light inflections of his sarcasm a firmness of courage that does not belong to all the world.

A formal portrait of him I shall by no means attempt. With regard to his outward appearance, Bussy and Saint-Evremond, writers both of them more entertaining than accurate, have said their say. Bussy has painted the chevalier de Gramont as crafty, inconstant and even somewhat treacherous in love, indefatigable and vindictive when it came to jealousy. Saint-Evremond, on the other hand, has employed quite different colours to delineate the genius and describe the general bearing of the count. But, in their separate essays, each of them has done himself more honour than ever his hero justice.

Then it is to his own words we must hearken, to his own delightful account of sieges and battles where he won glory in another hero's footsteps. Him we must believe when we are treating of the less glorious

episodes of his life, while the candour of which he makes so skilful a use, his vivacity and his wiliness, the various stratagems to which he resorted, now in love and now at the gaming-table, give a spontaneous expression of what was his true character.

It is himself, I repeat it, to whom we must listen when perusing this narrative. My function is but to hold the pen as he dictates to me the more singular and lesser known particularities of his career.

Chapter Two

At that time the situation in France was not as it is at present. Louis XIII was still reigning, and the cardinal de Richelieu governed his kingdom for him. Small armies were commanded by great men, and these small armies did great feats. The fortune of the mighty ones at Court depended on the favour of the minister; posts were only durable as long as their holder was devoted to him. Tremendous undertakings were then in process of laying down in the imagination of neighbouring states the foundations of that redoubtable grandeur to which France has now risen. The police-force was somewhat neglected; high-roads were impracticable during the daytime, and streets during the night. But elsewhere brigandage went on with an even greater impunity. Youth, when it entered the world, took up whatever avocation suited it best. He who had the inclination dubbed himself chevalier, he who had the power abbé—beneficed abbé I mean, of course. There was nothing about his dress to distinguish chevalier from cleric; and I believe that, at the Siege of Trino, the chevalier de Gramont was both at the same time. This was his first campaign, and thither he carried that happy temperament which predisposes a man to popularity, whereby neither has he need of friends to be introduced into society nor yet of recommendations to be kindly received wherever he likes to go.

The siege was already formed when he arrived and thus he was spared certain needless risks; for a volunteer cannot sleep quiet till he has exposed himself to the first fusillade that comes his way. He

had no call then to reconnoitre the town, and he set off instead to reconnoitre the general staff. Prince Thomas commanded the army, and, as the charge of Lieutenant-General had not yet been created, du Plessis Praslin and the celebrated vicomte de Turenne were his Major-Generals.

In those days, before a power which nothing can resist had provided the means of destroying them utterly by a dreadful hail of incendiary bombs or by the appalling cannonade of batteries of hundreds of guns, beleaguered towns were treated with a considerable degree of tenderness. Before the era of these furious innovations which drive a governor down into his cellars and reduce entire garrisons to dust, a course of frequent sorties, briskly repulsed, and of vigorous assaults, valiantly borne, still gave some indication of the ingenuity of the besiegers and of the hardihood of the besieged. Consequently, sieges were still of a decent length, and young men who participated in them had still time to learn something there.

During the Siege of Trino, both sides distinguished themselves by many signal acts of valour. Fatigue was endured, losses were suffered, but there was no more tedium in the army after the arrival of the chevalier de Gramont; there was no more hardship in the trenches; no longer were anxious faces seen among the Generals; in the rank and fil eall depression ceased. For pleasure was his aim and, wheresoever he went, he brought it with him.

Among the officers of the army, as elsewhere, there were persons of real distinction, besides numerous pretenders to it. Those last imitated the chevalier in all the particulars in which he shone; rival him they could not. The former admired his talents and did their best to obtain his friendship. Of their company was Matta. His appearance was agreeable, but more agreeable still was the nature which it sug-

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gested. He was simple and unaffected, but endowed with a rare faculty of discernment and an unusual delicacy of feeling. Frank and upright as he was in all his actions, the chevalier de Gramont did not take long to find out the qualities which distinguished him. Thus, the pair soon came to know one another and friendship between them was quickly sealed.

Matta insisted positively that the chevalier de Gramont should take up his quarters with him. The chevalier would not consent except on condition that he was allowed to share the outlay. As both gentlemen were of a liberal and magnificent humour, it was at their common expense that they gave some of the best seen and most sumptuously appointed dinner-parties that had ever yet been heard of. Gaming at first was an extraordinarily productive source of income; and the chevalier hit on a thousand means of restoring to the community what he had used only a single means in extracting.

Entertained in turn, the Generals admired the state which they kept and grumbled at their officers that they themselves were not so well served. For the chevalier had a knack of utilizing the plainest materials to the greatest possible advantage. His wit was so generally fashionable, that it became something of a disgrace not to submit to his arbitration. Matta left him the business of furnishing the table and doing its honours. Charmed by the universal applause, the chevalier persuaded himself that there was no sort of life comparable to the life they were leading, and nothing easier than to continue in the way they had done so far. But it was not long before he was brought to realize that the greatest prosperity is not always the most durable.

High living, little saving, pilfering servants, their luck turning against them—all these circumstances combined to set their household by the ears; and the

open house they had hitherto maintained was on the point of being quietly closed down, when the genius of the resourceful chevalier undertook to support his pristine credit by the expedient which we shall see.

They had not spoken to one another upon the condition of their affairs, though the person whose business it was had separately warned them how they stood, and was ready either to receive a fresh sum of money and continue the expense, or else to hand in his accounts for the past. Now it happened one day that the chevalier de Gramont, returning home earlier than usual, found Matta peacefully asleep in an arm-chair. Not wishing to interrupt his friend's repose, he sat down and began to ponder his project. Matta woke up and, after admiring for some while the meditation in which his companion seemed to be absorbed, this deep silence falling between two men who, when they were together, had hardly kept silence for a minute, he broke into it with a sudden peal of laughter, which only grew louder as the other stared at him. "Here's a pleasant sort of waking up!" said the chevalier, "and rather absurd too. Well, what is the matter with you? Or are you still among the angels, perhaps?" "Good Lord, my dear chevalier," answered Matta, "I am laughing at a dream I have just had, such a lifelike dream and so agreeable that I must amuse you with it also. I dreamed that we had given notice to Monsieur our *maître d'hôtel*, as well as to Monsieur our *chef de cuisine* and Monsieur our purveyor, and that we were making up our minds to live for the rest of the campaign on others as, so far, they have lived on us. That was my dream; and you, chevalier, what was yours?"

"My poor creature," said the chevalier, shrugging his shoulders, "here you are on your beam ends, upset and humiliated; and all because of some tiresome communication from our *maître d'hôtel* which, by the

way, he has also made to me. What, after the figure we have cut, under the noses of the great and in the sight of the foreigners in the army, to give up like idiots, pack our traps like beggars the very first time we run short of money! Where is your self-respect? Have you no thought for the honour of France?"

"And the money, where is that?" objected Matta. "For my people say, damn them if there are ten crowns in the whole house; and yours, I believe, are not much richer. Eight days and longer have passed since I saw you pull out your purse and count your money, an amusement of which you were rather fond during the period of our affluence."

"To all that I agree," said the chevalier, "and I want you to agree that you are proving yourself of about as much use on this occasion as a drowned hen. What would have happened to you, I wonder, if you had been in the same state I was in at Lyons, four days before arriving here. I should like to tell you the story."

Chapter Three

"HERE is a situation," said Matta, "which smells suspiciously of romance, except that it ought to be your squire who was telling me the story." "Very true," said the chevalier, "still, I can retail these early adventures of mine without doing any undue violence to my modesty; besides, my squire has a turn of speech rather less bombastic than would accord with the present heroic theme.

"Know, then, that on arriving in Lyons——" "Is this the way to begin a story," Matta interrupted him. "Pick up your narrative a little further back; the smallest particularities of a life such as yours are worth relating. But, above all, tell me in what trim it was that you paid your respects to the cardinal de Richelieu for the first time. People have already made me laugh about that. For the rest, I'll let you off detailing to me the graces of your childhood, your genealogy and the name and quality of your ancestors; since those are matters of which you don't know one word."

"Aha, my friend, and so you are pleased to think that the whole world is as abysmally ignorant as yourself! You imagine, for instance, that I have never heard of the Manaud d'Aures and the Corisandes! Nor, I suppose, am I aware that it lay within my father's ability to have been a son of Henri IV? The King persisted in his desire to recognize him but, traitor that he was, he would have none of it. Just think where the Gramonts would be now if it had not been for his wrongheadedness! Why, I tell you that the Césars de Vendôme would be giving them precedence.

Laugh if you like; it is the gospel-truth. But to return to our story.

"I was entered in the college at Pau with the hope of making me a cleric. My own plans for my career were very different, and I gave my school-work little enough thought. Gaming had so gone to my head that my preceptor and his ushers lost their Latin in trying to teach me mine. Old Brinon, who served me as valet and bear-leader, might threaten as fiercely as he knew how, that he would tell my mother. I declined to study except at my own good pleasure—that is to say scarcely ever at all. None the less, I was treated with a proper regard for my quality, and won every prize in my form without having deserved any of them. I left college in much the same state as I had entered it. Still, my learning was considered amply sufficient for the abbacy which my brother had solicited on my behalf.

"He had lately married the niece of a minister before whom every knee bent. He wished to present me to him. It was with small regret that I left the country in which I had been brought up; huge was my impatience to gain the capital. Having kept me some while at his side for the purpose of polishing me, my brother let me loose upon the town so that I might shed my countrified airs, and acquire in their place those of the great world. So well did I succeed, that I was very loath to drop them again when a question arose of presenting me at Court in my condition of abbé. You know what the fashion was then. The only concession I could be prevailed on to make was the donning of a cassock on top of my Court dress. My brother, dying of laughter at my adoption of the clerical garb, conceived the notion of affording others a similar amusement. Over my cassock, nicely curled and powdered I showed the gallantest possible head, and below it white busks and

a pair of gilt spurs. The Cardinal, however, a person of lively intelligence, was very far from laughing. He took umbrage at this display of elevated spirit, divining the future trend of a genius who, at my age, could make a laughing-stock of the tonsure and flaunt a poor opinion of his bands.

"So when my brother had brought me home: 'Now see here, my little parson,' he remarked, 'all that went off very well; your outfit, half soldier and half Churchman, has greatly delighted the Court. But it is not everything: you must make your choice, my little Cavalier. consider; if you stick to the Church, you can have comfortable preferments come your way and need never stir a finger; on the other hand, with a tiny pittance, you can break your arms and legs to be the Fructus Belli of an unsympathetic Court, ending up with the dignity of a Major-General and a glass eye and a wooden limb.'

"'I realize,' I answered him, 'that there is no comparison between the two states, as far as the comfort of life is concerned; but, since one must work out one's own salvation above everything else, I am determined to seek safety by saying good-bye to the Church—on the strict understanding, none the less, that I retain my abbacy.' My brother's remonstrances and fraternal authority were powerless to sway my resolution, and he was obliged to give way over the last point in order to keep me at the Academy.

"I am, as you know, the wiliest person in France; it did not take me long then to pick up all that is taught there. I learned, incidentally, what it is that specially distinguishes youth and earns the reputation of a good fellow; I learned, that is to say, every kind of game at dice and cards. I thought myself, in fact, a great deal cleverer at them than I actually was; which at length I found out to my cost.

"My mother, who knew the course I was adopting,

bewailed the profession I had put behind me and could by no means reconcile herself to that which I was taking up. In the Church she had counted on my becoming a saint; in the world she counted on my becoming a devil, or else getting killed. I was dying of anxiety to go there; but, as I was still too young, I must needs first make a campaign at Bidache before making one with the army.

" However, when I rejoined her, my manners were so much the manners of the Court and of the great world that she developed a respect for me instead of upbraiding my obstinate desire to follow the profession of arms. I was her idol and, finding that she could do nothing with me, she planned to keep me by her as long as she might, while my little equipage was got ready.

" The faithful Brinon, who had been appointed my personal servant, was also to fill the charges of bear-leader and squire; you would perhaps never see another gascon possessing an equal degree of solemnity and ill-temper. He said that he would be responsible for my innocence and good conduct, and furthermore promised my mother that he would answer for the safety of my person in the hazards of the campaign. I only hope that he will observe the last article better than he has done the former.

" My equipage was sent on eight days ahead of me; which was all so much time gained for my mother to read me sermons in. Finally, having conjured me that I should have the fear of God ever in my mind and that I should remember to love my neighbour as myself, she let me go under the protection of the Lord and of the sagacious Brinon.

" From the second stage onwards we began bickering. He had been entrusted with four hundred louis to cover the expenses of my campaign. I wanted them. Brinon firmly denied me. ' Old Fox,' I said to him,

'is the money yours, or was it given to you for me? You seem to think that I need a treasurer and that I ought not to spend without his permission.' Whether it was a glimpse of what the future held in store that saddened him I know not; but it was only after a fearful scene and the most painful soul-searchings that he was eventually obliged to give way. You would have supposed that I was tearing out his heart.

"Once I had relieved him of his hoard, I felt considerably soothed and elated; Brinon, on the contrary, appeared so much discouraged that you'd have thought that by lightening him of four hundred pistoles I had laid four hundred pounds' weight of lead upon his back. I was obliged to whip up his horse myself, so drearily did he ride. And, turning towards me from time to time, 'M. le chevalier,' he said, 'this wasn't what her ladyship intended.' At each stage his sorrows gained fresh impetus; for, instead of giving the postilion ten *sols* I gave him thirty.

"Finally we arrived at Lyons. Two soldiers stopped us at the gate to lead us before the governor. One of them I requisitioned to guide me to the best hotel; to the other I commended Brinon, who was to give the Commandant an account of my journey and plans.

"At Lyons there are hotel-keepers just as good as at Paris; however my soldier, as the custom is, took me to the house of some friends, vaunting it as the one place in all the town where a traveller enjoyed the most delicate cookery and where the best society was to be met with. The master of this splendid establishment was as corpulent as a tun; his name was Cerise, a Swiss by birth, a poisoner by profession and a thief by force of habit. He installed me in a decent enough room and enquired whether I desired to eat there or in company. On account of the good society promised me by the soldier I wished to dine below.

"Brinon, whom the governor's questions had put

out of humour, came back more splenetic than an old monkey and, noticing that I was combing my hair a little before going down: 'What are you after, Sir?' he demanded of me. 'Want to go gadding about the town, do you? Haven't you gadded your bellyful since this morning? Eat a bite, do, and get to bed, betimes, so we can be in the saddle to-morrow with the dawn!' 'Monsieur le contrôleur,' I replied, 'I mean neither to go gadding about the town nor dine alone nor get to bed betimes. I wish to dine in company below.' 'Down there in the inn!' he cried. 'Don't think of it, Sir. Devil take me if there is any below but a dozen fellows playing cards and dice and chattering to deafen God's thunder.'

"I had become presumptuous since the money had passed into my keeping, and anxious to begin to assert my enfranchisement: 'Do you know, M. Brinon,' I told him, 'that I am by no means pleased that an idiot such as you should constitute himself my mentor? So off with you to your supper if you please, and let me have the post-horses here before day-break.'

"At the mention of cards and dice I had felt my money burning a hole in my pocket; but I was a little taken aback to find the dining-room crammed with extraordinary personages. My host, after having introduced me, explained that there were but eighteen of these gentlemen who would have the honour of dining in my company. I went up to the table where they were gaming, and almost died with suppressed laughter. For I had expected to meet with good society and large stakes; all I saw were two Germans playing at backgammon. No pair of coach-horses could ever have been more ponderous than they were at their game; but it was their faces in particular which beggared imagination. Him I stood nearest was a diminutive round fellow, plump and paunchy

as a bladder. He wore a ruff and a foot-high steeple-crowned hat. None that glanced at him from a short distance but would have supposed they saw a church dome, topped with a belfry. Who was he, I asked my host. 'A merchant of Bâle,' he replied, 'who has come here to sell horses; but I should think that if he goes on as he is doing at present he won't sell very many; he does nothing but play.' 'Does he play deep?' I demanded. 'Not so far,' he answered; 'they are only playing for the bill while they are waiting for their supper; but when you get him alone the little merchant is as bold a gamester as any.' 'Has he got the money?' I enquired. 'Lord bless me,' said the perfidious Cerise, 'would to God you had won a thousand pistoles from him and I was going half shares. We shouldn't be wanting our money very long.'

"This was enough to make me determine on the ruination of little *steeple-hat*. I sat myself down near him in order to study his game. God knows how badly he played, committing blunder after blunder. I began to experience a certain compunction at the thought of all the money I should gain from this little simpleton who was so ill-fitted to take care of himself. He lost his reckoning, dinner was served, and I made him occupy a place at my side. It was like a refectory table and, in spite of the host's promise, we were at least twenty-five.

"After the nastiest dinner in the world, the rest of the company melted away, I know not whither, all except the little Swiss, who was sitting near me, and the host, who came and established himself upon the other hand. Both smoked like dragons, and: 'Asking your pardon, Sir, for the liberty,' the little Swiss remarked from time to time, as he puffed out all over me clouds of smoke in which I was nearly suffocated. M. Cerise, on my other hand, took the liberty of

enquiring whether I had ever visited his native country, and appeared surprised to see me so well set up without ever having travelled in Switzerland.

" The little stodge, with whom my business lay, was no less prolific of questions. Did I come from the army in Piedmont, he asked, and on my replying that, no, I was going there, he asked if I wanted to buy horses, of which he had quite two hundred, and which he would let me have cheap. I was beginning to get smoked like a ham; and, growing tired of tobacco smoke and questions, I proposed that we should play a game of backgammon for a single pistole, till our servants had finished their meal. It was not without a great to-do that he finally acceded to my suggestion, asking my pardon for the *great liberty* which he took.

" I won the game, let him have his revenge, won that and double or quits, and all in the twinkling of an eye. For he got flustered and allowed himself to be bluffed, which was nothing short of a blessing. At the end of the third game, Brinon appeared to take me up to bed. He made an enormous sign of the cross and paid absolutely no attention to the signs that I directed at him, meaning that he should leave the room. I was obliged to get up and remonstrate with him in private. He started to scold me, because I was debasing myself in the company of an ugly stiff like that. I might well answer him that it was a substantial merchant, and that he was very rich and had no more idea of playing than a child. ' Him, merchant! ' he exclaimed. ' Don't you be too sure, M. le chevalier. Devil take me if it is not some sorcerer.' ' Shut up, you old fool,' I answered him. ' He's no more sorcerer than you are, and that's saying a good deal. However, to make your mind easy, I intend to strip him of four or five hundred pistoles as a preliminary to going to bed.' And so saying I

put him outside, expressly enjoining him that he should not come back again or otherwise cause an interruption.

"Our game finished, the little Swiss unbuttoned his breeches-pockets and pulling out from one of them a four-pistole piece and handing it to me, he begged my pardon for the great liberty he had taken and made as if to retire. This did not suit my plan. I told him that, after all, we had only been playing for our amusement, that I did not want his money, and that, if he liked, we would stake his four pistoles on a single game. He made some demur but at last consented and won them back from me. I was piqued. We played again; chance turned; the luck of the dice favoured him; his blunders stopped. I lost that round, another and double or quits; we doubled the stakes and played double or quits again. It piqued me; he, like a true gambler, accepted all my stakes and won everything that I put down, while in eight or ten games I did not score so much as six points. I suggested that we should play a single game for an hundred pistoles; but, when he saw that I did not stake, he observed that the time was getting on and he must go and look to his horses, and so went out, still asking my pardon for the liberty. The cool way in which he had refused me and the politeness with which he bade me good-bye were so galling that I would gladly have been his murderer. Bewildered as I was by the rapidity with which I had lost everything, to the very last pistole, I did not immediately fall into the train of reflections which it is natural one should make in the melancholy situation to which I had been reduced.

"I dared not go up to my room for fear of Brinon. Happily though, tired of awaiting me, he had gone to bed. That was some consolation; but it did not last long. No sooner was I abed than all

that was most cheerless in my mishap presented itself to my imagination. Sleep I could not. I envisaged the full horror of my plight without being able to discover any remedy. Rack my brains as I pleased, no expedient was forthcoming. There was nothing I dreaded more than the dawn of a new day; yet dawn came and, with it, cruel Brinon. He was booted up to the waist and kept cracking a horrid whip which he carried: 'Up, M. le chevalier,' he cried, drawing my curtains; 'the horses are at the door and you are still sleeping! By now we ought to be a couple of stages on the road; give me some money quick, to pay our score.' 'Brinon,' I replied in humbled tones, 'draw to that curtain again.' 'What's that?' he exclaimed, 'draw the curtain? So you're going to make your campaign at Lyons are you? Evidently you like the place. And the fat merchant, you plucked him? No, no, M. le chevalier, such ill-gotten wealth won't profit you! Poor wretch, perhaps he has a family; it's the bread out of his children's mouths that he has gambled away and you have won. And was this worth the trouble of sitting up all night? What would her ladyship say if she saw such goings-on?' 'M. Brinon,' I answered him, 'be so good as to pull to that curtain.' But, instead of doing what I asked him, the devil seemed to have put it into his heart to probe all those spots which are especially raw and sensitive in a misfortune like mine. 'And how much was it?' he questioned me; 'The whole five hundred? Poor man, what will he do? Remember, I have warned you, M. le chevalier, this money will bring you no good! Four hundred then? Three? Two hundred? What! Only a hundred louis?' he went on, noticing that I shook my head at each sum that he mentioned. 'There's no great harm in that, a hundred pistoles won't ruin him, provided that they were well and fairly gained.' 'Brinon, my friend,'

I said to him with a deep sigh, 'pull the curtains; I am unworthy to see the light.'

"Brinon started at these gloomy words; but he came near to swooning when I unfolded my mishap. He tore his hair, proffered frenzied exclamations, their refrain being always: 'What will her Ladyship say?' Then, after he had spent himself in a flood of fruitless regrets: 'And now, M. le chevalier,' he asked me, 'what do you suppose is to become of you?' 'Nothing,' I replied, 'I am good for nothing.' Whereupon, since my mind was a little relieved by having thus made my confession, certain projects occurred to me, none of which, however, I could get him to approve. I was anxious that he should post off and overtake my equipage, in order to sell one of my suits. I was also anxious that we should suggest to the horse-dealer that we should buy his horses on tick very dear, to sell them again cheap. These proposals Brinon laughed to scorn; and, when he had been cruel enough to leave me in agony some long time, he divulged a means of escape. Parents always deal underhandedly with their poor wretched children. My mother had intended to give me five hundred louis; she had kept back fifty, to make some little repairs which were necessary in the fabric of my abbey, as well as to have prayers said on my behalf. Brinon had been entrusted with the other fifty, and bidden not to apprise me of their existence except in a moment of urgent need. As you see, it was not slow in arriving.

"So much for the catastrophe of this first adventure. Thus far the cards have gone my way; from the time of my first coming here I have made myself fifteen hundred louis; now my luck has turned against me once more; I must mend it. Our resources are very low; well, we must set about replenishing them."

"Nothing easier," Matta replied. "You have but

to find some horse-dealer as credulous as him of Lyons. The faithful Brinon, I presume, will be able to furnish a fresh standby if the worst comes to the worst? In fact, the moment seems to have arrived, and we shouldn't do badly to fall back on it."

"You could afford to joke," replied the chevalier, "if you knew any way of extricating us from our present situation. You must, indeed, be prodigal of wit to be able to afford to throw it to the wind in and out of season, as you are doing now. For, the devil take it! will you always be fooling with never a thought that our present dilemma is extremely grave. Now listen, to-morrow I go to headquarters and I shall dine with the comte de Caméran and invite him to supper here. . . ." "Where?" said Matta. "Here," said the chevalier. "You are mad, my poor friend," said his companion. "This apparently is one of those experiments such as you made at Lyons; you know very well that we have neither money nor credit, and to make things better you propose to give a supper party!"

"O man of limited intelligence!" the chevalier replied. "Is it possible that all the time we have been together you have never acquired the tiniest shred of imagination? The comte de Caméran plays at quinze; so do I. We have urgent need of money; he has more than he knows what to do with. I shall order an excellent meal; he will pay for it. Let me speak to your *maître d'hôtel*, and don't give yourself any trouble, except certain precautions which it is wise to take on an occasion like this." "What sort of precautions?" Matta asked. "I will explain," said the chevalier; "for I realize that even the simplest affairs must be explained to you at length.

"It is true, isn't it, that you are in command here of the companies of the Guards? Well, as soon as night is come, you shall detail fifteen or twenty soldiers

under arms, commanded by your sergeant, La Place, and you shall post them on their bellies between this spot and general headquarters . . ." "What the hell! . . .," exclaimed Matta, "an ambuscade! God forgive me, but I believe you are going to rob the poor Savoyard. If that's your plan, I tell you you can count me out . . ." "Poor, bounded intelligence," said the chevalier, "here is my plan. There seems every likelihood that we shall win his money. Now the Piedmontese, otherwise honest men, are readily suspicious and violent. This fellow commands the cavalry. You know perfectly well that you will never be able to hold your tongue, and you are as likely as not to let out some joke which will put him on his mettle. Supposing he gets it into his head that he is being cheated, and comes to resent it, who knows what he may not do? For he is usually accompanied by eight or ten men on horseback, and that's why, should he dislike losing, he may quite possibly put himself into a position in which it will be hard to deny him anything."

"Come to my arms, my dear chevalier," said Matta, holding his sides; "come to my arms; for you are really too wonderful. Idiot that I was to suppose that when you spoke to me of taking precautions it was no more than some little matter of preparing you a card-table or, may be, providing a few untrustworthy dice. I should never have thought of backing up a man who was playing a game of quinze by a detachment of infantry; one must admit that you have already the makings of a formidable strategist."

Next day, everything turned out precisely as the chevalier de Gramont had plotted; the unfortunate Caméran fell straight into the trap. Together they enjoyed the most agreeable supper in the world, and Matta drank off five or six bumpers in order to quench

LADY CASTLEMAINE

Cirencester Park

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such delicate scruples as he still retained. The chevalier de Gramont, charming as usual, came near to making die of laughter a guest whom he was preparing very soon to render more than usually serious. The good-natured Caméran ate like a man whose interest is divided between the pleasures of the table and the delights of gaming; that is to say that he ate hurriedly in order to waste none of the time which he had allotted to quinze.

Supper done, Sergeant La Place posted his ambush and the chevalier de Gramont set about his man. The treachery of the Swiss, Cerise, and of the steeple-crowned hat, was still weighing heavily on his mind—with the result that he was able to steel himself against such pricks of remorse and occasional scruples as now and then troubled his conscience. Matta, loath to be the witness of their violated hospitality, threw himself down in an arm-chair, meaning to sleep away the evening while the chevalier was engaged in cutting poor Caméran's throat.

Their stakes, at first, were confined to sums of three or four pistoles, as though they were merely playing to pass the time. But Caméran, after three or four losses, began to bet more deeply, and the game started in good earnest. Still Caméran lost; he grew turbulent; the cards flew all over the room and Matta was awakened by the noise.

Dizzy with sleep as he was and flushed with wine, he fell to laughing at the outbursts of the Piedmontese. Far from consoling him: "Good Lord, my poor Count," he said, "if I was in your place I should stop the game." "And why so?" asked the other. "I don't know," he replied, "but something tells me that your bad luck isn't going to change." "We shall see," said Caméran, calling for fresh cards. "See then!" answered Matta, as he again went to sleep. But his sleep did not last long. The loser found all

his cards equally unfortunate. There were none but tens or court cards in his hand; to make it worse, if he happened to have *quinze*, it was sure to be the younger hand and consequently no good to him. Renewed outbursts. "Well, what did I tell you?" cried Matta, who had woken up with a jump. "Storm as you like; while you play you are bound to lose. Believe me, the shortest follies are the best. Give up, for devil take me if you can possibly win." "And why, pray?" demanded Caméran, who was becoming impatient. "You want to know, do you?" said Matta. "Good Lord, it is because you are being cheated."

The chevalier de Gramont was exasperated by this singularly ill-timed joke, and one, besides, which had a certain colouring of veracity; "M. Matta," he said, "do you suppose that it is amusing for a man who is having such bad luck as M. le comte to be overwhelmed by these tepid pleasantries of yours? Personally, the game bores me, and I shouldn't hesitate to stop playing if my opponent were not so heavy a loser." Than a threat of this kind there is nothing that the losing gambler fears more; and Caméran, in milder accents, replied that M. Matta might talk as he pleased if it did not offend the chevalier; for himself, he added, it made not the least difference in the world.

The chevalier de Gramont gave the Count far better usage than the Swiss at Lyons had ever given him. He let him play upon credit as long as he liked. And Caméran was so grateful that he lost up to fifteen hundred pistoles, a debt which he discharged punctually the very next day. Matta was well scolded for the intemperance of his tongue, but all that the admonisher could get out of him was, that he scrupled to permit the poor Savoyard to be plucked without giving him due warning; besides which, he said, he would have been only too glad to have seen his infantry at grips

with Caméran's horse, in the event of the latter turning nasty.

This adventure having put them in funds, luck was on their side during the rest of the campaign; and the chevalier de Gramont, in order to show that his stripping of the Count was but by right of reprisal, and to compensate him for the loss which he had incurred at Lyons, began, from that time on, to make the same employment of his resources that he has since been known to do, on all subsequent occasions. He sought out misery, only to relieve it; officers who had lost their equipage in the war or their money at cards; soldiers crippled in the trenches; in short, every sort of person experienced his generosity. Yet his manner of giving still further surpassed his gifts. A man, who possesses such admirable qualities, will succeed in whatever he undertakes. He was a familiar figure in the ranks, and the soldiers adored him. The Generals found him active, at every juncture where there was something on foot; at others, they sought his company. And, as soon as he realized that his fortune was firmly established, his first movement was of restitution; he gave Caméran a share with him in all the luck which came his way.

An inexhaustible fund of good-humour and vivacity lent everything that he did or said a certain original turn. I forget on what occasion it was that M. de Turenne, towards the end of the siege, commanded a separate unit. The chevalier de Gramont went to visit him in his new quarters. There he found fifteen or twenty officers. M. de Turenne was naturally inclined to gaiety; the mere presence of the chevalier tended to inspire it. He was charmed with his caller, and, from motives of gratitude, was anxious to make him play. The chevalier de Gramont thanked him, but said that he had been brought up to believe that, when one visited friends, it was neither prudent to

leave behind one's own money, nor yet was it decent to carry away theirs. "Very proper," said M. de Turenne; "you wouldn't find very high play nor very much money among us; but, rather than have it said that we let you go without having played, let us each stake a horse."

The chevalier consented. His good luck, which had followed him into a place where he had thought that he would have no need of it, enabled him to win fifteen or sixteen horses by way of joke. Then, noticing countenances here and there which registered some consternation at their loss: "I should be sorry, gentlemen," he remarked, "to see you returning home from your General's headquarters on foot. It will do very well if you send me your horses to-morrow, with the exception of one which I give for the cards." The *valet de chambre* thought that he was joking. "I am serious," repeated the chevalier; "I give a horse for the cards; and, what is more, choose any you like, excepting only mine." "Indeed," said M. de Turenne, "I am charmed with the novelty of the gesture; for I believe that, up till now, nobody has ever been known to give a horse for the cards."

Trino finally capitulated. The baron de Batteville, who had long and valiantly defended it, was granted terms worthy of his resistance. I do not know whether the chevalier de Gramont played a part in the taking of this place; but I know well, that during a more brilliant reign, whose armies were universally victorious, his courage and address have contributed to the taking of several others, under his master's very eye, as we shall see in the latter part of his Memoirs.

Chapter Four

Yet martial glory is only half of the true hero's distinction: it is love which must give a finishing touch to the brilliant salience of his character, through the labours it imposes, the temerity of its undertakings, and the eventual lustre of success. We derive examples from the history of the most famous paladins and the most celebrated conquerors, as well as from the fictitious pages of romance.

Of these examples, however, the chevalier de Gramont and Matta took very little heed, being minded only that it would be pleasant to refresh themselves, after the fatigues which they had encountered during the siege of Trino, by forming some new siege at the expense of the beauties of Turin and their husbands. As the campaign had finished in good time, they thought that they would have the leisure for certain exploits in that town, before the end of the fine days obliged them to re-cross the Alps.

They set forth then, as it might have been Amadis or Don Galaor after having received the order of knighthood, seeking adventures and in pursuit of love, war and sorcery. They were, indeed, more than the equals of these two brothers, who had known no better than to cleave giants to the teeth, shiver breast-plates and carry off fair ladies slung across the cruppers of their steeds without vouchsafing them so much as a word; Matta and the chevalier were adepts at cards and dice—accomplishments of which their rivals were totally devoid.

They arrived at Turin, were kindly received and especially distinguished at Court. How should it have

been otherwise? Both were young and well-favoured, both spirited and extravagantly inclined. In what country of the whole world does one not succeed with such qualifications? And, since Turin was at that period the seat of love and gallantry, two strangers of this stamp, who did not choose to let their natural endowments languish in tedium, were in no danger of themselves being found tedious by the ladies of the Court.

Although the gentlemen of Turin were uncommonly handsome, they were not inordinately gifted in the arts of pleasing. They felt respect for their wives and showed complacency to strangers; their wives, on the contrary, who were yet handsomer, showed, to say the least of it, quite as much complacency in their treatment of strangers but seemed to have very little left over in their treatment of their husbands.

Madame Royale, worthy daughter of Henri IV, had made her tiny Court the most agreeable in the world. From her father she had inherited his virtues, particularly as regards those sentiments which are proper to her sex; as regards what are usually called the weaknesses of great souls, Her Highness had by no means degenerated.

The comte de Tanes was her Prime Minister. During the time he held office affairs of State presented small difficulty. There were no complaints; and the Princess herself seemed to be satisfied with his conduct. She was pleased that all the members of her Court should feel an equal satisfaction; and life went on there very much according to the usages and customs of the ancient order of chivalry.

Every lady had a professed lover, not counting the volunteers, to whom there was no limit. These accepted cavaliers wore their mistresses' liveries, their arms, and sometimes even their names. Their function was never to leave them alone for a moment in public,

and never to come near them in private, upon all occasions to serve them as their squires, and in tournaments to cover their lances, their housings and their tabards with the monogram and the colours of each several Dulcinea.

Matta was very far from being a foe to gallantry, but he could have wished that it had been rather less complicated than as it was practised at Turin. The usual formalities would not have disturbed him; but he detected a certain bigotry in the ceremonial cult which love seemed to demand quite out of season. However, as he had submitted his conduct in this particular to the guiding light of the chevalier de Gramont, he was obliged to follow his lead and conform to the custom of the country.

They enlisted, at the same time, in the service of two beauties, whom their original cavaliers gave up to them without more ado from motives of politeness. The chevalier de Gramont chose Mlle de Saint-Germain and bade Matta offer his services to Mme de Sénantes. Matta was pleased to do so, although he would have preferred her companion. But the chevalier de Gramont explained to him that Mme de Sénantes would suit him better. And, as Matta had made proof of the chevalier's capacity in those earlier projects in which they had both been concerned, he followed his instructions in love just as he had followed them in questions of gaming.

Mlle de Saint-Germain was in the first springtime of her youth; her eyes were small, but they were brilliant and very lively. Like her tresses, they were black. Her complexion, although vivid and fresh, was not remarkable for its fairness. She had an agreeable mouth, pretty teeth, a throat and bosom than which one could not ask better, and the most accomplished shape in all the world. Her arms were well made, her elbows singularly beautiful, a trait, how-

ever, she could not show off to much effect. Her hands were a little large, and the young lady consoled herself that the time for having white hands had not yet come. Her feet were not of the smallest, but they were elegantly modelled. These endowments she left to the care of Providence, and used no art to accentuate such charms as nature had blessed her with. Yet, in spite of her nonchalant attitude towards her own attractions, there was something so provocative about her face, that the chevalier de Gramont let himself straightway be captivated. Her spirit and humour were fitted to the rest of her person. All her qualities were natural, hence all agreeable. She was compact of life and vivacity, of complacence and politeness. All her charms flowed from the same source; her nature was quite devoid of inconsistencies.

Mme la marquise de Sénantes passed for a blonde. It lay with her to have passed for having red hair; but she preferred rather to conform to the taste of her own century than to follow that of the ancients. She possessed every advantage, which accompanies red hair, and none of the disadvantages. By a continual attention, she corrected all that there might be of excessive or superfluous in this assemblage of charms. And then, assuming that one is pretty, what does it matter whether one's prettiness is natural or the product of art? A critic must be malicious indeed to enquire so closely. She had much wit, a correspondingly good memory, and was even better read; greater still was her natural inclination to tenderness.

She had a husband whom, even in the name of virtue, it would have been folly to spare. He piqued himself on being a stoic and, in honour of his profession, flaunted a disgusting slovenliness. To this end he was perfectly successful, for he was extremely fat and sweated in winter and summer alike.

Erudition and a brutal abruptness of manner seemed

to be his favourite accomplishments; in his conversation both of these points were shown off to the greatest possible advantage, sometimes together, sometimes separately, but always when they were least apropos. He was by no means jealous, yet he delighted in being in the way. He was well pleased that one should show his wife attention, always provided that a larger share was reserved for him.

As soon as our adventurers had declared themselves, the chevalier de Gramont took green and made Matta apparel himself in blue. These were the colours which their new mistresses had ordained them. Then, without delay, they entered on their functions. The chevalier de Gramont learned and practised the complete ceremonial of that sort of gallantry, with as much assurance as if he had never done anything else. Matta usually forgot a good half of it and was not particularly competent in his performance of the rest. He could never bring himself to remember that his business was to increase his mistress' fair fame, and not to attend to her more immediate and practical requirements.

Mme de Savoie gave next day a party at la Vénerie. All the ladies were there. The chevalier de Gramont was so amiable and so amusing that his mistress laughed her fill. Matta, accompanying his to her coach, pressed her hand and, on returning from the expedition, roundly begged her that she would take pity on his sufferings. This was going a little too fast; and, although Mme de Sénantes was not more heartless than another, she was none the less somewhat shocked at being undertaken thus cavalierly. She felt obliged to give evidence of a certain resentment, and, withdrawing her hand, which during this declaration he was squeezing as warmly as he knew how, she went up to the apartments of Madame Royale, without conceding her new lover so much as a single glance. Matta, never imagining that she was really offended,

let her go, and started off to find somebody in the town who would keep him company at supper. For a man of his temperament, nothing could be easier. He was not long in finding the company which he sought; after spending some time at table so as to refresh himself from the fatigues incidental on being a lover, he went to bed well pleased with his day's work.

All this time, the chevalier de Gramont was carrying out to perfection his duties towards Mlle de Saint-Germain; without prejudice to his suit, he found the means to shine as he went along by a thousand little anecdotes introduced into the general conversation.

Mme de Savoie heard them with pleasure, and the Sénantes, who was sitting alone, also gave him her attention. Noticing this, he left his mistress' side to ask her what she had done with Matta. "Done!" she exclaimed, "I haven't done anything; but I don't know what he would have done with me, if I had had the goodness to listen to his humble propositions." And thereupon she started to explain to him how she had been treated by his friend on the second day of their acquaintance.

The chevalier de Gramont could not help laughing at her story. His friend was a rather simple character, he told her, but she would grow to like him in the end; and, in order to smooth her down, he declared that, if Her Royal Highness herself had been in her place, he would not have treated her differently; however, he promised her that he should not be allowed to get off scot-free.

For that purpose he sought out Matta in his room next morning, but he found that he had gone very early on a hunting party, to which his boon-companions had invited him the night before.

On his return, he took a brace of partridges, which he had shot, and went to call on his mistress. Was it

Monsieur he had come to see, they asked him; he replied that it was not; and, the Swiss informing him that Madame was not at home, Matta left with him the brace of partridges and told him to present them to Madame in his name.

The Sénantes was at her dressing-table, engaged in tiring her hair with all the art that she knew, to captivate Matta. At the same moment he was being shown the door. She heard nothing of it, but Monsieur her husband was aware in every particular of what had happened. He had been very much annoyed that the first call had not been made on him. And that was why, determined that his wife should not receive it, he had given the Swiss these instructions, and the Swiss had come near being beaten for ever having taken in the present. So the partridges were incontinently sent back, and Matta, without troubling his head for an explanation, was not at all sorry to see them reappear. He set out towards the Court without bothering to change his suit. It had never occurred to him that he ought not to show himself, unless he was wearing the colours of his Lady. He found her beautifully dressed. Her eyes seemed to him particularly bright and her whole person more than usually seductive. From that instant he began to be grateful for his faith in the chevalier de Gramont; he noticed, however, that her attitude towards him was somewhat frigid. And this, after all he had done for her, caused him considerable surprise. Imagining then that she was ignorant of the various obligations which he had put her under, he took her to task about it, admonishing her severely because she had sent back his partridges with a show of complete indifference.

She had no idea of what he was talking; offended that he had not made any sort of apology, after the scolding which she supposed him to have already received, she replied that on his travels, no doubt, he

must have encountered persons of an excessively obliging humour, since his manners were such as, in the world in which she lived, had not yet come into currency. Matta demanded in what particular his manners could be considered so strange. "Indeed!" she answered him; "the second day on which you honoured me with your attentions, you thought fit to behave as if I had been in your service for a thousand years. The first time that I gave you my hand, you squeezed it as hard as you could. After this beginning, I got into a coach and you mounted on horseback; but, far from riding at the coach door as the others did, not a hare started up but you must go gallivanting after it. And then you amused yourself during our promenade by taking snuff, without a thought for me, and upon our return you only remembered my existence to solicit my reputation in terms, which themselves were respectful enough, but which it was very easy to see through. And now to-day you are talking to me about some shoot you went on, partridges and a call you paid me, which you apparently dreamed like all the rest."

At this point the chevalier de Gramont arrived; Matta was scolded for his assiduities, and his friend took care to explain to him that his behaviour had savoured more of insolence than of defensible familiarity. Matta made his excuses as best he could; but even his best was not very successful. His mistress felt compassion, was ready to accept his apologies for the manner of his attempt rather than his contrition for the attempt itself. She made it clear that it was but the intention, which could justify or condemn such conduct; that one was prepared to forgive gestures which had been undertaken in a spirit of impulsive tenderness, but that one could by no means forgive them, if they had no other provocation than the imagined facility of their object. Matta vowed that it was only an excessive love which had emboldened

him to squeeze her hand, that he had thrown himself on her mercy only from the sheer desperateness of his need; that he knew not how he ought to implore her favour; and that, at the end of an entire month of service, he was sure she would not seem more worthy of adoration than she did at this very moment; finally, begging that she would not forget him whenever an opportunity might arise. The Sénantes took no offence. She understood that, in dealing with a man of his temperament, one must not cling to the strict conventions of decorous behaviour. And the chevalier de Gramont, having effected this sort of reconciliation, betook himself to a consideration of his own affairs in the quarter of Mlle de Saint-Germain.

But it was not his natural benevolence, which inclined him to take a part in the affairs of his friend Matta. Quite on the contrary; as soon as he remarked that the inclinations of Mme de Sénantes were leaning towards himself, since this conquest seemed to him easier than the other, he thought that he would be well advised to make the most of it, lest it slip through his fingers and, after wasting his time, he should gain no favours at all from the little Saint-Germain.

None the less, from that very evening, so as to maintain the air of superiority which he had asserted where the affairs of his friend were concerned, in spite of what he had already said, he reproached him for having dared present himself at Court in country clothes and without the colours of his mistress; for not having had the spirit to make his first call on M. de Sénantes, instead of frivolously demanding to see his wife; winding up with the question what the devil prompted him to make her a present of a brace of miserable red partridges. "And why not?" Matta replied; "should they also have been blue like the blue cockade and the blue sword-knot which you insisted that I put on the other day? Give your

fooleries an airing, my poor chevalier! Devil take me, if, in the space of fifteen days, you have not become more fatuous than all the idiots of Turin. But, to reply in detail to your questions, I have not been to call on the husband of Mme de Sénantes because my business is elsewhere; he is a creature who disgusts me and will always continue to disgust me. As for you, here you are absolutely delighted at being tricked out in green, at writing letters to your mistress, filling your pockets with citrons, pistachios and such rubbish, and then stuffing the poor girl with them, whether she likes it or not. You hope to catch the bird on its nest by singing her some roundelay of the time of Corisande and Henri IV, and vowing that it was made especially for her. You are so pleased with the ceremonials of gallantry that you have scarcely any ambition of getting to the point. Just as you like; everybody has his own way of doing a thing and his own particular taste. Yours is for amorous trifling and, provided that you can make the Saint-Germain laugh, you ask no better. As for me, I am persuaded that women here are like women everywhere else; I shall never believe that they are offended if one sometimes leaves off dangling and comes to the essential. At all events, supposing Mme de Sénantes not to be of this humour, she has only to look out for some other kind of accommodation; for she may be sure that I shan't be content to fetch and carry for her very long."

This threat, as it happened, was quite unnecessary. Mme de Sénantes liked him well enough and was herself very much of the same way of thinking; she did not ask better than to put his gallantry to the proof. But Matta went to work in quite the wrong way. He had taken such a violent dislike to her husband, that he could never subdue it to the extent of making even the smallest advances, so as to win him over. It was explained to him, that he must

begin by lulling the dragon to sleep, before he could hope to possess himself of its hoard. Such advice was all to no purpose, though he could never see his mistress unless it was at the public assemblies. He became impatient and one day poured forth his grievances: "Be so kind, Madame," said he, "as to inform me where you lodge. Not a day passes but I visit you three times, at the very least, and never find you in." "I generally sleep at home," she replied, laughing; "but I warn you that you will never find me there if you haven't first paid a call on M. de Sénantes; I am not the mistress. I don't suggest," she went on, "that he is the sort of man one would run after simply because he is so agreeable. On the contrary, I am prepared to agree with you that his temper is extremely odd and his manners not at all winning. All the same, he is not so ferocious that it is impossible to get round him with a little trouble and good-nature. I must recite you some verses on this subject; I have remembered them because they contain a piece of advice of which you can make such use as you please:"

RONDEL

Mettez-vous bien dans la mémoire,
Et retenez ces documens,
Vous qui vous piquez de la gloire,
De réussir en faits galants,
Ou qui voulez le faire croire.

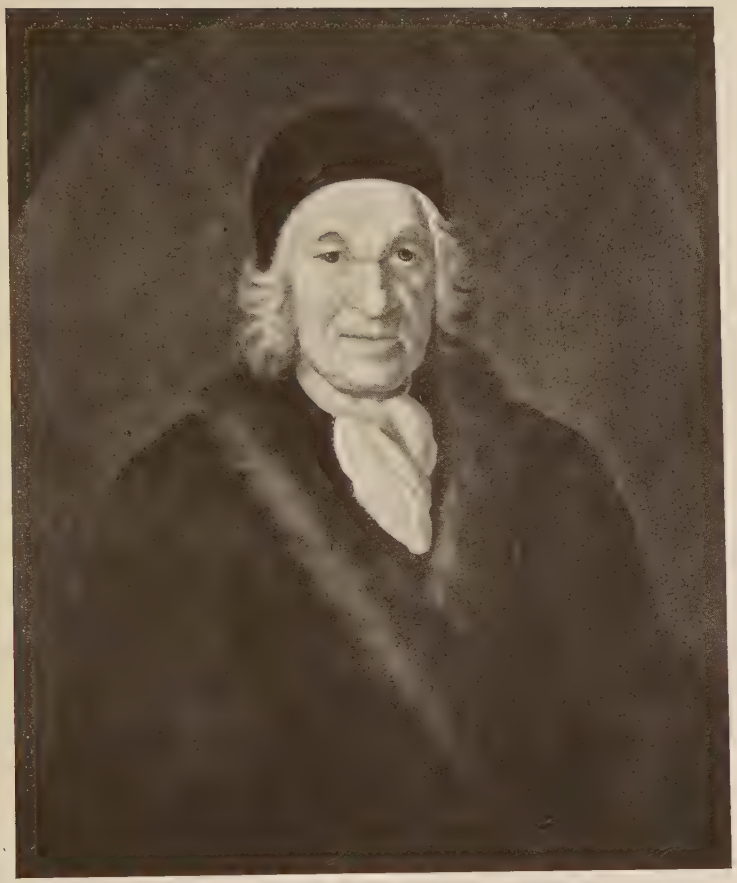
En équipage, en airs bruyants,
En lieux communs, en faux serments,
En habits, bijoux, dents d'ivoire,
Mettez-vous bien.

Ayez pour plaire aux vieux parents,
Toujours en mains nouvelle histoire,
Pour les valets force présents ;
Mais eût-il l'humeur sombre et noire,
Avez l'époux, malgré ses dents,
Mettez-vous bien.

"Good lord, Madame," said Matta, "your rondel can contain what advice it likes; but it's no good; your husband is too stupid. The very devil of a formality," he pursued. "Do you mean to say, that, in this country, one can't meet the wife without being in love with the husband?"

Madame de Sénantes found his manner of replying extremely offensive; and, as she thought that she had done enough to put him on the right road, assuming that he had been worthy to tread it, she considered that he did not deserve the trouble of any further explanation, since he had made a difficulty of a matter so very small; and, from that moment onwards, her interest in him declined.

The chevalier de Gramont had bade his mistress good-bye in very much the same fashion. During this pursuit, his fervour had been quite exhausted. It was not that Mlle Saint-Germain failed to grow worthier than ever of his perseverance. On the contrary, her attractions multiplied while you watched. Replete with a thousand charms she went to bed and, when she got up again next morning, it was with some added beauty. The phrase, "growing in beauty" seemed to have been made on purpose for her. The chevalier de Gramont could not fail to perceive this process of embellishment, but he was unable to turn it to his own account. A little less beauty, with a little less virtue, would have suited him rather better. He noticed that she heard him out with enjoyment, that she laughed at his stories as much as he could wish, and that she received his letters and presents without the least scruple; but, at that juncture, she preferred to stay. He had turned about her with every sort of stratagem, but he had never managed to turn her head. Her *femme de chambre* had been won over; her parents, enchanted by his pleasantries and his address, were never so delighted as when they saw



SAINT-EVREMOND

National Portrait Gallery

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him at the house; in short, he had put into practice the precepts enjoined by the rondel of the marquise de Sénantes. Every circumstance would have combined to effect the capitulation of the little Saint-Germain, if only the little Saint-Germain herself had been willing to capitulate; but she was not willing. Well might he declare that the favour he demanded would cost her nothing; that since these treasures are seldom comprised in the dowry which a young lady brings with her in the marriage contract, she would find no one who, by virtue of his eternal tenderness, of his inviolable discretion, could be better qualified to receive this treasure than he. And, in pursuance of his theme, he explained that no husband has ever been able to convey the smallest idea of what constitute the true delights of love, and that there was nothing so different from the transports of a lover always warm, always passionate, always respectful, as the frigid indifference of the average husband.

Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain, anxious not to treat his proposals seriously lest she should be obliged to take umbrage, answered that as, in her country, to get married was the generally accepted rule, she preferred to reach that stage of her existence before bothering her head with these nice distinctions and esoteric details—matters with which she was only very slightly acquainted and on which she would be glad if he did not attempt to enlighten her any further. This once, she added, she had been pleased to listen to him, but she begged that he would not address her again in a similar fashion; it was a sort of conversation, she remarked, which, personally, she did not find very amusing, and which was absolutely useless as far as he himself was concerned. The young lady, who was generally very much inclined to laughter, knew how, when it was necessary, to assume an extremely serious air. The chevalier de Gramont realized that what

she had said to him was perfectly genuine, and, since he understood that the business of making her change her mind would have demanded an almost indefinite leisure, the original ardour of his pursuit had so evaporated that he no longer kept it up, except as he could employ it to mask his real designs upon Madame de Sénantes.

This lady, he observed, had been greatly distressed by the ungracious behaviour of his friend. The disdainful attitude, which he had appeared to adopt towards her, was instrumental in counteracting the favourable disposition which she had first experienced towards him. With a view to her mood, the chevalier de Gramont assured her that she was right; he exaggerated the preciousness of what his friend was missing, exalted her charms a thousand times above those of the little Saint-Germain, and, as Matta evidently did not deserve it, begged her indulgence for himself. His suit was favourably received; an agreement having been concluded, they fell to discussing the measures which it was prudent they should undertake, she in order to deceive her husband, he to hoodwink his friend. There was no difficulty here; Matta was not suspicious and fat Sénantes, to win whose good graces the chevalier de Gramont had already done all that Matta could not bring himself to do, was never happy out of his sight—which was more than the chevalier had bargained for. As often as the chevalier visited the wife, the husband, from sheer politeness, made a point of being there too. Nothing in the world would have induced him to leave them alone together; he was afraid that without his society they would be bored.

Matta, never dreaming that he had fallen from favour, continued to serve his mistress in his own way. She had arranged with the chevalier de Gramont that their relationship should continue, to all appearances,

upon the old lines; and thus it was, that the Court still believed that Mme de Sénantes had no eyes but for Matta, and his friend none but for Mlle de Saint-Germain.

From time to time there were held little lotteries of jewels. The chevalier de Gramont always tried his luck and often won something. Under pretext of the prizes which he had gained, he bought innumerable presents which, imprudently, he gave to the Sénantes and which she, still more imprudently, accepted. It was very seldom now that the little Saint-Germain saw a present of his. There are mischief-makers all the world over. His behaviour provoked comments. Persons, who had ventured them, repeated what they had said to Mlle de Saint-Germain. She affected to laugh it off, but was none the less hurt. No trait is so general among the fair sex, as a disinclination to let another profit by what one has oneself refused. Consequently, she grew ill-disposed towards Mme de Sénantes. While, in the opposite camp, Matta was asked whether he was not big enough to offer his own presents to Mme de Sénantes, instead of sending them through the chevalier de Gramont. That brought him to his senses; for, unaided, he would probably have never grasped the situation. His suspicions, however, were yet not fully awakened, and, wishing to get at the truth: "One must admit," he observed casually to the chevalier de Gramont, "that love-making here is conducted on a very odd plan. The lover works without wages; when one is in love with the wife, one first pays one's court to the husband; one makes presents, moreover, to another man's mistress in order to curry favour with one's own. Mme de Sénantes is very much obliged to you for the . . ." "It is you who ought to be obliged," the chevalier broke in, "since it was all done on your account. I was ashamed to see that you did not

think of making her the least little present. Do you realize that people are so queer at this Court, that they are prepared to believe that it is less from lack of thought, than from sheer stinginess, that you have never plucked up courage to give her even the smallest trinket? For shame! Isn't it ridiculous that you have to be perpetually looked after like this!"

Matta took his scolding meekly, persuaded that he had to a certain extent merited it, besides which he was neither sufficiently untrusting, nor yet so completely in love, that he felt inclined to give the matter any closer investigation. At the same time, since this suited the plans of the chevalier de Gramont, he was badgered into finally agreeing to scrape an acquaintance with M. de Sénantes. It was his friend who presented him, on the occasion of his first visit. His mistress was grateful to him for this effort at conciliation, though she had already made up her mind that it should profit him nothing; her husband, pacified by a piece of civility which he had been long awaiting, was insistent that they should sup with him that very evening, at a little house which he had in the country, on the river-side, not far from the town.

This invitation, answering for them both, the chevalier de Gramont accepted; and, as this was the only proposition which, coming from the marquis de Sénantes, he was not inclined to refuse, Matta, for his part, also agreed to be present. At the stated hour, then, the husband arrived to pick them up at their lodgings. Matta was awaiting him, but not so his friend; the chevalier de Gramont had started a card game, with the express purpose of sending them on ahead without him. Such was Matta's dread of finding himself alone in the company of M. de Sénantes, that he suggested that they had better wait. However, the chevalier having sent them word, begging them to go on and promising that he would join them as

soon as his game was finished, there was no help for it, and poor Matta was obliged to set forth, with the one man of all the world who accorded least to his humour. In this embarrassment, the chevalier de Gramont had no intention of bringing him immediate relief. Deceiver that he was, at the moment when he thought him fairly in the country, he hurried off to the apartments of Mme de Sénantes, on the pretext of still finding her husband there and of starting out together to the place where they had arranged to sup.

The plot was running smoothly; Mme de Sénantes, who thought that Matta's indifference deserved to be answered in kind, made no scruple of becoming his accomplice. Thus she expected the chevalier de Gramont with intentions all the more favourable because she had so long awaited him, looking forward, with some curiosity, to a visit at which her husband would not make himself felt. It is to be conjectured then, that the opportunity of this first visit would not have been thrown away, had it not been for Mlle de Saint-Germain, who was unexpected, and who made her appearance at almost the same time as did the expected guest.

She was livelier and prettier that day than ever before, but, in spite of it all, her companions thought her plain and extraordinarily tiresome. She realized soon enough that her presence there was unwelcome, and, not wishing to be unpopular without turning her unpopularity to some account, she spent a full half hour and longer enjoying the others' distress and playing a thousand malicious little games, such as she realized could not conceivably have been more inappropriate, taking off her hood and her kerchief and all the various fal-lals which women are accustomed to dispense with, when they intend to establish themselves familiarly for the rest of the day. Inwardly consigning her to the devil, the chevalier de Gramont heard her

out, while she continued to tease him on being so exceedingly morose in company so very pleasant. Mme de Sénantes, whose temper was wearing equally thin, informed her, rather sharply, that she was obliged to pay a visit to Madame Royale; whereupon Mlle de Saint-Germain replied that, if Mme de Sénantes had no objection, she would do herself the honour of going with her. After which, there was very little said, and the chevalier de Gramont, seeing that no purpose would be served by his continuing his visit any further, left the house in an agreeable frame of mind.

As soon as he was outside, he despatched one of his touts, charged with a message that M. de Sénantes would be so good as to sit down to table and not wait for him, as the game might not be done as soon as he had thought, but that he would be with them, he expected, before they had finished supper. Having sent off this envoy, he posted a sentinel over Mme de Sénantes' door, in the hope that the eternal Mlle de Saint-Germain might leave the house first. But it was useless, and, after an hour of impatience and uncertainty, his spy came to inform him that they had left together. His plans all going awry, that day, he understood, there was no chance of their effecting an interview. So, renouncing the wife, he needs must set out to find the husband.

While these events were passing in the town, Matta in the country was having but poor entertainment. Prejudiced as he was against M. de Sénantes, there was nothing that M. de Sénantes could say which did not exasperate him. Whole-heartedly he cursed the chevalier de Gramont for the *tête-à-tête* in which, through his means, he had been involved; and, when he saw that the two of them would have to sit down to supper together and unaccompanied, he came within an ace of incontinently starting towards home.

However, since his host was a man of great perspicacity in questions of food and drink and had the best cook in all Piedmont, the appearance of the first course tended somewhat to mollify his ill-humour. He applied himself strenuously to the meal, giving Sénantes very little attention, persuaded that thus he would be able to reach the end of supper, without the necessity for any further intercourse. But, as it happened, he was wrong.

In the days when the chevalier de Gramont was anxious to insinuate his friend into M. de Sénantes' good graces, he had portrayed him in glowing terms, hoping to inspire the other with an inclination to make his acquaintance. Among a thousand different virtues which he had lent him, as he knew M. de Sénantes' own willingness to be taken for a learned man, he had positively declared that Matta was one of the most erudite and scholarly persons in all Europe.

And so it came about that, from the very beginning of supper, M. de Sénantes had been expecting some brilliant flash of erudition on Matta's part, which would have warranted him, too, bringing his erudition into play. But he was radically mistaken. Nobody was worse read than Matta, nobody less ashamed of it, and nobody, during the course of a meal, ever spoke so little as he. Desirous above all things of not entering upon any sort of conversation, he did not open his mouth except to eat or to call out for wine.

His companion, taking umbrage at a taciturnity which seemed to him affected, tired of trying to draw him out on other subjects, thought that he might obtain some response by speaking of gallantry and love. By way of setting him off then, he attacked in the following phrase: "Now you, for instance, as my wife's lover . . ." "Me!" exclaimed Matta, wishing to be discreet; "whoever told you that was a damned liar; by God!" . . . . "Monsieur," replied Sénantes, "the tone which you

have taken up is not at all befitting. I should be glad to have you know that, in spite of your disdainful airs, Mme de Sénantes is, I should imagine, quite as deserving of homage as the best of your French ladies; and that there have been others, much worthier than you, who have esteemed it an honour to pay her their court!" "Agreed! agreed!" replied Matta; "she is very deserving I am sure and, since you wish it, Sir, I am her humble servant and lover, all to oblige you."

"You suppose, possibly," pursued his companion, "that in our country such matters are arranged as they are in France, and that the Fair take lovers with no higher purpose than to grant them favours. Disabuse yourself, I beg, and learn that, even assuming that things of this kind *did* sometimes happen at our Court, I should experience not the slightest anxiety." "Very proper," Matta said, "but why, do tell me, would you not experience the slightest anxiety?" "This is why," the other answered; "I am well acquainted with the passionate tenderness which Mme de Sénantes nourishes towards me; I am well acquainted, too, with the extreme prudency which regulates her conduct towards the outside world; and, what is more, I am acquainted with my own merits."

"Well, there you certainly have an unusually fine set of acquaintances, Monsieur le marquis," Matta said; "I congratulate you on all three of them. Your very good health!" Whereupon the Marquis pledged him in his turn; but, seeing the conversation flagged as soon as they stopped drinking, after two or three healths, he determined to give his guest a second opening, and attacked Matta on his strong suit, that is to say his erudition.

He asked him to tell him then when it was, he supposed, that the Allobroges settled in Piedmont. Matta, who consigned him and his Allobroges to the

devil together, replied that it must have been in the time of the civil war. "I doubt it," said his host. "Oh! very well, just as you like," Matta said. "But under what Consulate?" Sénantes went on . . . "Under that of the League, when the Guises brought the Lansquenets into France," Matta said. "But, anyhow, what the devil does it signify?"

M. de Sénantes was passably quick to take offence and readily grew brutal in his manners; so the Lord knows how their colloquy would have turned out, if the chevalier de Gramont had not arrived, just in time to bring them both to order. He found some difficulty in understanding what was the gist of their dispute; one forgot the question which had annoyed him, the other the answers which he had been given, in a common eagerness to reproach the chevalier de Gramont with this abiding passion of his for games of chance, which made it impossible to rely on his ever keeping an appointment. The chevalier de Gramont, who felt more guilty than either of his companions had suggested, took it all in good part and blamed himself more heartily than either of them desired. That calmed them down. The meal ended more peaceably than it had begun; order was re-established in their conversation, but the new arrival could not, as it was his custom to do, inspire what they said with any sort of merriment. He was in a very bad temper himself; and, as he kept urging them to get up and leave the table, M. de Sénantes conjectured that he must have been losing heavily. Matta said that, on the contrary, he had been the winner; but that his retreat had, no doubt, been unfortunate, owing to the lack of precautionary measures; and he asked him if he had not regretted Sergeant La Place and his ambuscade.

This historical detail was beyond the erudition even of M. de Sénantes; and fearing that Matta might

take it into his head to explain the derivation of his remark, the chevalier de Gramont changed the subject and wanted to get up from the table. Matta, on the other hand, was anxious to stay where he was. This reinstated him in M. de Sénantes' good opinion; he took to his own account Matta's unwillingness to leave; whereas, in reality, it was not so much the host as the cellar which Matta had found to his liking.

Madame Royale, who knew Sénantes' character, was delighted with the story that the chevalier de Gramont made of this supper-party and the conversation which it had produced. She summoned Matta, in order to hear the truth of it from his own lips; and Matta admitted that, before they had embarked on the question of the Allobroges, M. de Sénantes had been inclined to quarrel with him because he was not in love with his wife.

Their acquaintance having been made according to the fashion described above, it appeared as though all the goodwill, which Sénantes had previously harboured towards the chevalier de Gramont, had now turned towards Matta. Not a day passed but he went to call on him in his lodgings, and Matta, for his part, went off to see his wife. This state of affairs by no means agreed with the chevalier de Gramont's plan. Bitterly did he repent the reprimands, which he had thought good to administer to Matta, when he saw him displaying an assiduity which passed all bounds. Mme de Sénantes was equally embarrassed by the new development. However charming one is, where one's company is importunate, there one is not likely to succeed, and she much repented her of ever having committed herself to certain fruitless advances.

Matta began to discover all manner of charms in her person. He might have been charmed, too, by her wit, if she had been disposed to show it off; but there is no way of putting oneself at one's ease with those

who are thwarting one's plans. While his liking for her increased, the chevalier de Gramont had no thought but how he might bring his adventure to a happy conclusion. This is the stratagem which he finally hit on, in order to clear the scene equally of the lover and the husband.

He gave Matta to understand that they ought to ask M. de Sénantes to sup with them, and said that the whole affair should be in his charge. Matta asked if it was for the purpose of playing at quinze, and told him he would take good care, that, this time, the chevalier did not arrange to play a game of cards, leaving his friend stranded with the stupidest gentleman in Europe. The chevalier de Gramont had not, in fact, any such intention; he knew that this was an opportunity which it would be impossible to take advantage of, however one went about it, and that they would ransack every corner of the town, rather than leave him to his own devices. His whole care, then, was directed towards rendering their meal agreeable, making it last, with the hope of provoking some subject of disputation betwixt Matta and Sénantes. With that end in view, he put himself, to begin with, in the best temper in the world; a state of mind into which the others put themselves by dint of hard drinking.

The chevalier de Gramont declared that he was unhappy not to have been able to regale M. de Sénantes with a little concert of music; he had hoped to do so that morning, but the musicians had been engaged elsewhere. The marquis de Sénantes was positive that he himself would engage them to be at his country-house to-morrow evening; he invited the company to sup with him there. Matta asked what the devil they wanted with music, and declared that music, on these occasions, was only good for women who had a word to say in their lovers' ear while their

neighbours were deafened by the violins, or else for people so stupid that they couldn't think of anything to talk about when the violins were not playing. But his objections were laughed out of court; the party was arranged for the next day and the violins carried by majority vote. Sénantes, to console Matta as well as to do honour to the repast, proposed a great many toasts. He preferred to agree with him on this footing than in the terminology of formal argument; but the chevalier de Gramont, realizing that it needed only some very small pretext to make them grow warm, asked no better than to see them at grips with one another in the throes of a new discussion. It was in vain that, from time to time, with this purpose in view, he had thrown some remark into the flow of general conversation. At last, being happily inspired to ask him the maiden name of Madame his wife, Sénantes, who was very strong in genealogy like all fools who have more memory than they know what to do with, started off on Mme de Sénantes' family-tree, introducing a confused mass of relationships which, it seemed, would never come to an end. The chevalier de Gramont made a pretence of listening to what he said with the greatest possible interest and, noticing that Matta's patience was rapidly being exhausted, he bade him listen attentively to what the gentleman was telling them, adding in the same breath that nothing could be more delightful. "Very nice, no doubt," Matta remarked; "still, I must admit that if I were married *I* should prefer to be sure of my children's real father than who my wife's grandfathers were." Sénantes laughed away this piece of impertinence, but did not desist till he had traced his spouse's ancestors, branch for branch, right back as far as Yolande de Sénantes. That done, he offered to demonstrate in less than half an hour that the Gramonts came originally from Spain. "Well, who cares where the Gramonts

came from?" Matta interjected; "You must learn, Monseigneur le marquis, that it is better to know nothing at all than to know too much."

The other supported the contrary opinion with some warmth, drawing up an argument in form to prove that ignorance was a concomitant of stupidity. But the chevalier de Gramont, who knew his Matta, had no doubt that he would send the logician to hell, before their guest had reached the end of his syllogism. Therefore, thrusting himself in between as soon as their voices began to rise, he said that it was absurd to grow so heated over a mere nothing, and treated the whole thing rather seriously in order that the incident might be the more marked. Supper then finished quite peacefully, so careful was the chevalier to suppress all causes of dissension and to supply their place with an abundance of wine.

Next day, Matta was out hunting, the chevalier de Gramont was at the baths and M. de Sénantes at his country-house. While he was making everything ready, not forgetting the violins, and while Matta was scouring the plain in order to procure himself an appetite, the chevalier de Gramont thought out the execution of his project.

As soon as the plan was fully developed in his head, he caused the officer of the guards, who was on duty at Her Highness' apartments, to be secretly warned that M. de Sénantes had had a few words with M. de Matta while they were supping together last night; that one of them had been out ever since this morning and that the other was nowhere to be found in the city.

Madame Royale, much alarmed at this news, promptly sent to find the chevalier de Gramont. He seemed surprised when Her Highness spoke to him of it. It was quite true, he admitted, that some angry words had been exchanged, but he had never imagined that either of these two gentlemen would remember

them next day. He said that, if the mischief was not already done, the handiest expedient would be to secure oneself against it until to-morrow; and that then, were the parties discoverable, he was perfectly sure that he could persuade them to make it up without their coming to any further harm. This plan was easily carried out. It was learned at the residence of M. de Sénantes that he was at his house in the country. A posse was despatched thither; they found him, and the officer in charge, without vouchsafing him any other explanation, put him under guard and left him in the greatest perplexity.

As soon as Matta had come back from hunting, Madame Royale sent the same officer to ask him to give her his word that he would not leave his lodging till to-morrow morning. This compliment put him into the greatest surprise. No reason was given. A good meal was waiting for him; he was dying of hunger; and nothing seemed to him more unreasonable than to oblige him, at this juncture, to keep his room. But he had given his word and, having not the least idea what the whole business could signify, his last resource was to despatch a messenger and summon his friend. His friend, as it turned out, did not come to visit him until he had got back from the country. There he had found Sénantes, surrounded by his fiddlers, and very angry at being made a prisoner in his own house, all on account of Matta, whom he was even then waiting to entertain. Bitter were his complaints to the chevalier de Gramont; he had no notion, he said, of having offended his friend, but that, if he was so incorrigibly quarrelsome, and thought himself to have the least little grievance, he begged that he would assure him that he should have satisfaction for it on the first possible opportunity. The chevalier de Gramont assured him that Matta had never dreamed of it; he knew on the contrary, he

said, that he held M. de Sénantes in enormous esteem; all this, no doubt, had come to pass through the extreme tenderness of Madame his wife, who, alarmed by the gossip of the footmen who had served them last night, must have gone flying off to Madame Royale with the intention of forestalling any disastrous accident. This explanation, he said, had an additional weight in his mind because, in speaking of Matta to Mme de Sénantes, he had often said that he was one of the most formidable swordsmen in the whole of France; in short, that the poor fellow never fought a duel without the misfortune of killing his man.

M. de Sénantes, a little softened, replied that he was vastly indebted to him for this piece of information, that he would certainly scold his wife for her show of unseasonable tenderness, and that he was dying with impatience to see his dear Matta once more.

The chevalier de Gramont assured him that he would do the best he could, at the same time advising his guards that they should on no account let him escape without express orders from the Court, since it appeared that he was itching to fight and that they would be held responsible for it. That was enough to make them keep him in view, although there was absolutely no need.

Having made sure of one of his victims in this fashion, his next step was to secure the other as firmly. He went back to town; and as soon as Matta caught sight of him: "What the devil is it?" he asked him, "this joke which I am being made to take part in? I can't make anything of the stupid customs of this place. How comes it that I have been made prisoner and put on my parole?" "How comes it?" said the chevalier de Gramont; "it's because your behaviour to them is far more extraordinary than anything they have done to you. You can't help falling out with a peevish ass whom you ought to be able only to laugh

at. Some meddlesome servant, no doubt, has been repeating the story of your set-to last night. This morning you were seen to leave the town early, and Sénantes soon after. Isn't that enough so that Her Royal Highness should have felt obliged to take these precautions? Sénantes is under arrest; they have only asked you for your word; so, instead of making an outcry as you are doing now, if I were you I should send my humble thanks to Her Highness for the gracious way in which she has had you apprehended, since it is only for your good that she has deigned to interest herself in the affair at all. I am going to take a turn in the palace and I will do my best to unravel the mystery; however, as there seems to be very little likelihood of things being patched up to-night, I think you would do well to order your supper; for I will be with you in a minute."

Matta bade him not fail to express his humble gratitude to Madame Royale for her goodness, although he was no more afraid of Sénantes than he was fond of him; and that was saying a good deal.

The chevalier de Gramont came back, after half an hour, with two or three acquaintances that Matta had made while he was out hunting. These gentlemen, at the rumour of a quarrel, had wished to see him, and each separately offered his services as a second against the pacific and solitary Sénantes. Matta thanked them and, after engaging them to stay to supper, went to put on his dressing-gown.

Perceiving that all was now falling out as he had intended it should and that, towards the end of the repast, toasts were merrily circling round the table, the chevalier de Gramont felt that he could be sure of his man till next day. And it was then that, drawing him aside with the permission of the others, he made him a false confidence to disguise an actual treachery, telling him, after he had made him swear many oaths

never to breathe a word of it, that he had at last obtained from the little Saint-Germain the promise of a nocturnal interview, and that he was going to meet her this very night. That was why, he said, he must pretend that he was starting for Court and go his way; he begged his friend to insist, that it was on that account and none other he was leaving them, since the Piedmontese were a readily suspicious race. Matta promised that he would acquit himself discreetly of this commission; he would make his excuses, he said, without there being any need for the chevalier to come back and bid them all good-bye. Then, after giving him a hug in token of congratulation on the happy state of his affairs, he let him go as soon and as secretly as he was able, so anxious was Matta that the opportunity should not prove fruitless.

He sat down to table, charmed with the confidence which he had just been made and with the share that he himself had in the success of his friend's adventure. So as to put his guests off the scent, he assumed the appearance of extreme good-humour, proffering a thousand complaints against the fury of gaming, which so possessed its votaries that they left all else to spend the nights with dice and cards. Outwardly he was deriding the chevalier de Gramont's weakness in this respect; inwardly, the credulous nature of the Piedmontese who let themselves be so finely duped.

It was very late at night before the party had finished, and Matta went to bed well pleased with what he had been able to do to help his friend. But meanwhile this friend was enjoying the fruits of his perfidy, if appearances are to be trusted. The tender Sénantes had received him in the guise of one who wishes still further to enhance the value of her complacency. Nor did her charms pass unnoticed; and even though there are occasions when one detests a traitor, while making the most of his treachery, this

was not among them. Discreet as he usually was on the subject of his amorous good fortunes, it would have been no fault of the chevalier de Gramont's if a contrary opinion had not been believed. At all events, persuaded that, in love, whatever can be won by stratagem may count as having been fairly obtained, it is not on record that he has ever manifested the smallest contrition with regard to this deceit. But the time has now come that we should withdraw him from the Court of Savoy, in order that he may shine in the Court of France.

Chapter Five

The chevalier de Gramont, on his return to France, supported there with great distinction the renown he had won abroad. Quick-witted at the gaming-table, alert and vigilant in love, very often successful in his intrigues and always much feared by his rivals, in war he was equally capable of adapting himself to triumph or to disaster, in good fortune rich with an inexhaustible fund of vivacity, in ill fortune prolific of expedients and plans.

Attached to M. le Prince[1] by a natural inclination, a witness and, if one may dare to say so, a partner of the glory which he had reaped on the famous days of Lens, Nordlingen and Fribourg, the account of those battles which he has so often given has, if anything, added to their celebrity.

At a time when he had nothing to lose save certain scruples of duty and not a few material advantages, he left all to follow a man whom his own strong motives and personal resentments, which, in some sort, appeared excusable, had contributed to force out of the right road. He shared with him his first disgrace, manifesting a constancy of spirit, of such as there are few examples; but he could not submit to the injuries which were afterwards done him, and which his invincible loyalty certainly did not deserve. Thus it was that, without fearing any reproaches on a line of conduct which sufficiently justified itself, as he had somewhat turned aside from his duty to serve the interest of Monsieur le Prince, he felt that there could be no harm in turning aside from the party of M. le Prince in order to return again to the stricter paths of duty.

[1] Condé.

Peace was very soon re-established at Court. Even those, who were far more deeply involved than the chevalier de Gramont, returned to favour as quickly as they pleased. The Queen, still alarmed at the dangerous position into which these civil broils had precipitated the State at the beginning of her regency, had no other end in view than to win over her subjects by a display of mildness. The policy of her Minister was neither sanguinary nor vindictive. His favourite maxims were to placate rather than to have recourse to desperate remedies; to reconcile himself to losing nothing at war, rather than be put to expense, merely in order to gain something from his opponents; to suffer himself to be much maligned, so long as he could increase his own fortune, and to spin out the period of his sovereign's minority to the furthest possible limit.

This greediness of gain was not confined to the innumerable opportunities, afforded by his official power; it was towards gain, and gain only, that his whole industry was directed. He was naturally fond of gambling, but he did not gamble except to win money; in order to win, he cheated as much as he could.

The chevalier de Gramont, whose strength of intelligence he recognized and whose wealth he noticed, was very soon drawn into the circle of his amusements and calculations. He realized the Cardinal's subtlety and lack of straightforwardness, and thought that it was permissible to bring into play the talents with which nature had endowed him, not only to defend himself, but also, sometimes, to attack. This, indeed, would be the place to retail those adventures; yet who can tell them so agreeably and so lightly, as may reasonably be expected by readers who have been privileged to hear his own narration of them? It would be in vain, even though one wrote down faithfully, word for word, his account of these diverting

episodes; their effervescence seems to disappear as soon as they are put on to paper; and, however one attempts it, their vitality and colour is gone.

It must be enough to say, then, that, on the occasions when their dexterity was mutually employed, the chevalier carried off the palm; and if he took very little trouble to insinuate himself into the Minister's favour, he had the consolation of observing that those who let themselves be plucked, gained in the end no great advantages from their subservience. For, none the less, they always remained in a state of grovelling subjection; while, in a thousand different encounters, the chevalier de Gramont manifested his extreme independence of spirit. Here, for instance, is an example.

The Spanish army, commanded by M. le Prince and by the Archduke, was besieging Arras. The Court had moved forward as far as Peronne. The enemy would have derived much renown from the taking of this place. They had need of it; for the armies of France had, during some long time, been universally successful against them.

M. le Prince was holding up a tottering faction, as far as their slothfulness and their customary irresolution would allow. But since, during the course of a campaign, there are moments at which it is necessary to take independent action and which, if they are once allowed to slip, can never be fully retrieved, all his ability was very often quite powerless to assist them. The Spanish infantry had never recovered after the battle of Rocroi; and the General of the opposing party, which had thus demoralized them by its attack, was the one man who, now that he was commanding them, might have been expected to repair the harm which he had originally done. However, the jealousy of the commanding officers, and the distrust which prevailed in their assemblies, tied his hands.

Still, the siege of Arras was being vigorously prosecuted. The Cardinal realized how dishonourable it would be, if the city were taken under his very nose, and almost within sight of the King. To attempt to relieve it, on the other hand, was to risk much. M. le Prince was not the General to neglect the smallest precaution in the defence of his lines. When one attacks without breaking through, one cannot choose one's own order of retreat. The more violent the attack has been, the more confused is liable to be the process of retirement; and M. le Prince was a soldier exceptionally qualified to seize his opportunities when they occurred. The army commanded by M. de Turenne was far weaker than the enemy, but none the less, in that quarter, was the only resource which they had to fall back upon. Once his army had been beaten, the taking of Arras was not the only reverse which they would have to fear.

The genius of the Cardinal, which was happily suited to those junctures where a course of treacherous negotiations might extricate him from some unfortunate plight, took alarm at the urgency of the peril and at the prospect of a decisive engagement. He considered that, if some other city were beleaguered, the capture of it might make up for the loss of Arras. However, M. de Turenne, who thought differently, resolved to march against the foe, and did not notify the Cardinal until he was under way. The courier arrived when he was already full of anxiety, and thus redoubled his alarms; but it was then too late.

The Marshal, whose great reputation had inspired the troops with confidence, had not failed to make his dispositions, before an express order from the Court could arrive to forbid it. This was one of those occasions, when the difficulties encountered enhance the glory of success. Although the ability of the General had done something to reassure the Court,

the army was on the verge of an engagement which, in one way or another, would put an end both to their fears and to their hopes. While the rest of the courtiers were debating as to what was likely to happen, the chevalier de Gramont took it into his head that he would go see for himself. His determination surprised the Court; courtiers, who had seen as much service as he had, appeared to be totally exempt from the same eagerness. His friends did their best to dissuade him, but all in vain.

The King was pleased with his resolution. The Queen appeared to be no less gratified. He assured them that the news he brought back would be good, and Her Majesty promised to embrace him if he kept his word; likewise the Cardinal—the latter a promise on which he counted very little but which, he supposed, must necessarily be sincere, since it would cost the donor nothing.

He started out, then, at nightfall, with Casaux, whom M. de Turenne had sent as courier to their Majesties. The Duke of York and the marquis d'Humières commanded under the Marshal. The latter was on duty that day, and, in the dawn of it, the chevalier arrived. The Duke of York at first did not recognize him, but the marquis d'Humières running towards him with open arms: "I was quite sure," he exclaimed, "that if anyone came to see us from the Court on an occasion like this, it would be the chevalier de Gramont. Well, well," he pursued, "and what are they doing at Peronne?" "They are very much alarmed," replied the chevalier. "And what do they think of us?" "They think," answered the chevalier, "that if you beat M. le Prince you will have done no more than your duty; if, on the other hand, you are beaten, they will think that you are madmen and idiots to have risked everything without regard for the consequences." "Cheerful news you

bring us," the marquis d'Humières observed. "Would you like us to take you off to M. de Turenne's head-quarters, to edify him with it too, or would you rather rest yourself in mine; for you have been travelling all night long and, I dare say, had just as little sleep the night before." "Where do you get this notion that the chevalier de Gramont has ever need of sleep?" the other retorted. "Only let me be given a horse that I may have the honour of bearing M. the Duke of York company. To be sure, since he has got up so early in the morning, it must be with the intention of visiting some outposts."

The advanced guard was only a cannon-shot distant from that of the enemy. And, as soon as they had arrived there: "I should like," said the chevalier de Gramont, "to go forward, as far as the sentry whom they have posted on that eminence; I have friends and acquaintances in their army, and I should be glad to ask their news. M. the Duke of York will be so kind as to permit me." So saying, he advanced. The sentry, seeing him come straight against his post, put himself upon his guard. The chevalier drew rein as soon as he was within shot. The sentry replied to the signs he made, making others to the officer who was already on the move as the chevalier began to advance, and who very soon came up with him. Noticing that the chevalier de Gramont was alone, he made no difficulty of letting him approach; whereupon, the chevalier requested the officer that he might have news of certain relatives of his, who were in their army, and, at the same time, asked him whether the duc d'Arschot was at the siege. "Why, Monsieur," the officer responded, "there he is in person, just alighted from his horse, under that clump of trees which you see on the left-hand side of our grand guard. He was here not a moment ago with le prince d'Arenberg, his brother, le baron de Limbec and Louvigny." "If

I give you my parole, can I see them?" asked the chevalier. "I should have the honour of escorting you myself, Monsieur," the officer said, "were I allowed to leave my post; but I will send him word that M. le chevalier de Gramont wishes to speak to him;" and after having despatched a horseman of his patrol in their direction, he returned to the place where he had stood before. "Monsieur," then enquired the chevalier de Gramont, "may I ask how you come to know me?" "Is it possible," said the other, "that M. le chevalier de Gramont does not recognize la Motte, who had the honour of serving so long in his regiment?" "What! it's you, my poor la Motte! Indeed, it was very wrong of me not to recognize you, although you are in a very different outfit than when I saw you first in Brussels, teaching Madame la duchesse de Guise to dance the tricotets; and I am much afraid that things aren't going as well with you as they were in that campaign, after I had given you the company of which you spoke." At this point, the duc d'Arschot, followed by the other gentlemen whose names have been mentioned above, came up at a gallop. The chevalier de Gramont was embraced by every one of the troop, before he had a chance of speaking to them. And very soon there arrived an infinity of other acquaintances, as well as a large number of curious spectators from both sides, who, seeing him on the eminence, gathered there with such goodwill, that the two hostile armies, unintentionally, and without calling a truce or having any treacherous designs, were just about to mingle in friendly intercourse, when from the distance M. de Turenne happened to notice what was going on. The spectacle astounded him; he hurried up; and the marquis d'Humières announced the visit of the chevalier de Gramont who, he said, had desired to speak to the sentry before proceeding to general head-

quarters. He added that he didn't know what the devil he had done, in the moment which they had left his side, to collect the two armies round him like that. "There's no doubt of it," said M. de Turenne, "he is a very exceptional person; but I think it only proper that he should now come and pay us a short visit, after having first of all been to visit the enemy." And, with these words, he detailed an aide-de-camp to recall the officers of his army and to inform the chevalier de Gramont how anxious he was to see him.

This order arrived at the same time as another, of similar import, to the officers of the enemy. M. le Prince, warned of the peaceable interview which had taken place, had been no whit surprised at what he heard, when they told him that it was the chevalier de Gramont who was responsible. He had merely directed Lussan that his officers should be recalled, and that a message should be sent to the chevalier de Gramont requesting the favour of a meeting next morning under the same clump of trees. The chevalier consented, provided that—as he had no doubt he would—M. de Turenne gave him his permission.

In the army of the King, he met with just such an agreeable welcome as he had received in the army of the King's enemies. M. de Turenne valued his candour, no less than he admired his wit. He was grateful to him, for having been the only courtier who had come to see him at a moment of this kind. The questions, which he asked him about the Court, were not so much intended to gather information as to elicit, for his own amusement, the chevalier's description of the anxieties and various alarms which the Court was going through. The chevalier de Gramont advised him to beat the enemy, if he did not want to be brought to book for an enterprise which the Cardinal had not ordered. M. de Turenne promised that he would do his best to follow this advice and,

CATHERINE OF BRAGANÇA

National Portrait Gallery

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what was more, promised that, in case of his being victorious, he would assist the chevalier de Gramont to obtain the Queen's reward. He added that he was not annoyed that M. le Prince should have asked to speak to him. His measures were taken for an attack on the lines. He discussed them privately with the chevalier de Gramont, hiding nothing from him except the date on which they were to be carried out. But it was all to no purpose. The chevalier had seen too much, not to judge, both by the light of his own intelligence and the observations which he had made, that the attack could scarcely be postponed any longer.

He set out next day to his meeting, preceded by a trumpeter and, at the place which M. de Lussan had indicated the day before, found M. le Prince. As soon as he had dismounted: "Is it possible," the latter exclaimed as he embraced him, "that this is the chevalier de Gramont, and that I see him on the opposite side?" "It is yourself that I see there," the chevalier retorted, "and I ask you, Monseigneur, in all fairness, whether it is the chevalier de Gramont's fault or whether it is yours, that we are no longer in the same camp." "I must admit," said M. le Prince, "that though there are some that have deserted me, like the ungrateful wretches that they are, you have left me as I myself left, like an honest man who believes that he is in the right. But let us forget all causes of resentment, and do you tell me why you are here, you whom I supposed were at Peronne with the Court?" "You want to know why I am here?" the chevalier de Gramont asked; "I am here to save your life. I know you well; on a day of battle you cannot resist flying into the thick of the enemy, and you need only get your horse shot under you and be taken prisoner with arms in your hand, to be treated by that Cardinal of ours as your uncle Montmorency

was by his predecessor. So I am here to hold a horse for you in readiness, should some such mishap befall, in order that you may escape with your head." "It won't be the first time," said M. le Prince, laughing, "you have rendered me that particular service, although the danger was less serious then than it would be now if I were captured."

After this conversation, they fell into a less serious vein of talking. M. le Prince questioned him on the Court, on the ladies there, on gaming, on love; and then, leading back insensibly to the situation of the present day, the chevalier de Gramont asked news of the officers of his acquaintance who had remained with him; whereat the Prince said that it rested with him, if he liked, to go visit in the lines, where he would see not only the gentlemen of whom he had been asking news, but also the disposition of the quarters and entrenchments. The chevalier de Gramont consented, and M. le Prince, when he had shown him all, and had finally brought him back again as far as the place where they had met: "Well, well, chevalier," he demanded, "and how soon do you suppose we shall be seeing you again?" "On my honour," the chevalier de Gramont replied, "you have treated me so gallantly that I am unwilling to keep back from you what I know: hold yourselves ready an hour before daybreak; you can count on it that we shall attack to-morrow morning. If I had been entrusted with the secret, perhaps I should not be warning you; but, at all events, you must believe me, that so it will fall out." "No, you have not changed," said M. le Prince, embracing him a second time. It was nightfall when the chevalier de Gramont regained the camp of M. de Turenne; all was being got ready for an attack on the enemy's lines and it was no longer a secret among the troops.

"Well, M. le chevalier," said M. de Turenne,

"they were very glad to see you, I have no doubt; M. le Prince, I am sure, made much of you and asked you a great many questions?" "He could not have been more civil," replied the chevalier de Gramont; "and to show that he did not consider me as a spy, he admitted me even to their entrenchments and to their fortified lines, where he showed me all the preparations they have made to give you a warm reception." "And what is his opinion?" "He is persuaded that you will attack to-night, or perhaps to-morrow at the first glimmer of day; for you great captains," the chevalier pursued, "see through one another's plans in a fashion that is positively miraculous."

M. de Turenne was very pleased to get this piece of adulation from a man who was not usually lavish of his praise. He explained to him the disposition of the attack, remarking that he was very pleased that a man who had been present at so many battles should be a witness of this, and that he was by no means indifferent to the privilege of having him at his side. But, as he reflected that he had all too little of the night left over to repose himself in, and had passed the preceding night without getting any sleep, he commended him to the marquis d'Humières, who gave him supper and provided him with a bed.

The next day was that of the battle of the lines of Arras, where M. de Turenne won a victory which added fresh radiance to his reputation, and in which the prince de Condé, although beaten, lost none of the renown which he had gained on other fields.

So many accounts have been given of this famous engagement, that it would be superfluous to describe it here. The chevalier de Gramont, who, as a volunteer was allowed to go wherever he liked, has contributed a better narrative of it than anybody else. M. de Turenne gained considerable benefit from the spirit of

activity which deserted the chevalier neither in peace nor in war, and from a presence of mind which made him transmit orders, as being the General's, so very opportunely that M. de Turenne, punctilious though he was in such matters, thanked him, when the affair was over, in the presence of all his officers, and charged him to carry the first news of it to the Court.

For the bearer of such tidings as a rule, it is only necessary to be a good rider and sufficiently provided with post-horses, or else to depend on a system of relays. On this occasion, however, the chevalier's task was far more difficult. In the first place, there were hostile bands scattered over the face of the entire country-side who might contest his passage; secondly, officious and self-seeking courtiers, who are accustomed, at similar moments, to post themselves upon all the high-roads leading to the town that they may rob the poor courier of his good news. But the chevalier de Gramont's ready wit enabled him to steer clear of the former and of the latter, besides, to make fools.

He had taken eight or ten troopers,[1] commanded by an officer of his acquaintance, to escort him half way to Bapaume, persuaded that the greatest danger would probably lie betwixt the camp and the first stage. He had not travelled a league when events proved him to be right; and, turning towards the officer who was riding close behind: "Unless you are well mounted," he said, "I should advise you to regain the camp; for my part, I intend very soon to give my horse the reins." "Monsieur," his companion answered, "I shall do my best to keep up with you, no matter how fast you ride, till I have seen you to some place of safety." "I doubt whether you will be able to," replied the chevalier, "for over there are some gentlemen who seem disposed to pay you a visit." "But don't you see," the officer then returned,

[1] *Maîtres.*

" that they are some of our own people who are out grazing their horses?" "On the contrary," the chevalier said, "I see plainly enough that they are some of the enemy's hussars";[1] whereupon, after pointing out to him that they were even then mounting their horses, he ordered his escort to prepare to make a diversion, and set off towards Bapaume at breakneck speed.

He was mounted on a very fast English horse; but, becoming involved in a sunken road, where the going was deep and miry, he very soon had the enemy hussars close upon his heels; for, judging that he must be some officer of high rank, they had refused his diversion and had set out on his tracks without paying any attention to the others. The best mounted of the party was beginning to overtake him; English horses, which will go like the wind across an easy piece of country, show themselves at their worst on bad roads. The hussar had raised his musket and, from a distance, was shouting that he would give him good quarter. But the chevalier de Gramont, when he realized that they were winning, and that, struggle as his horse might across the sticky ground, at the last they were bound to catch up with him, of a sudden left the Bapaume road and gained another, branching off from it on the right. In that position he drew rein, as though to give ear to the hussar's proposals, and allowed his horse to get back its breath a little, his pursuer meanwhile, who supposed he was on the point of surrender, making desperate efforts to arrive and take possession of his prey, thus half-killing his horse, on purpose to be there before the rest of his companions, who were following hard at his tail.

A moment's reflection was enough to convince the chevalier de Gramont how unpleasant it would be, coming from such a glorious field and from amid the

[1] *Cravates:* Light cavalry.

perils of a contest so closely debated, to fall into the hands of a troop of ruffians who had been nowhere near the battle and, instead of being received in triumph and embraced by a mighty Queen for the important news which he had brought her, to be stripped to his shirt by the partisans of the losing side.

During this short interval of meditation, the indefatigable hussar, still aiming his carbine at the chevalier, had come within range, and once more offered him good quarter; the chevalier de Gramont, to whom these overtures and the fashion in which they were made, seemed both equally distasteful, made a slight gesture as though to indicate that he should lower his weapon and then, perceiving that his horse had now got back its breath, dropped his hand and made off like a lightning flash, leaving the hussar so confounded that he did not so much as pull the trigger.

As soon as he had reached Bapaume, he changed horses. The officer in command of the place treated him with every sort of consideration; he reassured him that no other messenger had yet passed, and promised that he would keep his word and would detain all those who came after him, save only the couriers of M. de Turenne.

It remained now to take his measures against the gentlemen who might be lying in ambush for him near Peronne, meaning to hurry back, as soon as they saw him, and anticipate the news he was bringing at Court, although unacquainted with the real particulars of what had happened. He knew that the maréchal du Plessis, the maréchal de Villeroy and Gaboury had boasted to M. le cardinal that they would do so, even before he had set out. And it was, in order to avoid falling into any such trap, that he hired two well-mounted horsemen at Bapaume, whom, when they had come within a league of Peronne, and after he had

insured their faithful service by giving each of them a couple of golden louis, he ordered to ride on ahead, behaving as though panic-stricken, and to cry out to whomsoever questioned them that: "All was lost; the chevalier de Gramont had halted at Bapaume rather than be the first to bring bad news; and that they themselves had been chased by hussars who, since the defeat, had spread all over the country-side."

Everything fell out as he had projected: the horsemen were stopped by Gaboury, who in his eagerness had hastened on in front of the two Marshals; but, whatever questions were put to them, they played their parts so well that, by the time M. le chevalier de Gramont reached Peronne, general consternation already held sway there, and vague rumours of defeat were being whispered from ear to ear throughout the Court.

Nothing so much enhances the value of good news, as when it has been preceded by a false alarm. However, although the news which he brought was accompanied by this sort of relief, it was reserved for their Majesties to receive it with the transports of joy which it demanded.

The Queen kept her promise with the best grace in the world, publicly embracing him in front of the whole Court. The King did not appear less grateful. But the Cardinal, whether it was to diminish the value of a piece of news which demanded some adequate recompense, or whether through a return of that characteristic insolence which accompanied him in periods of success, assumed an air first of all of not listening to what he said, and then, having finally taken it in, that the lines had been forced, the Spanish army beaten, and Arras relieved: "And M. le Prince," he asked, "has he been taken?" "He has not," the chevalier answered. "He is dead then?" the Cardinal went on. "No, nor is he dead," the chevalier

de Gramont replied. "Fine news!" retorted the Cardinal with an air of disgust, upon these words passing with their Majesties into the cabinet of the Queen—which was as well for the chevalier de Gramont, since otherwise he must, no doubt, have given him some angry response, to such a degree had these two fine questions put him out of patience, besides the conclusions which he had naturally deduced.

The Court swarmed with His Eminence's secret agents. A crowd of courtiers and inquisitive persons had, as it always happens, surrounded the chevalier, and he was very glad to have an opportunity, in the presence of the Cardinal's creatures, of unburdening some part of what was weighing on his mind, and which, in other circumstances, he would probably have delivered to the Cardinal himself. Thus, assuming once again his air of irony: "Bless me, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "what a thing it is to be zealous and eager in the service of Kings and of the great; you noticed the gracious manner in which His Majesty received me; you were my witnesses of how the Queen kept her word; but, as for M. le cardinal, he took my news as though he had got no more from it than he did, for example, from the death of old Pierre Mazarin, his sire."

There was that in what he said, to make those who were sincerely interested in his fortunes positively swoon with dismay; and, at other times, a position of the best established would have been ruined by witticism far less cutting, since he had made it before witnesses who only waited their chance to run off and repeat it in all its malignity, that they might thereby make a merit of their vigilant devotion to a Minister whose power was absolute. All this the chevalier de Gramont knew too well; yet, however unpleasant the consequences which he foresaw, he could not help

but pique himself on the felicitous sharpness of his remark.

The tale-bearers acquitted themselves nobly of their functions; but, as it happened, the affair turned out quite differently from what they had anticipated. Next day, when the chevalier de Gramont was present while their Majesties were dining, the Cardinal appeared, and coming up to him, while everybody else respectfully gave way: "Chevalier," he said, "the news that you brought is good; their Majesties are pleased with it; and, to show you that I expect to gain more thereby than at the death of Pierre Mazarin, if you will dine with me, we will play; for the Queen wishes to give us somewhat to play with, more than she first promised."

It was in this fashion that the chevalier de Gramont dared to affront so powerful a Minister, and thus it was that the least vindictive of all Ministers showed his spleen. Indeed, there was a certain genuine grandeur in a man of his age professing to respect the authority of Ministers, only in so far as their worth made them respectable. He congratulated himself on his boldness, as did all the rest of the Court, letting himself be agreeably flattered by the notion that he alone, amid a general servitude, had dared to preserve some vestiges of personal liberty. On the other hand, it was perhaps due to the impunity of this insult levelled at the Cardinal that he brought down on his head some embarrassments, caused by less fortunately hazarded sallies.

Meanwhile, the Court returned. The Cardinal, realizing that it would be no longer possible to keep his master in a state of tutelage, heavy with cares and maladies, laden with treasure, with which he knew not what to do, and deservedly burdened with the weight of public hatred, turned his thoughts to how he might best, in the interests of the country, bring to a conclusion a Ministry which had so cruelly dis-

turbed it. And so, while he set on foot the first sincere overtures of a peace ardently desired, pleasures and abundance began to flourish at Court.

The fortunes of the chevalier de Gramont were long varied both in love and at the card-table—admired by the courtiers, run after by beauties to whom he would have nothing to say, a redoubtable favourite for those to whom he paid his court, more successful at games of chance than in love, but consoling himself by the former for any disappointments which he had experienced in the latter, always gay, always lively, and, in everything important that he did, always an honest man.

It is a pity that, at this juncture, I must needs interrupt the narrative of his life, by an interval of several years, as has already been done at the commencement of his *Memoirs*. Any gap in a story, of which the smallest details have been diverting and unusual, it is impossible not to regret. But, whether it is that he has not thought them worthy of taking their place among the other events of his career, or whether he has retained of them no more than a confused impression, I must now pass on to such of these fragmentary recollections as are better authenticated, in order to undertake the theme of his expedition to England.

The peace of the Pyrenees, the King's marriage, the reinstatement of the prince de Condé, and the death of the Cardinal, gave a very different complexion to affairs of state. All France had its eyes fixed upon the King; for the elegance of his person and for the magnificence of his demeanour, he had no equals; but that superior genius which, while filling his subjects with admiration, has made him the monarch the most feared in the whole of Europe, had not yet come to light. Love and ambition, the invisible springs of intrigue and cabal-making in every Court, watched

attentively the first steps which he took. Luxurious pleasures promised themselves undisputed dominion over a King who had been brought up in ignorance of all those accomplishments necessary for governing, while ambition determined to reserve its sway for such as might dispute the management of public business. There was general surprise then, at the brilliant emergence of talents which a faculty of dissimulation, in some sort necessary, had long hidden from sight.

An industry, which was the sworn foe of those frivolous diversions that are the tempters of youth and in which limitless power very seldom refuses to indulge, attached him, without having any other thought, to the cares of government. All admired this extraordinary change, but it was not everybody who was able to turn it to his own account. In the presence of an absolute monarch, the great became as the small; it was with veneration that the courtiers approached a King who was the sole object of their respect, and the only arbiter of their fortunes. Those, who had formerly been the little tyrants of their provinces or of some frontier town in which they were established, were no longer aught but their governors. Favours were accorded, sometimes to merit and sometimes to those who had earned them by a particular service, just as the master might think good. To obtain them it was no longer necessary either to bluster or to fawn.

The chevalier de Gramont regarded his master's care for the business of state as nothing short of a prodigy. He could not understand how, at his age, the monarch could submit to the regimen which he had prescribed himself, that he could deduct so much time from the pursuit of pleasure, to give it to the performance of tedious duties and all the various wearisome functions of government. None the less,

he applauded his lord and master, in that, henceforward, homage had to be given and court had to be paid only to him whose lawful due it was. Intolerant of the servile obeisances which are paid to a Minister in power, he had never inclined before the authority of the two Cardinals who had succeeded one another. Never had he burned incense to the arbitrary despotism of the first, nor yet had he given his suffrage to the wiles and artifices of the second. But, what was more, he had never been indebted to the cardinal de Richelieu, except for an abbacy, which could scarcely be refused to his condition, nor yet to the cardinal Mazarin, save for the money which he had won from him at cards.

An experience of several years' length, in the train of a great captain, had given him a capacity for war; but of this, during a time of general peace, he could make no further employment. He assumed then, that in a Court flowering with beauties and abounding in wealth, he could not do better than give his attention to pleasing his sovereign, to using to the highest advantage the talents with which nature had endowed him for games of chance, and to putting into operation new stratagems for the conquests of love.

In the first of these two projects, he succeeded tolerably well; and, as he had already made up his mind that the maxim of his conduct, whenever it was a question of furthering his own interests, should be to devote himself absolutely to the King—not to respect favour except when it was supported by genuine merit—to make his companions love and the King's Ministers fear him—to dare everything in order to return a friend's kindness, and to undertake nothing at the expense of innocence or ignorance—he very soon found himself included in the King's parties of pleasure, without thereby incurring the jealousy of his fellow-courtiers. His luck at cards was good; at

love indifferent, or rather, I should say, restlessness and jealousy overcame his natural prudence, on an occasion when he needed it most.

La Motte Houdancourt was one of the ladies-in-waiting to the Dowager Queen. Although not startlingly beautiful, she had lured away lovers from the celebrated Méneville. It was sufficient, at that time, that the King should cast his eyes on any young person about the Court, to implant in that young person's breast extravagant hopes and often genuine tenderness; if he spoke to her more than once, the courtiers assumed that the matter was settled, and those of them who had some pretension to her love or had formerly regarded her with interest, severally made a humble withdrawal; but the chevalier de Gramont conceived quite a different plan of action, intended, it may have been, to preserve his reputation for singularity, which, in this instance, was worth absolutely nothing.

Previously, he had never given her a thought, but, as soon as he noticed that she had been honoured by his master's attentions, he perceived that she must be worthy of his own, and, having thus thrust himself into the running, he very quickly began to give his mistress a great deal of trouble, yet without ever managing to persuade her that he was really and truly in love. It was not long before she became thoroughly tired of his assiduities; yet neither by her threats nor by her bad treatment could he be shaken off. His original persecutions did not make much noise, because she hoped that he would presently come to his senses; but, since his manners towards her became daring and obstinate, she complained of him. And it was then that he realized that, if love equalizes the condition of lovers, this does not also apply to the respective condition of rivals. He was banished from the Court; and, discovering no place in France where he could console himself for the

deprivation which he regretted most, in other words, for the presence and the sight of his royal master, once he had made some small reflections on his disgrace and uttered certain trifling imprecations against her who was the cause of it, finally he formed the resolution of travelling to England.

Chapter Six

His curiosity to see a man equally celebrated for his crimes and the high position which he had reached, had already once before induced the chevalier de Gramont to pay a visit to England. Political wisdom allows itself two comfortable privileges: what is useful is permissible, and, in political life, what is expedient is honest. Thus, while the King of England had put his safety under the protection of Spain in the Low Countries and that of the States-General in Holland, the other powers despatched their celebrated embassy to Cromwell.

This man, whose ambition had opened the way to sovereignty by a bold and unscrupulous course of action, maintained himself there by qualities whose lustre seemed to render him worthy of that elevation. The nation, of all Europe least submissive, had submitted patiently to a yoke which left it not the slightest vestige of that liberty to which it is so jealously attached. Cromwell, who under the title of Lord Protector was the master of the Commonwealth, an object of dread within the limits of the kingdom and more redoubtable yet abroad, had reached the zenith of his glory when the chevalier de Gramont encountered him. He did not notice though, that he was surrounded by anything that might have been styled a Court. A part of the nobility banished, the other removed from the management of affairs, instead of the luxury which the pomp of Courts displays, an affected purity of manners—all this contributed, in the fairest city of the world, to present none but gloomy or serious spectacles; and, from his expedition, the chevalier de Gramont brought

home no impressions but those of some merit possibly underlying an abandoned and wicked character and the admiration of certain closely hidden beauties which he had contrived to bring to light.

His second journey, of which we are now speaking, was altogether very different. Everywhere joy for the restoration of the royal house could still be observed; fond of change and innovation, the people tasted the pleasures of a natural government and, after a long period of oppression, seemed to breathe freely once more. In short, the same people, which by a solemn act of abjuration had excluded their rightful monarch and his lawful successors, now spent themselves in feasts and merry-makings on the occasion of his return.

It was some two years after his restoration that the chevalier de Gramont arrived. The reception, which he met with in this Court, was instrumental in making him very soon forget the other; and the relationships, which he presently contracted in England, did much to mollify his regret at ever having been obliged to leave France.

For an exile of his temperament the English Court afforded an exceedingly agreeable place of retreat. Everything flattered his inclinations and, if his adventures in England were not among the most considerable he had enjoyed, there is no doubt that they were among the most gratifying. But, before setting out to retail them, it may be as well to attempt to give some idea of the English Court as it then existed.

Since his earliest youth, Charles II had been exposed to the toils and perils of a bloody civil war. The star of the King, his father, upon its decline, had left him by way of heritage no more than his ill-fortune and disgrace. These dogged him wherever he went; but it was only after having struggled his hardest against the forces of an unkind destiny, that he had at length submitted himself to the decrees of Providence.

What was best in the nation, either by reason of its nobility or the inherent loyalty of its nature, had followed him into exile. All that was most distinguished in the youth of the country had subsequently gathered round him, thus composing a Court that would have deserved a better fate.

Abundance and prosperity which, it is generally supposed, are the agents of moral corruption, could find but little purchase in an indigent and vagabond Court. Necessity, on the other hand, the source of a thousand benefits, whether we will or no, took the place of a regular education; and the courtiers were to be seen vying with one another in glory, politeness, and virtue.

In the midst of a little Court thus abundantly stocked with merit, the King of England had returned, two years before the time of which we are now speaking, to reascend a throne that, by all appearances, he ought to have filled as worthily as the most celebrated of his predecessors. The magnificence then displayed was revived upon his coronation. However, the death of the Duke of Gloucester, and of the Princess Royal which followed close after it, had interrupted these splendours by a long interval of mourning, from which the Court finally emerged to prepare for the reception of the Infanta of Portugal.

It was at the height of these merry-makings, which had been given for the new Queen, with all the distinction of a brilliant Court, that the chevalier de Gramont arrived to enhance its magnificence and its pleasures.

Accustomed as he was to the grandeur of the Court of France, the chevalier de Gramont was pleasantly surprised by the elegance and the pomp of that of England. The King was second to none for the graces of his person and for the dignity of his demeanour. He had an agreeable turn of wit; his humour was

familiar and mild. His soul, susceptible of diverse impressions, could feel pity for misfortune, was inflexible towards crime, and was tender almost to excess. In matters of importance he was capable of severe application, but quite incapable as often as they were trifling. His heart was frequently the dupe of his engagements, but, more often, was their abject slave.

The Duke of York was of a very different nature. He was credited with courage in all emergencies, with an inviolable regard for the sanctity of his word, considerable economy in affairs, haughtiness, industry, pride, each taking its place in his composition. He was scrupulously observant of all the particulars of his duty and of all the niceties of justice, having a reputation as a faithful friend and as an implacable and dangerous enemy.

His sense of morality and fairness, which for some long time had been combated by a sense of what was due to his condition, had at last triumphed in recognizing Miss Hyde, Maid of Honour to the Princess Royal, whom he had secretly wedded in Holland. Her father, at that time already chief minister of England, relying upon the protection of this new ally, found himself very soon at the head of affairs, and had done a great deal towards bringing about their ultimate ruin—not that he lacked ability, but that his presumption was even more abundant.

The Duke of Ormonde possessed his master's confidence and esteem. He was worthy of them, on account of the great services which he had rendered, the distinction of his natural merits and of his high birth, and the fortune which he had left behind, in order to follow the destinies of his sovereign. Even the courtiers themselves did not dare raise a protest when they saw him Lord High Steward of the King's Household, First Lord of the Bedchamber, and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. In the quality of his wit and the nobility of

his manners, he had much in common with the maréchal de Gramont; like the maréchal de Gramont too, he was the glory of his royal master's Court.

The Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of St Albans were everything that they have shown themselves in France—one full of fire and spirit, dissipating without ostentation the enormous estates of which he had lately become repossessed; the other, a man of only middling accomplishments, who had risen from nothing to the possession of considerable means which, by losing heavily at cards and keeping open house, he made to appear even greater than they actually were.

Sir Charles Berkeley, afterwards Earl of Falmouth, was the King's favourite and the chosen receptacle of his confidences. He commanded the Duke of York's regiment of Guards and commanded the Duke himself. No special outward brilliance distinguished him; much the same could be said of his intelligence; but his sentiments were worthy of the fortune which was in store for him, when, approaching the zenith of his career, he met his death at sea. Never has disinterested service so clearly displayed the essential nobility of a character. He had no other object than his master's renown. His influence was never employed, except to win its proper recompense for good service or to crown merit with the favours which it deserved. So polished in all his relationships, success seemed only to make him the more humble—besides which, he was so genuine in everything he did, that he would never have been taken for a frequenter of Courts.

The Duke of Ormonde's sons and his nephews had been of the King's Court during the period of his exile, and had done nothing to dishonour it since the time of his restoration. The Earl of Arran was singularly skilful in every sort of exercise; he was a good tennis player and an accomplished performer on the guitar; he was also a lover who had met with

tolerable success. The Earl of Ossory, his elder brother, had not so much superficial brilliance but a great deal of elevation and probity.

The elder of the Hamiltons,[1] their cousin, was the best dressed man at Court. His person was handsome, and he had all those happy accomplishments which lead to fortune and contribute to success in love. An extremely assiduous courtier, the possessor of an unusually versatile wit, his manners were the most polite, and his attention to his master the most consistent, that it is possible to imagine. None danced better, none was so generally seductive—features which counted for something at a Court whose main existence was in merry-making and gallantry. No wonder then, that, with these qualities, he finally assumed the position of my Lord Falmouth; but it is indeed surprising that the same fate should have carried him off, as though that war had been declared for the purpose of extinguishing merit, and that sort of engagement had been fatal chiefly to the almost certain hopes of a brilliant career—all of which, however, did not come to pass till some years afterwards.

The handsome Sidney was less dangerous than might at first have been supposed; he had not sufficient vivacity to take advantage of the ravages caused by his personal appearance. It was on little Jermyn that amorous good fortunes came from all sides showering down. Old St Albans, his uncle, had long recognized him as his heir, though, in fact, he was the youngest of his nephews. It is well known with what profusion this worthy old fellow lived in Paris, while his master the King was dying of hunger in Brussels, and his mistress, the Queen-Dowager, in France, was not very much better off.

Supported by his uncle's wealth, Jermyn had not experienced much difficulty in cutting a considerable figure on his arrival at the Court of the Princess of

[1] James.

Orange. The poor courtiers of her brother the King could by no means equal him in the splendour and opulence with which he lived. These two last qualifications are often just as conducive to progress in love as the possession of any real merit. And Jermyn was no exception to this rule. Though brave and undoubtedly a gentleman, he could boast neither of distinguished feats nor yet of celebrated birth to set off his personality. While, as to his appearance, there was nothing so very remarkable in that. He was small; he had a big head and spindle-shanks; his features were not exactly disagreeable, but there was much affectation in his bearing and in his mannerisms. His wit consisted only of a regular sequence of remarks, which he employed, now in an ironic sense, now to make declarations of love, just as the occasion determined. This, in short, was all the basic merit of a man so redoubtable in his amorous intrigues.

The Princess Royal was taken up with him first. Miss Hyde had ventured some little way in her royal mistress' footsteps. It was that which had originally founded his reputation; his name was made in England before ever he arrived there. To gain universal access into the hearts of women, it is only necessary that they should be previously inclined in one's favour; and Jermyn found them so amiably disposed towards him that, to get what he wanted, he had only to open his mouth.

It was in vain that the critic remarked that a reputation so lightly established was, in an equal degree, perilously maintained; the infatuation continued. The Countess of Castlemaine, an acute and appreciative woman, followed the false brilliancy which had seduced her admiration; and later, although disabused of a fashion which promised so much and which in reality proved so hollow, her prejudice in favour of Jermyn showed no signs of diminishing.

She persisted in it so far as to come very near quarrelling with the King; such was the determination of her first attempt at constancy.

The gentlemen, detailed above, were the heroes of the Court, while, as for its beauties, you could not turn round without seeing them. The most famous were this same Countess of Castlemaine, afterwards Duchess of Cleveland, Lady Chesterfield, Lady Shrewsbury, the Misses Roberts, Mrs Middleton, the Misses Brooke, as well as a thousand others of the same lustre who shone at Court; but it was Miss Hamilton and Miss Stuart who were its chief glories.

The new Queen added next to nothing to its splendour, either by her presence or by the suite which she had brought. This suite was then composed of the Countess of Penalva, who had come with her in the quality of Lady of the Bedchamber, and of six monsters who were known as Maids of Honour, besides a supplementary monster, called Duenna, who passed as the governess of these rare beauties.

As for the men whom she had brought in her train, there was Francisco de Mello, brother to the Penalva, a certain Bull-Fighter, who called himself Dom Pedro Francisco Correa de Silva, an unusually handsome person but in himself stupider than all the Portuguese put together. He was a great deal prouder of his names than of his appearance, but the Duke of Buckingham, who was even stupider than he was, but more satirically inclined, added the name of Peter the Wild Man, which so annoyed him that after making many useless complaints and proffering certain fruitless threats, poor Correa de Silva was obliged to leave England, while the happy Duke of Buckingham inherited a Portuguese nymph, whom he had ravished from him as well as two of his names, a young lady whose appearance was still more appalling than that of the Queen's Maids of Honour. In addition to the

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personages already named, the Queen's suite consisted of six chaplains, four bakers, a Jewish perfumer and an officer apparently without function, who was named the Infanta's barber. Catherine of Bragança was far from producing a brilliant effect upon the delightful Court where she came to reign; in the event, however, she succeeded well enough. The chevalier de Gramont, who had been long acquainted with the Royal family and with the larger number of the men who made up the Court, had now only to make the acquaintance of the ladies. For this purpose he needed no interpreter; they all spoke enough French to explain themselves, and all understood it well enough for the purposes of what one had to say to them.

The Court surrounding the Queen was always numerous; that of the Duchess was fewer but better chosen. This Princess had a majestic manner, a figure which was pretty good, not much beauty, a great deal of wit and such an eye for merit that, in either sex, all who possessed it were received with distinction at her Court. She gave an air of grandeur to everything that she did, and this it was which caused her to be accepted just as though she had been born to that high rank which placed her so near the Monarch. The Queen-Mother returned after the marriage of Madame, and it was in her Court that the two others met.

The chevalier de Gramont was soon exceedingly popular with all parties. Those, who had not known him before, were surprised at a Frenchman being of his character. The King's restoration, since he had brought persons of every nationality back with him in his train, had had the effect of making Frenchmen as a whole somewhat disliked. For it was not persons of distinction who had arrived at Court first, so much as various conceited little beings, each more stupid and more presumptuous than the other, who despised

all that was not of their fashion, and thought that they could become the leaders of the mode by treating Englishmen as if they were foreigners in their own country.

The chevalier de Gramont, on the contrary, affable with every one he met, accommodated himself to their customs, ate everything that was set before him, and easily grew habituated to manners which seemed to him neither gross nor barbarous; and, as he displayed his natural complacency, instead of the affected fastidiousness which the others had employed, all England was charmed by a wit which compensated them for what they had suffered from the ridiculous pretensions of his predecessors.

He first paid his court to the King, and was included by him in the entertainments which he gave. He played deep and only very rarely lost. So trifling was the difference which he found, in the manners and conversation of those whom he saw most often, that he hardly seemed to have changed his place of residence. Everything which could contribute to the distraction of a man of his humour tended to occupy his various ruling passions, precisely as if the pleasures which he had most relished at the Court of France had left it to follow him into exile.

Every day he was engaged for some meal, and those who wished to entertain him were very soon obliged to take the precaution of inviting him eight or ten days before they wished to see him at their table. Such assiduities become wearisome in the end; but, as to fulfil his social obligations seems indispensable to a man of his temperament, and as those who pressed these engagements on him were the most respectable members of the Court, he submitted to them with good grace, but always retained the liberty of supping at home if he pleased.

The hour at which he supped was determined by

play; that is to say that it was extremely uncertain. Still, his table was always good, served by a lackey or two who understood fine cookery, who did not wait badly, and who were even more adept at plundering their master.

The company, at these little supper parties, was not numerous, but it was choice. All that was most distinguished at Court was generally there; and the one man whose society, on these occasions, suited the chevalier de Gramont best, was never absent—the celebrated Saint-Evremond, I mean, who for his account of the Treaty of the Pyrenees, accurate but too free-spoken, had also been rewarded with banishment, though the reasons were very different.

A fortune, which favoured them both, had brought him to England some while before the arrival of the chevalier de Gramont, after he had had the leisure in Holland to repent him of the felicity of that famous satirical effort.

The chevalier de Gramont, at that time, was his hero. Both of them possessed all that an experience of the great world, and the frequentation of polite society, could add to natures in themselves well endowed. Saint-Evremond, who was less occupied in frivolous concerns, from time to time gave the chevalier de Gramont little lectures and, by making reflections on his past, tried to improve his present conduct or to prepare him for his conduct in the future. "So here you are," he would say, "leading the most agreeable sort of life that a man of your temperament could possibly wish. You are the darling of a Court which is all youth, all life and all gallantry. Not a pleasure party is arranged but the King includes you in his invitation. You play from morning to night, or to speak more accurately, from night to morning, without knowing what it is to lose. Far from leaving your money behind here, your case is very different; you

double it, triple it, multiply it almost above your expectations, in spite of the exorbitant expense into which you are imperceptibly led. Yours, no doubt, is the happiest situation imaginable. Cling to it, chevalier; don't spoil your good luck by a renewal of your old misdemeanours. Avoid love-making by seeking other amusements. So far, it has always turned against you. You know what gallantry has cost you in the past; none here knows its perils better than you. Play hard and fast, delight the Court with your charms, please the King with your wit and the amusing stories that you tell, but be sure to avoid those relationships which may remove from you all the merit which you have won, and make your friends forget that you are a foreigner, and that the pleasant holiday you are spending here is by way of banishment.

"Fortune may tire of favouring you. What would have happened, if your last disgrace had caught you in one of those moments of bankruptcy which we have known you to experience? Pay attention, then, to the god of money while renouncing the goddess of love. They will begin to miss you at the Court of France long before you grow tired of the Court of England; but, whatever happens, make provision against the future. When one is in funds, exile is not hard to bear. I know you well, my dear chevalier, and if you take it into your head to seduce a woman or to supplant a man, your winnings will not be enough for the presents and bribes which you give. No, no, gaming, favourable as it may be to you, will not enable you to win nearly so much as love will cause you to lose, if once you are foolish enough to succumb to it.

"You are the possessor of a thousand brilliant qualities which distinguish you here. You are generous, kindly, polished, delicate and, in the ingenious turns of your wit, you are quite inimitable. A rigorous

analysis, maybe, would not find all of this perfectly true. Still, you have noble qualifications and, as they are attributed to you, beware of displaying the others. For, in love, you are nothing less than what I have just described, if one can allow the name of *love* to your methods of procedure."

"My dear little philosopher," exclaimed the chevalier de Gramont, "you admonish me as if you were the Norman Cato!" "And am I not right?" Saint-Evremond went on. "Is it not true that, as soon as a woman pleases you, your first care is to find out whether another man loves her, and your second to put her into a rage? To make her love you is the very last thing which you take into account, and usually you only put yourself into the running with the intention of disturbing somebody else. A mistress, who had no lovers, would be entirely without attraction for you, but if she had, absolutely without price. Has not every city, through which you have passed, afforded a thousand examples of this trait? Shall I remind you of how you led off at Turin, of the trick you played at Fontainebleau, when you robbed the courier of the Princess Palatine on the high-road? And that magnificent exploit was only that you might possess yourself of certain marks of tenderness which were destined for another, on purpose that you might be able to alarm and embarrass, by means of reproaches and threats, which it was not your place to administer.

"And whoever, before your time, conceived the notion of putting himself in ambush upon the stairs merely to break into the happiness of a man who was in luck's way, and to pull him backwards by the leg just when he had almost reached his mistress' bedchamber? Yet it was thus that you amused yourself by treating your good friend, the Duke of Buckingham, as he was slipping up one night to see . . . . . All this, without so much as designing to become his rival.

And how many spies did you send out after the d'Olonne! How many stratagems, deceits and persecutions did you not launch on behalf of the comtesse de Fiesque! She who, perhaps, would have loved you faithfully if you hadn't forced her yourself to do the opposite. And, to conclude—for the catalogue of your iniquities would be endless—why, may I ask you, are you here? Are we not all of us obliged to that evil genius of yours which rashly inspired you to carry your malice, even to the point of interfering with your Royal master's amusements? In this matter, then, pray be discreet. About the beauties of the Court every place is already booked; and docile as they may be where their wives are concerned, the English are not men to put up with their mistresses' inconstancy, nor yet to allow a rival to get the advantage over their heads. So be well advised and let them alone, or you will find yourself hated for nothing.

"Nor are you likely to be successful in pursuit of those who are not married. Young women here expect serious intentions and a husband with landed property. You have neither one nor the other. To each separate country belong its modes of behaviour. In Holland, young girls are easy of access and affectionate of disposition; once married, they are a set of Lucretias. At home, our women are gallantly inclined before marriage and even more so afterwards. But, in this country, it is only by a miracle that a young girl gives ear to a voice which solicits her in terms other than those of holy matrimony; and, at all events, I believe you to be still not so destitute of virtue as to have leanings in that direction."

Such was the gist of Saint-Evremond's lectures. Preach as he might though, it was of no avail; the chevalier de Gramont listened only to the calls of pleasure and, although acknowledging the truth which they contained, he took very little notice of the burden

of their advice. In fact, it was just at that time that, growing weary of the favours bestowed on him by fortune, he set out in pursuit of those of love.

It was the Middleton whom he first attacked. She was one of the fairest women in the town, but still almost unknown at Court. She was so much a coquette that she discouraged no admirer, and was magnificently enough inclined to wish to vie with those who occupied the very highest places. She was too poor, however, to support the necessary expense. All this suited the chevalier de Gramont very well, and thus, without wasting any time on formalities, when he applied for an introduction, it was directly to the porter who kept her door, choosing as his confidant one of her lovers.

This lover, a man of wit somewhat superior to the average, was the Earl of Ranelagh, as he is known to-day, but who at that time went by the name of Jones. The motive, which induced him to oblige the chevalier de Gramont, was a design he had of baffling a dangerous rival and, equally, of sharing with another an expense which was beginning to weigh on him. In these two particulars the chevalier de Gramont gratified him as he had hoped.

Very soon spies were being sent out, and letters and presents were scurrying to and fro. Whatever he said was listened to attentively; he might ogle as much as he pleased, and was even ogled back; but that was all. The lady, he realized, was perfectly ready to take, but singularly inapt at giving—with the result that, though he did not renounce his pretensions to her heart, he set to work trying his fortune elsewhere.

Among the Queen's Maids of Honour, there was one called Warmestry. Her beauty was of a very different order. The Middleton, handsomely made, all white and golden, had in her manners and in her way of speech something that was extremely pretentious

and affected. The airs of indolent languor, which she had assumed, were not to everybody's taste; the sentiments of delicacy and refinement, which she tried to express without understanding what they meant, put her hearers to sleep; she was most tiresome when she wished to be most brilliant. To that end, she gave herself so much trouble as set her audiences' nerves on edge; and her desire to pass for an intelligent woman had only the result of earning her the reputation of a bore—which, indeed, subsisted long after her beauty had declined.

The other was dark. Her figure was nothing to speak of, still less was her air; but she had a vivid colouring, very bright eyes, glances which spared no pains to attract and promised everything which could hold a lover's interest. The sequel of this adventure made it only too clear, that she was ready to grant all that even the most impetuous could flatter themselves that they were likely to receive.

So it was between this pair of deities that the aspirations of the chevalier de Gramont strayed, and the presents which he bought were divided. Perfumed gloves, pocket-mirrors, pretty little boxes, apricot preserves, essences, and such other small tributes of devotion, kept arriving from Paris every week, with some new suit or other intended for his own wear. As regards the solider sort of presents, ear-rings, for example, diamonds, brilliants and bright guineas, all those could be purchased in London itself, and the ladies took to them as kindly as if they had come from overseas.

It was at that time that Miss Stuart's beauty first began to make a stir. Lady Castlemaine noticed that the King watched her but, instead of becoming alarmed at these signs, she did all she could to favour his new interest, whether it was that she was actuated by the imprudence which is common to those who think

themselves to be superior to their fellow-women, or whether she wished by means of a diversion to distract the attention of the King from her intrigue with Jermyn. Not only did she seem to regard, without the smallest shade of anxiety, this predilection which the whole Court had begun to notice, but she even affected to make Miss Stuart her favourite, included her in all the suppers which she gave the King; and, such was the overweening confidence which she had in her own charms, that she carried her temerity to the point of often keeping her rival to spend the night. The King, who rarely failed to visit the Castlemaine before she got up, also rarely failed to find Miss Stuart in bed with her. Objects, the most indifferent in themselves, become charming at the commencement of a new passion; and yet the unwary Castlemaine was not jealous that the other should appear at her side in this state. She felt sure, whenever it was her pleasure, of triumphing over any advantages that the Stuart might have been able to derive from similar occasions. But, as it happened, events proved her wrong.

The chevalier de Gramont noticed this behaviour of Lady Castlemaine's, without being able to make up his mind what it could signify. However, as he was attentive to the King's inclinations, he straightway set about paying his court to him, by exaggerating the merits of his new mistress. Hers was a face with more brilliancy than power to touch the emotions. It would have been difficult to imagine less brain, combined with more beauty. Every feature was perfect and regular, but her shape was not very good. None the less, she was slender, straightly built and taller than the generality of women. She was graceful, an accomplished dancer, and spoke French better than her native tongue; besides, she was polished and possessed that air of fashion which is always so much run after,

and which it is so hard to acquire, except it has been learned in France from very early youth. Meanwhile, as these charms were making inroads on the heart of the King, the Castlemaine, for her part, was enabled to give her charms as much exercise as she pleased at the bidding of her smallest caprice.

Mrs Hyde held a considerable place among those beauties whom a blind infatuation had induced to set their caps at Jermyn. She had just married a man with whom she had been in love and, by this marriage, had become sister-in-law to the Duchess of York. Radiant as she naturally was, full of amiability and wit, yet she must needs suppose that, as long as her name was not connected with Jermyn's, all the other advantages which she possessed would do nothing to enhance her glory; and it was therefore, with the purpose of achieving this last distinction, that she conceived the plan of throwing herself at his head.

She was of a middling height and had a complexion of dazzling fairness; her hands were pretty and her foot, even for an Englishwoman's, was surprisingly well shaped. Long practice had made her glances so languishingly tender, that she scarcely opened her eyes except *à la Chinoise*, and that, when she ogled you, you would have said that she was doing something else at the same time.

Jermyn received her kindly at first, but presently, having no more use for her, he conceived it in his interest to sacrifice her to the Castlemaine. And, thus to be sacrificed, as it happened, was by no means displeasing to the lady. It had redounded much to her credit to have captured Jermyn from so many rivals; otherwise, there was very little in it.

Jacob Hall, the famous rope-dancer, was fashionable in London at that time. His nimbleness and his strength greatly delighted his audience in public; so much so, that a desire arose to see what he was in

private; for, dressed in the uniform of his trade, he appeared to have quite a different physique and certainly very different legs from those of the fortunate Jermyn. This acrobat by no means disappointed conjectures which had been ventured on this subject by Lady Castlemaine—at least if the conjectures of the general public were to be believed, and the burden of innumerable street-ballads which did the dancer more honour than the Countess. Lady Castlemaine herself, however, would not condescend to trouble her head with any such trifling rumours, and the lustre of her beauty seemed only to grow more enchanting.

While satire thus busied itself at her expense, duels took place almost daily for the favours of another beauty, who was hardly more sparing of them even than Lady Castlemaine herself: this was the Countess of Shrewsbury.

The Earl of Arran, who had been among the first to serve her, had not been one of the last to desert. This beauty, less celebrated for her conquests than for the woes which she occasioned, piqued herself on being more capricious than all the rest; and though nobody could brag that he alone had been kindly entertained by her, equally there was no one who could contend that his suit had been ill received.

Jermyn was offended that she had never made him any advances, without pausing to consider that she had not had the time. His vanity was touched, but the attempt which he made to appropriate her from her other lovers was exceedingly out of place.

Thomas Howard, brother of the Earl of Carlisle, was one of them. There was not a braver nor handsomer man in all England. Though his air was cool and his manners seemed mild and pacific, there was nobody, in point of fact, prouder nor so easily disposed to wrath. The Shrewsbury returning the first overtures of the invincible Jermyn, Howard found himself

exasperated. Lady Shrewsbury, however, gave herself very little trouble on that account, but, as she wished to avoid losing him, she accepted his invitation to a party which he had often suggested and which she now no longer thought it advisable to refuse. The scene of this festivity was to be a place called Spring Gardens.

As soon as the party had been arranged, Jermyn was secretly informed of it. Howard commanded a company in the regiment of Guards, and one of the soldiers of this company played the bagpipes pretty well. This bagpiper was to have been at the party, and Jermyn happened to be in the gardens as if by chance. Puffed up by his first successes, he assumed his conquering air to carry off that last triumph. And as soon as he appeared in the garden, the Shrewsbury showed herself upon the balcony.

I do not know how Lady Shrewsbury found her hero, but Howard did not find him at all to his liking. This did not prevent Jermyn coming up at the first sign that she made; and, not content with acting the little tyrant at a party which had not been given for him, once he had drawn the Countess' languishing glances upon himself, he exhausted his stock of vulgar pleasantries and the very slender fund of irony which he possessed in ridiculing the entertainment and laughing the music to scorn.

Howard had not much raillery at his command, but still less patience. Three times the feast was on the point of turning to bloodshed, but three times Howard repressed his natural impetuosity, that he might vent it elsewhere when there would be nothing to withstand its fury.

Jermyn, without paying any attention to his host's ill-humour, pursued his point and went on talking to Lady Shrewsbury, only leaving her when the meal was done.

LADY SHREWSBURY

Longleat

[*face p.* 114

Proud of this triumph, he went to bed, and was aroused next day by a challenge. As his second he chose Giles Rawlins, a man who had had many successes in love and was a great gambler. Howard took Dillon, a very honest man, brave and adroit, but, unfortunately, an intimate friend of Rawlins.

In the duel which followed, fortune was not on the side of Love's favourites; poor Rawlins was killed outright, and Jermyn, wounded in three places, was carried home to his uncle's house, showing very few signs of life.

While the report of this transaction occupied the courtiers' minds, according to the different points of view which they adopted, the chevalier de Gramont was warned by his friend Jones, that a rival was paying the Middleton vigorous court. It was Montagu, a person not at all formidable as far as his face was concerned, but very much to be feared on account of his assiduity, the agility of his wit, and certain other talents by no means despicable when once a suitor has received permission to bring them into play.

It would have required much less than this, to put into action all the chevalier de Gramont's vivacity, where he felt that his claims were being disputed. His anxiety awoke in him every expedient and ruse that the desire for vengeance, malice, and a long experience could possibly suggest, on purpose to disturb the happiness of a rival and to distract and torment a lady. His first inclination was to send back her letters and to request that she would return the money he had given her, before the business of thoroughly teasing her got under way; renouncing this project, however, as quite inadequate to the wrong which had been done him, he was on the point of setting to work at making poor Middleton completely wretched, when he happened by chance to catch sight of Miss Hamilton. From that moment there was no more resentment

against the Middleton; there were no more tender entreaties to the Warmestry, no more inconstancy, no more fancies wandering to and fro. This object fixed them all, and, of his former way of living, nothing remained except a jealous anxiety.

His first care was to please her, but he soon realized that, if he was to succeed at all, he would have to go about it very differently than he had been accustomed hitherto.

Miss Hamilton's family, who were rather numerous, lived in a large and comfortable house near the Court. The Duke of Ormonde's family was inseparable from them, and all that was most distinguished in London was to be found there every day.

The chevalier de Gramont was received by them, according to his deserts and his condition. He was surprised that he had spent so much time elsewhere, and after he had made their acquaintance he did not look further afield.

All the world was agreed that Miss Hamilton was worthy of the most genuine and serious kind of attachment. Nothing could be better than her birth, nothing more delightful than the graces of her person.

Chapter Seven

The chevalier de Gramont, very little satisfied with his previous course of gallantries, since he saw himself favoured without being loved, now grew jealous without having any attachment.

The Middleton, as I have said, was just about to discover what he could do by way of torment, as she had previously experienced what he could do when he was inclined to please.

He was going in search of her to the Queen's apartments where the ball was being given. She was there but, happily for her, so also was Miss Hamilton. Chance had arranged it that, of all the lovely creatures who inhabited the Court, it was she of whom he had seen the least and who had been most praised to him. He caught sight of her then, for the first time at close quarters, and realized that, till that moment, all he had seen at Court was a mere nothing. He engaged her in conversation; she spoke to him. All the while she was dancing, his eyes were upon her and, from that moment, his resentment against the Middleton quite vanished. Miss Hamilton was at that happy moment of a woman's life when her charms begin to blossom out. She had a lovely figure, the fairest bosom and arms in the whole world; she was tall, and gracious in the littlest movement that she made. A model copied by all other women in the matter of clothes and hair-dressing, her forehead was open, white and smooth, with tresses which grew in such a way and were so tractable that she had no difficulty in achieving that natural disposition of them, which it is so hard to arrive at by artifice. Her complexion was

of a certain freshness which no borrowed colouring could ever match; and though her eyes were not large, they were exceedingly lively, and the glances which they gave were adequate to express whatever the lady might desire. Her mouth was charming and the modelling of her features was perfect, a little nose, delicate and turned up at the tip, being not the least ornament of a face which was all sweetness. Finally, from her air, from her carriage, from the graces which were scattered over her entire physiognomy, the chevalier de Gramont could scarcely doubt that he had every reason to cherish the most favourable prejudices with regard to the rest of her person. Her intelligence was very much as was her face. She did not attempt to shine in conversation, by any of those flashes of inopportune brilliance which only have the effect of putting the listener out of countenance. Still more did she avoid that sort of affected deliberation in her discourse, which is so heavy that it sends the hearer to sleep. Without being anxious to talk, she said just what was necessary and no further. She had the greatest imaginable penetration, as to what was solid and what was merely false cleverness. She did not strive at every turn of the conversation to show off all the different qualifications of her wit; she was reserved, but the decisions she made were always extremely equable. The sentiments she professed were noble and, when occasion demanded, extremely proud. However, she was less aware of her own merit than it is usual when one possesses so much. Made as I have already described her, she could not do else than be loved; yet, far from seeking it, she was very exacting as to the worth of those who made such pretensions.

The more persuaded he was of the genuineness of these attributes, the more did he try to please her and, in his turn, to persuade. His charming wit, his lively conversation, so light and so original, compelled her

to listen to him, but he was embarrassed to notice that the presents which, according to his ancient method, had proved so immediately efficacious, were no longer serviceable in the method which he must henceforward employ.

He had an old lackey, called Termes, an impudent thief and an even more impudent liar. This person had been accustomed to leave London every week on commissions, which have been referred to above. However, since the Middleton's disgrace and the adventure of the Warmestry, Mr Termes had had nothing else to do, except to fetch the suits which his master ordered from Paris—a function which, as we shall see, he did not always faithfully acquit.

The Queen was a woman of intelligence, and tried her best to please the King by all those services which were least repugnant to the tender esteem in which she held him. She was careful of his pleasures and amusements when they were of the sort she herself could provide, and, more particularly, when there was any likelihood of her being included.

To this end, she had conceived the notion of a masquerade, in which the dancers she had chosen would represent different nations. For preparing these festivities she had allowed some time and, during that time, as you may imagine, the dressmakers and embroiderers did not lack employment. Almost equally busy were the various beauties who were to take part in it. Miss Hamilton, however, found time to contrive two or three little diversions, very apt for turning to ridicule the more impertinent and affected members of the Court. There were two persons especially who merited that description. One was Lady Muskerry, who had married her cousin-german, and the other a Maid of Honour to the Duchess, who went by the name of Blague.

The first lady, whom her husband had certainly not

married for her good looks, was built after the pattern of most rich heiresses, to whom nature seems to have been avaricious in proportion as fortune has been prodigal of its gifts. Without being so, she had the figure of a hunchback; but the stumbling way in which she walked was more understandable, since her legs were both extraordinarily short and one of them far shorter than its fellow. A face, made to match, put the last touch on a generally disagreeable appearance.

Miss Blague was ridiculous in another sort of way. Her figure was indifferent, neither good nor bad. Her face was insipid in the extreme, her complexion being entirely undifferentiated, with two little deeply sunken eyes, garnished with pale lashes, which were as long as a finger. Thus equipped, she lay in ambush to surprise the courtiers' hearts; but it was all in vain until the arrival of the marquis de Brisacier. Heaven seemed to have made them on purpose for one another. In his exterior and manners, he had everything requisite to charm a creature of her kind. He talked interminably without ever saying anything, and, in his dress, outwent the most extravagant fashions. The Blague imagined that all this state was kept up expressly for her; while Brisacier imagined that the Blague's long eyelashes had never flickered in another direction than his own. Their mutual partiality was noticed, but they had got no further than signs of dumb admiration when Miss Hamilton took it into her head to meddle in their affairs.

She thought best to go about her undertaking in an orderly manner and, because of her condition, she began with her cousin Muskerry. Now this lady's two ruling passions were dancing and dress. The magnificence of her clothes was not accordable with her face; but, though she was still less suited to dancing, she did not miss a single Court ball, and the Queen had sufficient regard for the public's amusement never

to lose an opportunity of making her perform. There was no question, however, of permitting her to take part in a spectacle so serious and so splendid as this masquerade. The Muskerry fumed with impatience as she waited for the expected command.

Hearing of Lady Muskerry's impatience, Miss Hamilton had the idea of giving herself a little entertainment at the good lady's expense. The Queen was sending out notes to those whom she had chosen, indicating the manner in which they should be dressed; and Miss Hamilton drew up a similar note, requesting that Lady Muskerry should appear in a Babylonian costume.

She then assembled a council to advise her on how the note ought to be conveyed. This council was composed of one of her brothers and of a sister, both persons who were quite ready to amuse themselves at the expense of those who deserved it. After their consultation had gone on some time, they finally arrived at a means of putting the note into their victim's own hands. My Lord Muskerry had only just left her apartments when she received it. He was a very honest man, rather seriously disposed, very severe and a mortal foe to ridicule. It was not his wife's ugliness so much, as the preposterous fashion in which she behaved at every opportunity, which weighed most on his spirits. With regard to the present occasion, however, he imagined that he was safe, for he did not suppose that the Queen would be willing to spoil her masquerade by choosing Lady Muskerry and, moreover, knowing his wife's furious passion for making herself publicly ridiculous by her clothes and way of dancing, he had just come from solemnly admonishing her that, even if the Queen had the cruelty to include her in it, she was to be content with sitting by and looking on. And, thereat, he had taken the liberty of explaining to her how great was

the difference betwixt her face and the faces of persons to whom dancing and splendour are permissible. His lecture wound up with a definite prohibition to beg a place in this spectacle, which nobody had the least intention of giving her. So far was Lady Muskerry from taking his advice in good part, that she conceived the notion that it was her husband only who had persuaded the Queen not to grant her this honour which she so ardently desired, determining, as soon as he had gone out, to go fling herself at her sovereign's feet and demand that justice should be done. And it was precisely at that moment that she received Miss Hamilton's note. She kissed it three times and, entirely ignoring her husband's prohibition, got into her coach and went off to discover in the shops of all those merchants who traffic in the Levant, how it was that ladies of quality dressed themselves in Babylon.

The plot which was laid for Miss Blague was of quite a different kind. So confident was she of her allurements, so credulous with regard to the effect they made, that she was ready for anything. Brisacier, whom she supposed duly smitten, had a brain which was the storehouse of commonplaces and little songs. He sang methodically out of tune and was continually bringing either the one or the other of these happy accomplishments into play. The Duke of Buckingham spoiled him as much as he could, by the profuse praises which he bestowed both on his voice and on his humour.

Miss Blague, who scarcely understood French, made the Duke her authority for admiring both qualifications. It was noticed that the words of every song he sang had to do with blondes, and that Miss Blague taking to herself this preference, in an access of humility and gratitude, would drop her eyelashes upon her cheek. It was these observations which decided Miss Hamilton

to bring the Blague into action as soon as the time should be ripe.

While these little projects were being formed, the King, who liked to please the chevalier de Gramont whenever he could, asked him if he would care to join in the masquerade, on the condition of partnering Miss Hamilton. The chevalier did not presume to think that he was a good enough dancer for such an occasion; none the less he could hardly refuse the proposal which the King had made. "Sire," he remarked, "of all the kindnesses which you have been gracious enough to do me since I came here, it is for this last kindness that I am most grateful; and, by way of expressing my gratitude, I promise you that I will do everything I can on your behalf with regard to the little Stuart." This he said, because Miss Stuart had recently been allotted an apartment separate from the other Maids of Honour, and the courtiers' assiduities were consequently beginning to turn in her direction. The King took his joke well and, having thanked him for his offer of service in a matter which was so essential to his peace: "Monsieur le chevalier," he asked, "how will you be dressed for the ball? I give you your choice of nations." "In that case," the chevalier replied, "I shall disguise myself as a Frenchman; for they are already doing me the honour of taking me for an Englishman in your town of London. Otherwise, I should have liked to dress myself in Roman fashion, but I am so afraid of falling foul of Prince Rupert, who warmly supports the claims of Alexander against my Lord Gerard, who has declared for Cæsar, that I no longer dare to put on heroic garb. For the rest, although my dancing is rather clumsy, with attention to the music and a ready wit, I hope that I may be able to come through without disgracing myself; besides, Miss Hamilton will see to it that too much attention does not fall to my share. As

to my dress, I shall send off Termes to-morrow morning, and if, on his return, I do not show you the finest suit that you have ever seen, you may look upon me as the most crestfallen nation of all your masquerade."

So Termes started forth with repeated instructions on the purpose of his journey; while such was his master's impatience at this important juncture of his career, that at a time when the servant could not reasonably have been expected to have set foot on land, he began to count up the moments till he should see him back again. And thus he spent his time until the eve of the ball. It was that day which Miss Hamilton and her little band of confederates selected for the execution of their designs.

Martial's gloves were then very much in fashion; Miss Hamilton chanced to have several pairs. She sent a pair of them to Miss Blague, together with four yards of yellow ribbon, the palest that could be found, and adjoined the following note:—

> "You were more charming the other day than all the blondes in the universe. And I saw you yesterday looking blonder than ever. If this goes on, what will become of my heart! But it is a long time now since I first fell a prey to your little roguish eyes.[1] Will you be at to-morrow's masquerade? Yet where would be the charm of the festivity at which you were not present! No matter; recognize you I shall, whatever the disguise you assume. However, I shall be enlightened as to my fate by the present which I send you herewith; wear knots of this ribbon in your tresses; and may these gloves have the privilege of kissing the fairest hands in all the world!"

This note, with the accompanying present, was handed to the Blague and met with the same success

[1] Vos yeux marcassins: see page 219.

THE DUKE OF YORK

Cirencester Park

[*face p.* 124

as the note instructing Lady Muskerry to appear as a Babylonian. The news had just been brought to Miss Hamilton, when Lady Muskerry herself arrived to pay her a visit. She seemed excessively busy. Time was getting on, when her cousin asked her to step into her closet and, as soon as they were there: "I beg you not to repeat a word of what I am going to say," Lady Muskerry exclaimed. "Aren't men queer! You beware of them, my dear cousin! Lord Muskerry, who before our marriage would gladly have spent days and nights watching me dance, has now taken it into his head to forbid me, and swears that it is not becoming. But that is not all; I have had the subject of this masquerade so dinned into my ears that I am obliged to conceal from my husband the honour which Her Majesty has done me. Still, I must say, I am surprised that I have not been informed who is to be my partner. If you only knew the trouble I have had in this cursed town, to find the wherewithal to make a Babylonian costume, you would be sorry for what I have suffered since I heard that I had been chosen to dance. And then, what it cost me, absolutely passes belief."

But here a desire to laugh, which had grown more pressing as Miss Hamilton had choked it back, finally overcame her, and she burst out into a loud peal. The Muskerry did not take her laughter in ill part, supposing it to be directed at the strange behaviour of her husband. Miss Hamilton assured her that all husbands were alike, and that one must not take too much notice of their oddities; she did not know, she added, who was to be Lady Muskerry's partner, but remarked that, since she had been chosen, the gentleman who had been appointed to partner her would certainly not fail; and that she was very much surprised that he had not yet informed her of his name, unless it was, of course, that he had

a capricious wife who was unwilling to permit him to dance.

The conversation finished, Lady Muskerry bustled off to try to collect news of her partner. Those who were engaged in the plot were laughing their fill with Miss Hamilton, when Lord Muskerry himself arrived to pay them a visit, and, drawing Miss Hamilton aside: "Have you any idea," he demanded, "whether there is some ball in the town to-morrow?" She replied that she had not, and asked him why. "Because I have just learned," he went on, "that my wife is making great preparations in her wardrobe. I know quite well that she is not in the masquerade; I have settled all that; but as she is possessed by a mania for dancing, I am terribly afraid she may have hit on some other way of making a fool of herself, in spite of all that I can do. Still, if it were some quiet middle-class gathering, I should not be so much upset."

They reassured him as well as they could, and, having got rid of him on pretexts of a thousand and one things which they had to do before the morrow, Miss Hamilton imagined that she would have the rest of the day free, when whom should she see come in but a certain Miss Price, a Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York. It was precisely her for whom she had been looking. This young person and the Blague had been at daggers drawn some considerable time, on account of Dungan, whom the Price had taken away from Miss Blague. Between these two divinities a long-standing hatred subsisted.

Although the Maids of Honour had not been chosen for the masquerade, they were to assist at it, and consequently were leaving nothing undone which could enable them to shine there. Miss Hamilton had yet another pair of gloves of the kind which she had sent to the Blague. She made her rival a present

of them, adding some knots of the same ribbon which seemed to have been purposely designed to match Miss Price's swarthy complexion. The Price thanked her for her gift profusely, and promised that she would wear it at the ball. "I shall be delighted," Miss Hamilton replied; "but if you let it be known that a trifle of that kind comes from me, I shall never forgive you. For the rest," she pursued, "don't go taking away the marquis de Brisacier from poor Blague as you did Dungan. I know very well that he is devoted to you and you alone; you are witty; you speak French, and were he once to have any conversation with you, the other lady's chances would be quite out of the question." No more needed to be said. The Blague was ridiculous and coquettish; Miss Price was ridiculous, coquettish, and something else at the same time.

The day of the ball arrived. The Court, more brilliant than ever, displayed all its magnificence in the performance of this masquerade. Those who were to take part in it were all assembled, except the chevalier de Gramont. Surprise was expressed that he, whose eagerness had been so remarkable on the most frivolous occasions, should be so behindhand on this. But the courtiers were still more surprised to notice that, when he finally made his appearance, he was wearing a suit which he had worn before. Given the occasion, his behaviour was monstrous and for him exceedingly unusual. In vain was it that he wore the finest point-lace and the hugest and best powdered perruque which it was possible to wish; his clothes, splendid as they were, did not agree with the party.

The King noticed it first: "Chevalier de Gramont," he inquired, "Termes, I presume, has not arrived then?" "Pardon me, Sire," he replied, "God be thanked." "How! God be thanked!" said the King; "did anything happen to him on the road?" "Sire,"

said the chevalier de Gramont, "this is the history of my suit and of Termes, my courier." At these words the ball, which was just then on the point of beginning, was temporarily suspended. All those who were about to dance formed a circle round the chevalier de Gramont, and he continued his story in the following manner:

"It is two days now since this miserable fellow should have been here, according to the commands I laid on him and the promises which he made me. You can imagine, then, what my feelings were all to-day when he did not arrive. Finally, after I had sent him to the devil, he did arrive, just an hour ago, covered with mud from the feet to the head, booted up to the middle, and with all the air of a man who has recently been excommunicated. 'Well! you rogue!' I said, 'so this is the way, is it, in which you execute my orders! You keep me waiting for you till the last possible moment, and now it is by a mere miracle that you have arrived in time!' 'Yes, by the Lord!' he returned, 'it's a miracle, that's what it is. But you are never satisfied. I had you made the finest suit in the world, which M. le duc de Guise himself went to the trouble of ordering.' 'Hand it over then, you murderer!' I said. 'Devil take me, Sir,' he went on, 'if I didn't employ a dozen embroiderers, who worked on it night and day; I did not let them out of my sight for an instant.' 'And where is it, traitor?' I cried, 'who must needs go on babbling all the time I ought to be getting dressed.' 'I had it packed up, folded and made tight,' he answered, 'in such a way that the fiercest rain-storm in the world would not have been able to touch it. And after that,' he pursued, 'knowing how impatient you were, and that you were not the sort of man to trifle with, I set off travelling day and night. . . .' 'But what's become of it,' I shouted, 'this suit which you packed up for me

with such care?' 'Gone, Monsieur,' he answered me, clasping his hands. 'How! Gone?' I cried in amazement. 'Yes, gone, lost, ruined. What more can I tell you?' 'Do you mean to say that the Channel-boat went to the bottom?' I demanded. 'Oh! far worse than that as you will see,' he replied. 'Yesterday morning I was half a league from Calais and I thought, to save time, I would go along the seashore; but, on my honour, it's a very different business from going along the high-road; for what should I do but stumble straight into a quicksand and sink there right up to my chin.' 'A quicksand near Calais!' I ejaculated. 'Yes, Sir,' he told me, 'and so quick that devil take me if there was anything showing except the crown of my head when they pulled me out. As for my horse, it needed more than fifteen men to pull it to the surface; and my portmanteau, where I had unfortunately put your suit, that they couldn't find anywhere; it must be by now at least half a mile underground.'

"And this, Sire," the chevalier de Gramont pursued, "is what has happened, and the story which I was told by my worthy valet. I should doubtless have killed him then and there if I had not been afraid to keep Miss Hamilton waiting, and had also not been anxious to warn your Majesty of the existence of this dangerous quicksand, that your couriers may take care not to tumble into it."

The King held his sides with laughing, and the chevalier de Gramont continued: "By the way, Sire," he added, "I forgot to tell you that, to increase my ill-humour, I was stopped as I was getting out of my chair by the very devil of a phantom in a mask, who would at all costs have persuaded me that the Queen had arranged that I was her partner and, as I defended myself against her attacks as gently as I could, commissioned me to find out whose duty it was, and to send him instantly to fetch her. So perhaps your

Majesty would be well advised to see to it; for she is lying in ambush in a coach and seizing on all the passers-by at the doors of Whitehall. Incidentally, let me tell you, her dress is a wonder to behold. She must have about her quite sixty yards of gauze and silver tissue, not to mention a sort of pyramid which she is wearing on her head, garnished with a hundred thousand furbelows."

That last piece of information astonished the assembly, except, of course, those who were in the plot. The Queen ascertained that all whom she had invited were there, and the King said after some moments of reflection: "I'll bet that it is the Duchess of Newcastle." "And I," said Lord Muskerry, coming close to Miss Hamilton, "would not mind betting that it is a mad woman of another sort; for, unless I am very much mistaken, it is none other than my wife."

The King directed that they should go find out who it was and make her come in. Lord Muskerry offered to execute his command, for he had been seized with the presentiment mentioned above; a suggestion happily inspired. Miss Hamilton was not annoyed that he had been chosen, since she knew that he was right in his conjecture, and the joke would have gone much further than she had meant, if the Princess of Babylon had shown herself in all her glory.

The ball was not very successful, one must admit, so long as they kept to serious dances. However, among the company there were dancers as good and ladies full as beautiful as you would find anywhere in the world. But, since their number was not large, they left the French and turned to country-dances. When the dancers, who had performed in the masquerade, had been through one or two of them, the King thought good to bring his auxiliary troops into action, while the others rested; and the Maids of

Honour of the Queen and those of the Duchess were led out by the gentlemen who had been in the masquerade.

The time had now come when the accomplices had leisure to give their attention to Miss Blague, and they were pleased to notice that the letter, which they had sent her on Brisacier's behalf, had not failed to produce its effect. She had appeared looking yellower than a quince, her yellow hair stuffed with citron-coloured ribbons which she had assumed out of complacence to Brisacier; while, for the purpose of enlightening him as to what he might expect, she kept carrying her victorious hands towards her head, adorned as they were with the gloves which have been already mentioned. But if the world at large was surprised to notice that she had dressed her head in a fashion which made her look even more whey-coloured than usual, she herself was still more taken aback to notice that Miss Price shared with her, point for point, Brisacier's various presents. Surprise very soon changed to jealousy, her rival having been diligent in getting him into conversation, according to the advice which she had received the previous day, and Brisacier incontinently succumbing to the first overtures that she made, without paying the fair Blague the least attention, or responding to the desperate gestures which she executed, that he might be the better aware of the happy destiny which awaited him.

Miss Price was small and stumpy and, in consequence, did not dance. The Duke of Buckingham, whose amusement it was to bring the marquis de Brisacier into the field as often as he could, went up to him on behalf of the King to request him to lead out the Blague, never suspecting what was just then passing in this young lady's heart. Brisacier refused, alleging the dislike he had for country-dances. The Blague supposed that it was her whom he disliked and,

noticing that he was again engaged in conversation with her mortal enemy, began dancing without knowing what she did. Although her indignant jealousy was sufficiently marked to give the Court some diversion, it was only Miss Hamilton and her accomplices who enjoyed the full beauty of it. Their satisfaction was complete; for very soon in came my Lord Muskerry who had not yet recovered from the effects of the vision which chevalier de Gramont had described. He informed Miss Hamilton that it was indeed Lady Muskerry, in her proper person, and a thousand times more fantastic than she had ever been before. It was only, he added, with the greatest possible difficulty that he had prevailed on her to go home, afterwards posting a sentinel at her bedroom door. But here the reader may, no doubt, feel that too much time has already been spent in the relation of such trivial incidents. Well, perhaps he is right; let us pass on then to others.

Everything smiled upon the chevalier de Gramont in this fresh passion which occupied him. He was by no means without rivals, but, what was more extraordinary, he was completely without jealousy or suspicion. He knew their intelligence and that of Miss Hamilton far too thoroughly.

Among her suitors, the most considerable, but also the least declared, was His Royal Highness the Duke of York. But strive to hide it as he would, the Court had too much understanding of his way of life not to perceive his taste for Miss Hamilton. He did not think it right to make a declaration of sentiments which it would have been unmaidenly for Miss Hamilton to hear; but he talked to her as often as he could and ogled her with the greatest assiduity. Hunting was his favourite pastime, and this exercise occupied a part of every day. He returned generally very tired; but Miss Hamilton's presence, when she

was visiting the Queen or the Duchess, was always sufficient to wake him up. And it was then that, not daring to speak of what really occupied his heart, he entertained her with the subjects which he had on the brain, telling of the marvellous sagacity of foxes, of the prowess of horses, regaling her with a detailed account of broken arms, shattered legs, dislocated shoulders and other particularities equally curious and diverting—after which his eyes said the rest till the moment when sleep should bring their conversation to an end; for those tender messengers, which were his eyes, could not help shutting now and again even though it were in the midst of their blandishment.

The Duchess was not at all alarmed by this passion which her rival took so very lightly, and which, with all the respect in the world, she allowed herself to make fun of—on the contrary, since the Duchess liked and respected Miss Hamilton, it only had the effect of making her reception the more gracious.

The two Russells, uncle and nephew, also competed with the chevalier de Gramont for Miss Hamilton's favour. The uncle was more than sixty years old. His courage and fidelity had distinguished him during the Civil War. His passion, and the intentions he harboured towards Miss Hamilton, appeared both at the same time. But his magnificence was only half apparent in the gallantries which feelings of tenderness inspire. It was not long since the absurd fashion of wearing steeple-crowned hats had been abandoned for the other extreme. Old Russell, distressed by so terrible a decadence, decided on a middle course, which had the effect of rendering him truly remarkable. He was still more remarkable in the constancy with which he clung to slashed doublets, wearing them long after they had everywhere else been superannuated. But the thing about him most surprising was a certain mixture of stinginess and liberality, these opposing

factors keeping up a perpetual warfare in his breast from the time when he first fell in love.

His nephew was then no more than the son of a younger brother, but had expectations as his uncle's probable heir. But though he had to look to his uncle for the wherewithal to set up house, and had need of great patience in curbing his uncle's humours that he might not fall short of it, he could not elude his fate. The Middleton treated him with a good deal of preference, but the favour which she showed could not steel him against the impression of Miss Hamilton's charms. His face would have been quite tolerable, if he had been content to leave it alone; but he was affected and formal in whatever he did, tongue-tied enough to give one the vapours, though a good deal less tedious thus, than when he spoke.

The chevalier de Gramont, whose mind was perfectly at ease on the subject of his fellow-suitors, grew more and more attached and did not trouble to form any other projects or nurse any other hopes than that of making himself pleasant. His passion had been freely declared, but nobody at Court regarded it in any other light than as a habit of devotion, which did no more than pay homage where it was deserved.

His philosopher thought differently, seeing that, in spite of an immense increase in the state of life which he kept up and in the pains which he took, he had positively come to regret those hours which were spent at play; that he no longer sought those lengthy and delightful conversations which they usually enjoyed together; and that this new attachment was everywhere contributing to make him a stranger to the habits of his former self.

" Monsieur le chevalier," he said, " it seems to me that, for some time now, you have been leaving the beauties of London and their lovers in complete tranquillity. The Middleton makes new conquests

with impunity, and you let her flaunt your presents under your very nose without the smallest attempt at retaliation. That poor Warmestry has been quietly brought to bed in the sight of all the Court without your having so much as breathed a word. I foresaw it, Monsieur le chevalier; you have scraped acquaintance with Miss Hamilton and, a thing which has never happened to you before, you have fallen really and truly in love. But let us look into your prospects for a moment. To begin with, I don't suppose that you are anxious to get her into trouble; indeed, such are her natural merit and her birth that, ridiculous as marriage may be in general, you might be excused if you thought of pressing your suit upon a serious footing, were you but in possession of the estates and titles of your family. Supposing you want no more than wit, prudence, and the treasures of beauty, you could not make your addresses to a more proper person; but, in your case whom fortune has only moderately endowed with her gifts, you could not do worse; since I am afraid that your brother Toulongeon, with whose disposition I am acquainted, is not likely to fade away on purpose to improve your chances.

"But presuming, for the sake of argument, that your patrimony would suffice you both, and that is presuming a good deal, are you aware of the delicacy, not to say the bizarrerie, of this young lady when there is any question of getting engaged? Do you know that it has been within her power to make some of the best matches in all England? The Duke of Richmond was among the first to run after her; but, although amorous, he was also interested. And the King, realizing that it was only her lack of fortune which held him back, took this matter upon himself out of consideration for the Duke of Ormonde, Miss Hamilton's character and breeding and the good services which her father had done. Miss Hamilton,

none the less, disgusted that a man who pretended to be in love should have stooped to bargain, reflecting, moreover, on the general character which he bore, made up her mind that to be Duchess of Richmond was not sufficiently important to outweigh all she had to fear from a husband both brutal and debauched.

"Your little Jermyn, for all his uncle's riches and his own renown, did he not fail? Has she so much as looked at Henry Howard who is on the eve of becoming England's premier Duke, and who possesses, in point of fact, all the fortune of the Norfolk family? Admittedly, he is as stupid as an ox; but what other young person in all England would not have passed over his doltishness, the unattractiveness of his whole appearance, in consideration of becoming the premier Duchess of the Kingdom with fifteen thousand a year?

"And finally, to wind up my discourse, I have it from Lord Falmouth's own lips that he has always regarded her as the one thing lacking for his happiness; yet, in spite of a brilliant fortune, he has never dared declare himself, and has always been too weak or too proud to obtain her parents' consent, without being sure that his suit was agreeable to her; since, although the first refusals of young women notoriously count as nothing, he knew only too well how it was she received those suitors who did not personally attract her.

"After this, Monsieur le chevalier, do consider what course of action you are going to employ. For you are in love; perhaps you will fall still deeper into love; and the deeper in love you are, the less capable you will be of those reflections which you are still in a position to make."

"My poor philosopher," the chevalier de Gramont replied, "you know Latin; you write verses; you understand the direction and composition of the stars in the sky; but as to the stars of the terrestrial universe

—of them you understand not one single word. There is nothing you have told me about Miss Hamilton which the King himself did not tell me three days ago. So much the better if she's turned down the barbarians whom you have just mentioned. If she had taken to them, I should have had nothing to say to her, although I love her to madness. Now listen to what I am going to say. I am determined to marry her, and I am anxious that my pedagogue, Saint-Evremond, should be the first to congratulate me. While, as for the question of how we shall live, I will make my peace with the King; I will beg him to appoint her one of the ladies of the bedchamber. He will grant my request. Toulongeon will come to a bad end without anything I can do either to help or hinder, and Miss Hamilton will have Séméac with the chevalier de Gramont, to make up for the Norfolks and the Richmonds whom she had lost. Tell me now, have you anything to advance against this project? For I am willing to bet a hundred louis that it will happen as I say."

It was at this time Miss Stuart came so openly into favour that it was generally realized that, if she had but used a little more art, she could have become as absolute mistress of the King's counsels as she was already of his affections. The opportunity seemed good to those who were experienced and ambitious. The Duke of Buckingham formed a plan of managing her, so as to wind himself into the King's good graces. God knows what a manager he was and what a head he had for instructing another!

None the less, he was the man of all the world best suited to dominate an intelligence like Miss Stuart's. Her humour was extremely childish; she laughed at everything; and her taste for infantile diversions, although they were natural enough, was of the kind which one would have rather expected in a girl of

twelve or thirteen. She had all the same tastes, excepting only that she did not play with dolls; blind man's buff was the game which she enjoyed most; while the deepest gambling was going on in her apartment, she would amuse herself by building card-castles; and there one saw the courtiers clustering round her, handing her fresh building material or themselves sitting down and trying to imitate her architectural skill.

She was devoted to music, however, and had some taste in singing. The Duke of Buckingham, who knew how to build the finest card-castles imaginable, was also a very pretty singer. She had no aversion from gossip, and he was the mother and father of scandal. He made up comic ditties, composed old wives' tales, of which she was excessively fond. But his special talent was for catching hold of and imitating in their presence anything that happened to be absurd in other people's behaviour or any peculiarity of speech they had, without letting them notice it. In short, he was apt at counterfeiting so many different parts, and with so much grace and humour, that when he wished to make himself agreeable, it was difficult to dispense with his company. He had made himself so necessary then to the Stuart's happiness, that she sent out to find him in all directions, as often as he did not visit her apartments in the King's train.

He was an exceedingly handsome person, and thought himself a great deal handsomer even than he was. Although very intelligent, his vanity made him appropriate to his personal attractions many civilities which had been evoked only by his talent for buffoonery and repartee. Won over at last by the good opinion in which he was held, he forgot his previous designs and his Portuguese mistress, in order to make the most of a liking whose character he mistook. But, as soon as he wished to assume a serious attitude towards Miss

Stuart, he met with so decisive a rebuff that he incontinently abandoned both of the designs which he had founded upon her concurrence. It would be just to say, nevertheless, that the familiarity with the King, which she had first of all been the means of procuring him, opened the way to that favour by which he was eventually signalized.

Lord Arlington next took on the plan of which the Duke of Buckingham had recently given up hope. He was anxious to dominate the mistress, in order that he might obtain control of her master. It is true that his good fortune should have been already amply sufficient to content a man of much greater worth and far better breeding. The first negotiations he had undertaken had been at the time of the Treaty of the Pyrenees. Although he had not succeeded in his master's interests, still he had not completely wasted his trouble; for he had assumed to perfection the gravity and solemn mien of the Spaniards and, in matters of business, gave an excellent imitation of their sluggish procedure.

He had a scar across the bridge of his nose which he covered with a long patch or, to speak more accurately, with a little lozenge-shaped plaster. Scars upon the face usually give a certain air of truculence and bellicosity which is not unbecoming. In his case, however, it had quite the contrary effect; and this remarkable plaster had so accommodated itself to the secretive and mysterious air of his visage, that it seemed to add to it a kind of importance and capability.

Beneath the shelter of this countenance, composed of an overwhelming anxiety to thrust himself forward, which passed for industry, and of an impenetrable stupidity which passed for the power to keep a secret, Arlington had given himself out as a politician on the grand scale. Since nobody had the leisure to go into his pretensions, they had taken his word for it, and

he had been made Minister and Secretary of State simply on his face value.

Yet his ambition could not confine itself to these posts, and so, equipped with certain sententious maxims and useful historical examples, he obtained an audience with Miss Stuart in order to put them into practice, offering her his very humble service and the best advice which he could give, to assist her to conduct herself rightly in the state to which it had pleased God and her natural virtue that she should be called. But he had got no further than the exordium of his discourse, when she remembered that it was him particularly whom the Duke of Buckingham used to imitate, and, as his presence and the speeches he made tallied exactly with the imitation which had been given, she could not prevent herself bursting out laughing to his face, all the more outrageously because she had long attempted to suppress her inclination.

The Minister was furious; his conceit was worthy of the post which he held, and his punctilious regard for his own glory fully deserved all the ridicule which it evoked. He left her abruptly, carrying away with him all the good advice which he had prepared to give her, tempted to fob it off on the Castlemaine and to identify himself with her interests, or perhaps to desert the Court party and make a speech in Parliament anent the grievances of the State and get a Bill passed to forbid the keeping of mistresses. However, his natural prudence carried the day against his wounded vanity, and with no more thought than how to relish to the full the blessings which fortune had heaped on him, he sent off to Holland to find himself a wife and thus complete his happiness.

Of all the courtiers, Hamilton[1] was the man best qualified to succeed where the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Arlington had recently failed. He had,

[1] James.

LORD ARLINGTON

Longleat

[*face p.* 140

indeed, considered it, but his natural gallantry inclined him another way, making him neglect a course of action which would have been exceedingly useful to his advancement, in order to start a wild-goose chase after the blandishments and advances thrown out by Lady Chesterfield. She was one of the most charming women whom you could find anywhere; she had an enchanting figure, although she was not very tall. Her complexion was fair, and she possessed the radiance and whiteness of skin which goes with fair women, enhanced by all the liveliness and piquancy which is peculiar to those who are dark. Her eyes were enormous and very blue, and her regard extraordinarily seductive. Her manners were engaging, her intelligence quick and agreeable; but her heart, which lay perpetually open to the tenderest kind of sentiment, was neither scrupulous in point of constancy, nor yet so delicate as to be always sincere. She was the daughter of the Duke of Ormonde; Hamilton was her cousin-german. Consequently, they could see one another as often as they pleased; but from the moment when she first spoke to him with a glance, he wanted nothing more than to please her, without giving a thought to her natural lightness nor yet to the various obstacles which stood in his path. As we have just explained, his previous intention of establishing himself in Miss Stuart's confidence no longer counted for anything; and Miss Stuart, as it happened, very soon gained a position in which she could dispense with any further advice. She had done all that was necessary to inflame the King's passion for her, without impairing her virtue by granting the last favours. But the assiduities of a passionate lover, one on whom opportunity smiles, are hard to oppose and harder yet to subdue; and the modesty of Miss Stuart was on the verge of capitulating, when the Queen was attacked by a violent fever which rapidly brought her to death's door.

Then it was that Miss Stuart congratulated herself on a resistance which had, in fact, cost her very little effort. Her mind was possessed by a thousand hopes of eminence and glory, and the respect, which the courtiers now paid her, tended only to augment them. The doctors gave up the Queen's life; the handful of Portuguese women, who had not yet been sent home, filled the Court with their lugubrious exclamations of grief; while the King's good-nature was softened by the desperate state of a Princess whom he did not truly love, but for whom he had the greatest esteem. She loved him tenderly and, thinking that these were her last words, she told him that the affliction, which he showed at the prospect of her death, did something to make her regret the existence which she was leaving behind; though her charms were insufficient to deserve his affection, she added, in dying she had the consolation, at least, of making room for some wife who would be worthier of him, and whom heaven perhaps might grant a blessedness which she had been refused. Whereupon, she wetted his hands with tears which, he supposed, were the last that she should ever shed. He joined to them his own and, never thinking that she would take him at his word, he begged her to live, if it was but for the love of him. Never yet had she disobeyed his commands and, dangerous as any sudden movement must be when one is lying between life and death, this transport of joy, which should by rights have been fatal, had the effect of saving her; and the King's surprising access of tenderness produced a result with which all the world was not equally rejoiced.

Jermyn was now some little while recovered from his wounds; however, Lady Castlemaine, finding that his health was in as deplorable a condition as before, conceived the useless design of recapturing the King's heart; since, in spite of the passionate tears which she shed and the general violence of her behaviour, Miss

Stuart had completely annexed it. At this time, the Court amused itself with expeditions, where its beauties sallied out on horseback to do what execution they could with the graces and charms which each of them had at her disposal, sometimes successfully, sometimes unsuccessfully, but always with a good will; at other times the river afforded that delightful spectacle which, among all the cities of Europe, is peculiar only to London.

The River Thames washes the sides of a large, though not particularly splendid, palace that belongs to the Sovereigns of Great Britain. It was the steps of this palace which, towards the close of the summer days, when the heat and dust made it impossible to walk in the park, the whole Court descended to take ship upon the river. An infinite number of open boats, conveying all the charms of Court and City, accompanied the barges where the Royal Family sat. Collations, music, fireworks were a part of the entertainment. The chevalier de Gramont, too, was always there, and very seldom was it that he did not make some contribution of his own, which agreeably surprised the onlookers by its splendour or its gallantry. Sometimes it was an entire concert of voices and instruments, specially brought over from Paris without a word to anybody, suddenly striking up in the midst of the assembled craft. Sometimes it was an impromptu banquet, also brought from Paris, and which in London even surpassed the magnificence of the King's collation. The effect of his surprise very often outdistanced his hopes, though now and then it was less successful; at all events, it was invariably very expensive.

Lord Falmouth was one of those who had most esteem and consideration for the chevalier. His extravagance distressed him and, as he often supped with him informally, one day when he found Saint-Evremond there alone and a repast laid out for six

people who had been regularly invited: "You must not thank me," he said, addressing the chevalier de Gramont, "for the visit I am paying you; I am just come from the King's *coucher*, where the talk was all of you; and I do assure you that the manner in which the King spoke of you could not have pleased you more yourself than it did me. You know very well, that he has long been willing to do what he can for you with the King of France; and, as far as I am concerned," he went on laughing, "you know very well that I should add my word, if I were not afraid of losing you as soon as your peace is made. But, thanks to Miss Hamilton, you are not in too much of a hurry. However, I have the King my master's authority to tell you that, until yours should take you back into his good graces, he grants you a pension of fifteen hundred jacobuses; which is not a great deal, considering the figure which the chevalier de Gramont cuts in our midst but," he went on, embracing him, "sufficient to enable him to invite us all to supper."

The chevalier de Gramont received, as was his duty, this gracious offer, which he did not think right to accept. "I recognize," he said, "the King's generosity in this proposal; still more clearly though, do I recognize the character of my Lord Falmouth; and I beg him to assure His Majesty of my immense gratitude. The King my master will not allow me to want, whenever he thinks good to call me home. In the meantime, I should like to show you that I have still the wherewithal to give one or two supper parties to my English friends."

And, so saying, he made them bring up his strong box, and showed him seven or eight thousand guineas in solid gold. Lord Falmouth, wishing to make good blood from the chevalier de Gramont's refusal of so advantageous an offer, repeated it to M. de Cominges, who was then French Ambassador in London; and

M. de Cominges did not fail to stress, at the French Court, the merit of such a refusal.

Hyde Park, as everybody knows, is the promenade of London; in the fine weather, nothing is so fashionable as this rendezvous of wealth and beauty. All who could boast of fine eyes or fine carriages used to assemble there, and the King himself did not disdain to frequent it.

As coaches with glass windows had not long been in usage, ladies did not much appreciate being boxed up in them, and infinitely preferred to be shown off almost from head to foot, as against the convenience afforded by the modern carriage. The coach, which had been built for the King, was not especially handsome. The chevalier de Gramont, having taken it into his head that something could be contrived which was smart and united the advantages of the old fashion, while improving on those of the new, sent off Termes in secret with all the necessary instructions. Once again the duc de Guise was charged with the commission and, after a month, the chevalier's messenger having, by the grace of God, on this occasion, escaped the perils of quicksands, brought safely over into England the smartest and most magnificent calash which ever yet was seen.

The chevalier de Gramont had ordered that fifteen hundred louis should be spent on its construction; and his friend, the duc de Guise, to oblige him, had laid out two thousand. The Court was all admiration at this splendid present; and the King, charmed by the chevalier de Gramont's care for anything which might please him, could scarcely thank him enough. However, he was unwilling to receive a present of such magnificence, except on condition that the chevalier would not refuse a present from him in return.

The Queen, imagining that this brilliant machine might bring her happiness, wished to be the first to

show herself in it, in company with the Duchess of York. Lady Castlemaine, who had caught sight of them, took it into her head that this carriage showed off a woman's beauty better than any other, and thereat importuned the King that he would lend her his marvellous conveyance, to appear in it the next fine day in Hyde Park. The Stuart had the same longing, and solicited it for the same day. As there was no means of combining these two divinities, whose original friendship had turned to mortal loathing, the King experienced considerable embarrassment, since each of them desired to use it first.

Lady Castlemaine was with child, and threatened to bring on a miscarriage if her rival was favoured; Miss Stuart, on the other hand, protested that they would never get her into the way of having a child at all, if her request was refused. That last menace carried the day against the former. Such was the Castlemaine's fury, that she came near to keeping her word; and it is generally supposed that this triumph cost Miss Stuart some part of her hoarded innocence.

The Queen-mother who, though she took no share in these squabbles, was not indisposed to enjoy them, was kind enough to relish this incident, according to her wont. She took the opportunity of attacking the chevalier de Gramont, because he had thrown an apple of discord between two such competitors. She did not fail to give him, in the presence of all the Court, the praises which his magnificent present surely deserved. "But how comes it," she said, "that you are here without a carriage yourself, and yet you go to the trouble of so enormous an outlay? For they say you have not even a lackey with you, and it is a street urchin who lights you home with one of those links of pitch that stink out the whole city!" "Why, Madame," he replied, "it is because the chevalier de Gramont does not love pomp; my link-boy of whom

you speak is devoted to my service; besides which, he is one of the bravest fellows in the world. Your Majesty does not know the race of link-boys; it is absolutely charming; one can't go an inch at night without being besieged by at least a dozen of them. The first time I made their acquaintance, I engaged all those who offered their services, with the result that I arrived at Whitehall with no fewer than two hundred of them about my chair. The spectacle was unusual; and those who had seen me go by in this illumination, asked whose funeral it was. These gentlemen, however, fell into a violent dispute over some dozen or more shillings which I had thrown among them; and the link-boy whom your Majesty has mentioned, who single-handed had floored three or four of his companions, I engaged because of his bravery. No, Madame, I take no account of a great show of coaches and lackeys. I have sometimes had five or six footmen at the same time, and none of them in livery except my chaplain, Poussatin." "What!" said the Queen, bursting out laughing, "a chaplain wearing your colours! He was surely not a Priest?" "Pardon me, Madame," the chevalier de Gramont replied, "but he was, and the first Priest in the world for the Biscayan jig." "Chevalier," said the King, "I should be glad if you tell us the story of your chaplain Poussatin."

Chapter Eight

" Sire," the chevalier de Gramont began, " Monsieur le Prince de Condé was besieging Lerida. The place in itself was nothing; but Don Gregorio Brice was quite another matter. He was one of those Spaniards of the old school, brave as the Cid, proud as all the Guzmans put together, and more gallantly inclined than all the Abencerrages of Granada. He had suffered us to approach the town without giving the smallest signs of life. The maréchal de Gramont, whose maxim it was that a defender who started by making formidable preparations for defence, burning his suburbs and the rest, in the end usually puts up a very poor show, interpreted this politeness as auguring badly for us. But Monsieur le Prince, covered with glory and proud of the victories he had won at Rocroy, Nordlingen, and Fribourg, with the intention of insulting the besieged and their Governor, ordered the first line of entrenchments to be mounted in broad daylight by his own regiment, at the head of which walked four and twenty fiddlers, as it might have been a wedding party.

" Night came on and we were all of us in the best of spirits; our violins were playing sweet airs, and there was feasting and merriment on every side. Lord knows what jokes we were making about the poor Governor and his ruff, both of which we flattered ourselves that we should take in twenty-four hours. This was going on in the trenches, whence, all of a sudden, we heard cries of dismay which came from the direction of the rampart, and which were repeated two or three times: ' Stand to arms on the wall!'

and these cries were followed by a salvo of cannon-shot and musketry; and this salvo was followed by a vigorous sortie which, after having swept clear our trench, drove us back as far as our grand guard.

"Next day, Gregorio Brice sent out, preceded by a trumpeter, presents of fruit and ices to Monsieur le Prince, humbly begging His Highness that he would forgive him, if he had not any fiddlers to reply to the serenade which they had been so kind as to make him the night before; but that, if His Highness had enjoyed last night's music, he would do his best to keep it up for so long as he honoured him by remaining in front of the place. And the ruffian was as good as his word: as soon as we heard the cry of 'Stand to arms on the wall,' we could be sure of a sortie which would empty our trenches, demolish our works, and kill all our best officers and men. Monsieur le Prince was so exasperated that, in spite of whatever the other general officers could say, he was determined to continue the siege, which came near to destroying his army, and which, as it happened, he was obliged very hurriedly to raise.

"While our troops were retiring, Don Gregorio, far from giving himself those airs which are usually affected by the governor of a town on similar occasions, made no sortie, except to present his respectful compliments to Monsieur le Prince. This Brice set out, sometime later, to render an account of himself at Madrid and to receive his reward. Your Majesty will no doubt be amused to hear of the treatment which the little Brice met with in return for the most brilliant action that the Spaniards had achieved during the entire war: he was handed over to the Inquisition."

"What!" said the Queen-mother, "put to the Inquisition for his services!" "It was not altogether for his services," the chevalier replied, "that they treated him as I have just told you, so much as for a

little freak of gallantry which I shall presently relate to the King.

"The campaign of Catalonia having been thus brought to a close, we turned homeward, only moderately covered with laurels. However, as Monsieur le Prince had provided himself with glory to spare in previous engagements, and was even then nursing great designs, he very soon managed to forget this trifling disgrace. During the march we did nothing but make jokes. The Prince himself was the first to set us going on the subject of our unsuccessful siege. We composed some ballads on Lerida, which have since been very widely spread, hoping to forestall others more severe. But we gained nothing; treat ourselves as cavalierly as we might in our own ballads, ballads were made on us in Paris in which we were treated even worse. We arrived finally at Perpignan on a public holiday. A troop of Catalans, who were dancing in the road, came to dance under the Prince's windows, meaning thereby to do him honour. M. Poussatin, clad in a little black cassock, danced in the middle of the street like one possessed. I immediately recognized our national dance, from the leaps and bounds which he made. Monsieur le Prince was charmed with his character and agility. I sent for him when the dance was finished and, having asked him who he might be: 'An unworthy Priest, my Lord,' he answered; 'my name is Poussatin and I come from Béarn. I was going to Catalonia to serve as a chaplain in the infantry; for, God be praised, I am a great walker. But now that the war has happily come to an end, if it would please your mightiness to take me into your service, I would follow you wherever you went and be your faithful servitor.' 'M. Poussatin,' I said, 'my mightiness has not much employment for a chaplain, but, since you are so willing, I consent to take you into my service.'

" Monsieur le Prince, who had been present during the whole course of this conversation, was enchanted to see me fitted out with a chaplain. Poor Poussatin was in a very bad way, and I had not time to equip him properly at Perpignan; but, giving him a spare coat which belonged to one of the maréchal de Gramont's lackeys, I made him get up behind Monsieur le Prince's coach, who almost died of laughter every time he caught sight of the uncanonical figure which little Poussatin cut in his yellow livery.

" The Queen heard the story as soon as we arrived in Paris; she seemed at first rather surprised; but that did not prevent her desiring to see my chaplain dance; for in Spain it is not quite so rare to see the clergy dancing, as to see them in livery.

" Poussatin did marvels before the Queen; but as his dance was inclined to be strenuous, she could not endure the odour which his violent exertion caused him to diffuse throughout her room. Her ladies, too, begged for quarter; since this was an occasion on which all the perfume and all the essences, with which they had provided themselves, were of absolutely no account. None the less, Poussatin brought away with him a great deal of praise and several louis.

" Some time after I solicited and obtained for my chaplain a small country benefice, and I have since learned that Poussatin preaches in his village with as much address as he dances at his parishioners' weddings."

The story of Poussatin had much amused the King; the Queen no longer thought it so shocking that he should have been put into livery. The treatment which Gregorio Brice had received, shocked her much more and, wishing to justify the Spanish Court on a procedure which seemed so unconscionable, " Chevalier de Gramont," she said, " what heresy, do tell us, did this Governor, of whom you have just been speaking,

wish to introduce into the State? Of what attempt against religion was he accused, that he should have been handed over to the Inquisition like that?" "Madame," the chevalier replied, "the story I have to tell is perhaps not quite of the sort which I should be justified in relating before your Majesty. It deals with a little weakness of love, ill-timed indeed, but in which poor Brice meant no harm. His crime, such as it was, would not have deserved a birching in the most serious academy in France; since it amounted to no more than having given proofs of tenderness to a certain little she-Spaniard, who had cast her eyes upon him on a solemn occasion."

The King wished to be more precisely informed regarding this adventure, and the chevalier de Gramont satisfied his curiosity, as soon as the Queen and the rest of the Court were out of ear-shot. It was delightful to hear him tell a story; but it was not at all delightful to cross his path, either by making one's self his competitor or making him the subject of one's wit. It is true that there were very few persons at the English Court who had, at that time, merited his displeasure. Only Russell now and again was the object of his raillery; even so, he was gentle with him, compared to the manner in which he usually treated a rival.

This Russell was one of the most desperate dancers in all England—for country-dances, I mean. He had a printed list of three or four hundred varieties, which he danced with the open book before him; and, to prove that he was still young, he very often went on till he was almost exhausted. His way of dancing resembled the fashion of his clothes; both were twenty years out of date.

The chevalier de Gramont understood that he was very much in love and, although he understood also that this passion only tended to make him the more ridiculous, took fright on being informed

that Russell intended to apply for Miss Hamilton's hand; however, he was quickly relieved from his suspense.

Russell was on the point of making a journey, and conceived that it would be proper to apprise his mistress of his intentions before he left. The chevalier de Gramont was the chief obstacle to the interview which he had begged her to grant him; but one day, when he was carried off to go and play at Lady Castlemaine's, Russell seized his opportunity and, addressing himself to Miss Hamilton with an air less embarrassed than is customary at these moments, made his declaration in the following terms: "I am brother to the Earl of Bedford: I command the regiment of guards: I have three thousand jacobuses a year and fifteen thousand in ready money: I come, Miss Hamilton, to lay them and my person at your feet. Separately, I agree with you, these presents would be worth very little; that is why I offer them for your acceptance together. I have been advised to go take the waters for a little asthmatic affection which I have, but of which there is every likelihood that I shall very soon be free, since I have had it for the last twenty years. If you esteem me worthy of the happiness of belonging to you, I will make my proposal to your worthy father, whom I scrupled to address before ascertaining your own feelings in the matter. My nephew William is so far in ignorance of what I purpose; but I imagine that he will not be displeased, although my marriage has the effect of depriving him of the enjoyment of a considerable fortune. He has a great respect for me and, what is more, since he has noticed the regard in which I hold you, has been glad to pay you his homage. I am gratified that he should pay his court to me by means of such attentions; whereas, formerly, he did nothing but waste his money on this worthless little slut of a Middleton, while, at

present, keeping the best company in England costs him not a single penny."

During this harangue, Miss Hamilton had had some difficulty in suppressing her mirth. None the less she informed him that she was much honoured by the intentions which he had harboured towards her, and yet more obliged that he should have made a point of consulting her before declaring them to her parents. "It will be time enough," she said, "to speak to them upon your return from the waters, since I see no immediate prospect of their disposing of my hand before you get back. At all events, if I am hard pressed, your nephew William will take care to let you know. Thus you need not set out except at your own good time; but be sure and not impair your health by unnecessarily precipitating your return."

The chevalier de Gramont learned the detail of this conversation, and laughed it away as best he could; for there were certain aspects of Russell's proposal which could not help but alarm him, in spite of the abundant ridiculousness of all the rest. In short, he was not displeased to see his rival go, and, taking up again his bantering tone, he remarked to the King, how providence had favoured him by removing so formidable a competitor. "So he's gone, is he, chevalier?" said the King. "Certainly, Sire," the chevalier replied: "I had the honour of seeing him embark in a coach, with his asthma and his country gear, his *perruque à la calotte* neatly tied with a ribbon of autumn tint, and his odd-looking, old-fashioned hat covered with oilskin, which suits him to such a nicety. Now, I have only to deal with William Russell, whom he has left as a resident minister at Miss Hamilton's side. Him I don't fear either, on his own account or that of his uncle; he is too much in love himself to further anybody else's suit, and as he has only one method of advancing his

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personal design, that is to say by sacrificing the Middleton's portrait or some letters of hers, I have it in my power to bring that sort of complacency to nothing, though I confess it is somewhat dearly bought."

"As your affairs are going so well, where the Russells are concerned," the King said, "I must inform you that you have been delivered from another rival whom, if he was not already married, you would have much more reason to fear. My brother has lately become enamoured of Lady Chesterfield." "What a crowd of blessings all at once!" cried the chevalier de Gramont; "so grateful to him am I for this change of heart that I would serve him as best I could in the pursuit of his new mistress, were Hamilton not his rival. Your Majesty cannot blame me, if I work in the interests of my mistress' brother, rather than in those of yours." "But Hamilton, all the same," the King objected, "has less need of help, in a juncture of this kind, than has the Duke of York. Still, from what I know of Lord Chesterfield, he will not let them fight for his wife, with exemplary patience, as did the good Shrewsbury; but he certainly deserves the same fate."

And now for Lord Chesterfield's portrait. He had a handsome face, a rather fine head, not much figure and still less deportment. He did not lack wit. A long stay in Italy had imbued his behaviour towards men with ceremony and his behaviour towards women with mistrust. He was much hated of the King, because he had been much loved of the Castlemaine. The common report had it, that he had enjoyed her favours, before ever she had been married, and, as neither party took the trouble to deny it, this story was readily believed.

He had paid his court to the elder daughter of the Duke of Ormonde, at a time when he was still much

taken up with that first passion. But the King's passion for the Castlemaine, and the material good which he hoped to derive from this alliance, had the effect of making him press on the marriage with as much ardour as if he had been desperately in love. He had married Lady Chesterfield then, without loving her, and had lived with her some time on terms of a coldness, which left no doubt of his absolute indifference. A woman of intelligence, fine and delicate enough to smart at his neglect, she had been first miserable but presently grown indignant; and when, in the course of time, her husband began to let her see that he loved her, she very much enjoyed letting him see that she loved him no longer.

They had reached this stage of their relationship, when she took it into her head to exorcise Hamilton, as she had recently done her husband, of all that yet remained to him of tenderness for the Castlemaine. The undertaking did not prove difficult. The crudity of her manners, her haughtiness when she was annoyed, her suspicions and her perpetual vapours made Lady Castlemaine a disagreeable intimate. Lady Chesterfield, on the other hand, knew how to arm her attractions with all that is seductive in a woman's nature when she desires to please. Besides, she had more opportunities of making overtures to Hamilton than anybody else at Court. She lodged in the Duke of Ormonde's apartments in Whitehall, where Hamilton, as it has been already explained, could go and come whenever he pleased. The excessive coldness, or rather the abhorrence with which she met her husband's new assiduities, awoke his natural inclination to jealousy and suspicion. He could not doubt that, since she had all of a sudden passed from anxiety to indifference where he was concerned, she must have some object for a secret passion; whereupon, following the maxim of every jealous person, he employed all his experience

and all his perseverance to find out something which, once found out, would only disturb his quiet.

Hamilton, who knew him well, was also upon his guard, and the further he advanced in his design, the more careful he was to allay even his smallest suspicions. He made him the recipient of the most unguarded and least sincere confidences with respect to his passion for the Castlemaine, complained to him of her caprices and, almost on his knees, begged him to give his advice in the conquest of a lady whose affections he alone had ever really engrossed.

Flattered by such discourses, Chesterfield promised his protection with less duplicity than he had been asked for it; with the result that Hamilton's mind was now quite easy, except as regards the conduct of Lady Chesterfield herself, whose gracious attentions seemed to be declared a little too overtly on his behalf. But, while he was discreetly occupied in curbing the inclination which she evinced in his favour, and conjuring her to keep her glances under stricter control, she for her part gave audience to the approving glances of the Duke of York and, what is more, granted them an exceedingly favourable reception.

He thought that he had noticed it, as, indeed, had everybody else besides; but he thought, too, that all the world was taken in, as he was himself. For how could he believe his eyes as to what those of Lady Chesterfield seemed to be saying to this new rival! It did not appear to him credible, that an intelligence such as hers could feel any liking for manners which they had so often laughed at together in private; still more incredible he thought it, that she should wish to begin a new adventure before putting the finishing touches to the intrigue in which she herself had involved him. None the less, he started watching them a little more closely; and all the discoveries, to which this course of observation led, made him realize

that, even if she was not then deceiving him, she would not have been in the very least averse from it. He took the liberty of telling her so, but she adopted such a haughty attitude and was so emphatic in declaring that what he suspected was a figment of his own imagination, that he was abashed without being in the smallest degree convinced. And all the satisfaction, which she gave him, was to tell him stiffly that she thought it due to her that such unreasonable accusations should have a firmer foundation in fact.

Lord Chesterfield had taken the same alarm, and, by observation, having thoroughly satisfied himself that he had identified the lover whose happy fate it had been to rob him of his wife's heart, he considered the matter as good as settled and, without wearying her by fruitless reproaches, only waited an opportunity of confounding her before he took his measures.

For how, in fact, are we to explain Lady Chesterfield's behaviour, unless we attribute it to the malady which is common to the larger number of coquettes, who, charmed above all else by the stir they make, employ every means to possess themselves of another woman's conquest, but will make no sacrifice in order to preserve it.

But, before going into the details of this intrigue, let us cast a glance over His Highness' amorous successes, up to the time when his marriage was publicly declared. It may be permissible to thus deviate from the main thread of our narrative, in so far as facts, which are indisputably true and very little known, give such digressions a variety which renders them excusable. Let us see how it will turn out.

The marriage of the Duke of York, with the Chancellor's daughter, had lacked none of those attendant circumstances which make unions of that kind valid in the sight of heaven; an inclination on both sides, the ceremony in all its forms, witnesses,

and the essential reality of the sacrament, nothing had been lacking.

Although the bride was not absolutely a beauty, as there was nobody at the Court of Holland capable of putting her into the shade, the Duke, while he enjoyed the first sweetness of his marriage, far from repenting of it, seemed to desire the King's restoration only that he might declare it the more brilliantly. But, as soon as he found himself the occupant of a position so close to the throne and the possession of Miss Hyde began to lose its novelty for him, while England, a country fertile in loveliness, poured forth all that it had of rare and beautiful into his brother's Court, realizing that he himself afforded the unique example of a Prince who from his high station had condescended to stoop so low, he began to review the matter with a different eye. On one side, his marriage seemed to him frightfully ill-assorted in every respect; he remembered that Jermyn had not tempted him into an intrigue with Miss Hyde, before having persuaded him, by certain trifling circumstances, of the facility with which he might make her conquest. He envisaged his marriage as an affront to the respect and obedience which he owed the King. The indignation which the Court would feel, as well as the entire Kingdom, together with the impossibility of obtaining the King's consent to a union which a thousand good reasons would oblige him to decline to countenance, presented itself to his imagination. He imagined too, on the other hand, the tears and the distraction of his poor Hyde; but worse than that, he experienced a remorse of conscience, its delicate scruples beginning thenceforward to undermine his peace.

In the midst of these various perplexities, he opened his heart to Lord Falmouth, begging him to tell him what he ought to do. For his own interest he could not have addressed himself better, nor more fatally

for the interests of Miss Hyde. Falmouth reassured him, first of all, not only that he was by no means married, but also that he could never have so much as considered it; that any marriage of his was null and void without the King's consent, even if the match itself had been well assorted, but that it was farcical to advance the daughter of a petty lawyer, whom the King's favour had raised to the eminence of peer of the realm, without nobility, and to the dignity of Chancellor, without a capacity for business. With regard to his scruples, Falmouth added, he had but to lend his ear to persons who would enlighten him as to the principles of Miss Hyde's behaviour before he had made her acquaintance; provided that he was careful not to tell them that the deed was already done, he would very soon collect enough material for the purpose of making up his mind.

The Duke of York agreed, and Lord Falmouth, having assembled his counsel and his witnesses, brought them in to His Highness' study, after he had explained to them what was wanted. These gentlemen were the Earl of Arran, Jermyn, Talbot, and Killigrew, all men of honour, but who were infinitely more concerned with the Duke of York's than that of Miss Hyde, besides being up in arms, like the rest of the Court, against the insolence of the King's Prime Minister.

The Duke informed them, after having made them a sort of prefatory harangue, that although they knew the warmth of his affection for Miss Hyde, it was possible that they did not know to what engagements his tenderness had led him; that he felt himself obliged to keep all the promises which he might have made her, but since the integrity of young persons of her age was commonly exposed to the scandalous rumours of a Court, and certain whispers, whether they were true or false, had, in fact, gone abroad with

respect to her conduct, he begged them as his friends, and commanded them, by all the duties which they owed him, to tell him frankly what they knew, inasmuch as he had decided that, according to the evidence which they gave, he would regulate his intentions for her future. This speech produced a great deal of awkwardness and perplexity at first, and the assembled gentlemen professed that they would not dare to intervene in a matter which was at once so serious and so delicate. But, the Duke of York having redoubled his insistence, each of them started to relate, from the little that he knew himself and from more which, perhaps, he did not know, his version of poor Miss Hyde. Nor did they hesitate to add all the circumstances which were necessary to back up their evidence.

The Earl of Arran, for example, who spoke first, deposed that in the gallery at Hounslaerdyke, where Lady Ossory, his sister-in-law, and Jermyn were playing at ninepins one day, Miss Hyde pretending to feel unwell and retiring into a room at the end of the gallery, he, the witness, had followed her thither, and having cut her laces in order to lend the theory that she was suffering from an attack of the vapours a certain colouring of likelihood, had exerted himself to the best of his ability both in succour and consolation.

Talbot said that she had given him a rendezvous in the Chancellor's study, while he was at a Cabinet meeting, and that, since they had not paid so much attention to the things upon the table as to the business which was then in hand, they had spilled a whole bottle full of ink over a despatch four pages long, and that the King's monkey, who was suspected of having wrought this havoc, had thereby suffered a long disgrace.

Jermyn indicated several places where he had been received in protracted and favourable audience. None

the less, all these articles of accusation had but to do with some affectionate familiarities or, to say the most of it, with what are known as the minor pleasures of the commerce.

But Killigrew, who wished to improve on these feeble depositions, said straight out that he had enjoyed her favours. He had a lively and mocking wit, and knew how to give the story which he was telling an amusing turn by the imaginative and graceful details which he added. He assured them, then, that he had found the moment of his happiness in a certain closet, which was constructed above the water, to quite another end than relieving the pangs of love; three or four swans, he added, had been the witnesses of his good fortune, and he had no doubt that they had witnessed the good fortune of many others in the same closet, since Miss Hyde resorted there often, and seemed, indeed, inordinately fond of the place.

The Duke of York considered that this last accusation was beyond all limits, convinced as he was that he had himself had sufficient proofs of the contrary. He thanked the gentlemen, then, for the frankness of their evidence and imposed silence on them for the future, with regard to what they had told him, thereupon passing into the apartments of the King.

When he had gained his study, Lord Falmouth, who had followed him, related what had just happened to Lord Ossory, whom he discovered with the King. They had good reason to suspect what was being said between the two brothers, since the interview was protracted. The Duke of York, on coming out, seemed so much upset that they had no doubt that things must be going badly for poor Hyde. Lord Falmouth was beginning to feel sorry for her in her disgrace, and to repent him somewhat of the share he had taken in bringing it about, when the Duke of York requested him to be present with the

Earl of Ossory in the Chancellor's apartment, in an hour's time.

They were, indeed, a little taken aback that he should have the hardness of heart to communicate this crushing news in his own person. At the appointed hour they found His Highness in Miss Hyde's room. Her eyes were wet with tears, which she was forcing herself to restrain. The Chancellor was leaning against the wall and appeared to be bursting with some pent-up emotion, which they could only suppose to be an access of rage and desperation. Then, the Duke of York, addressing them with the serene and happy air which is reserved for the announcement of good news: "Since you two," he said, "are the gentlemen for whom of all the Court I have most regard, I wish that you may be the first to have the honour of paying your respects to the Duchess of York; there she stands."

Surprise was of no avail, and astonishment at that moment would have been decidedly out of place. Still, they were both so full of these emotions that, in order to conceal their confusion, they promptly flung themselves down on to their knees to kiss the hand which she held out to them, with as much natural dignity as if she had never done anything else.

Next day the news was made public and the whole Court crowded round her to pay their dutiful respects, which, as it happened in the event, became perfectly sincere.

The pretentious popinjays, who had given evidence against her with a very different end in view than what had actually come to pass, were extremely disconcerted. There are certain injuries which women are not notably inclined to pardon and, when they have promised themselves the pleasure of revenge, they are usually not slow in putting it into execution. These gentlemen, none the less, received

no other punishment than was inflicted by their own fears.

The Duchess of York, informed of all that had transpired on her account in the Duke's study, far from showing resentment thereat, affected to distinguish, by every sort of gracious attention and kindness, those who had attacked her in so sensitive a part. Never did she speak of them unless it was to praise their zeal, and to say that there was nothing which so marked out an honest man's devotion as to take something on his conscience to advance the interests of a master or a friend. Rare examples of prudence and moderation, not only for her own sex but also for those who pretend to most philosophy in ours!

The Duke of York, having thus laid his conscience to rest by the declaration of his marriage, thought that this generous effort entitled him to give his inconstancy a little scope. So he laid hold of what was nearest his hand; which happened to be Lady Carnegie, who had previously passed through the hands of several other gentlemen. She was still sufficiently attractive, and her good-nature did not permit her new lover to remain long in suspense. For some time all had been going as well as could be hoped. Lord Carnegie, her husband, was still in Scotland; but his father dying suddenly, he as suddenly came back to England, with his new name of Southesk, which his wife hated, but in which she acquiesced more patiently than she did in his return. Some echo of the honour, which had been done him during his absence, reached Lord Southesk's ears; however, he did not want to begin by playing the jealous husband but, desiring to be enlightened as to the reality of the fact, he kept a strict eye on everything which his wife did. Matters between her and the Duke of York had long passed the stage at which they were content with minor amusements; none the less, since her

husband's return obliged them to take certain precautions, he did not visit her except it was formally—that is to say, always accompanied by a third person, so as to give his visit the air of an ordinary call.

In those days, Talbot had just returned from Portugal; this intrigue had begun during his absence and, without in the least knowing who Lady Southesk might be, he learned that his master had fallen in love with her.

Some days later, he was taken to her house that he might figure as the convenient third person. The Duke presented him; on both sides compliments were exchanged; after which he thought it right to leave His Highness to pay his compliments in his own way, and retired into an antechamber. This antechamber gave on to the street, and Talbot took up his stand at the window to watch the passers-by.

Talbot was the most accommodating fellow in the world on occasions of this sort; but he was so liable to fits of absent-mindedness and distraction, that he had even left behind in London the letter of compliments which the Duke had entrusted him with for the Infanta of Portugal, and had never given it another thought, till he was on the point of going in to his audience.

So there, as we have said, stood Talbot on sentinel-duty, very attentive to his instructions when, without troubling his head, he saw a carriage stop at the door and a man get out, whom he presently beheld mounting the staircase.

The devil, who in encounters of this nature ought to mind what he is about, had brought him Lord Southesk in person. They had been careful to send away His Highness' coach because the Southesk had assured them that her husband had gone to watch the bear- and bull-baiting, a spectacle in which he took much pleasure and from which he usually came home

very late. Not seeing any coach at the door, he could not suppose that there was such exalted company within. He was first of all somewhat surprised to see Talbot comfortably seated in his wife's antechamber, but his surprise was not of long duration. Talbot had not seen anything of him since they were both in Flanders, and never imagining that he had changed his name: "Good morning to you, Carnegie, good morning, my dear old friend," he cried, holding out his hand; "where the devil have you sprung from, that I haven't seen you since Brussels? And what are you doing here? Are you, too, in pursuit of the Southesk? If that's what it is, my poor friend, your trouble is all for nothing; you must know that the Duke of York is in love with her, and I don't mind telling you that, at this very moment, he is in there having a few words."

Stupefied, as one may imagine, Southesk had not the time to answer any of these good-natured questions. As his friend, Talbot conducted him downstairs again and, speaking as his humble servant, advised him to try his luck elsewhere. Southesk, not knowing what else to do, got back into his coach, and Talbot, delighted with what had happened, almost died of impatience to see the Duke come out, so that he might tell him the story. Great was his surprise, on discovering that the story gave very little amusement to the parties who were involved; above all, he was himself much annoyed that this brute of a Carnegie had changed his name as if on purpose to betray him, Talbot, into an indiscretion.

This incident interrupted a relationship for which the Duke of York felt very little regret. Happy indeed for him was his indifference, since the traitorous Southesk set to work contriving a revenge by which, without employing either steel or poison, he would have obtained some satisfaction against those who had

injured him, if their connection had lasted any longer. He went into the most infamous places, to try to pick up the most infamous disease which they could furnish him; he was successful, but his vengeance was only half complete for, after he had resorted to the most extreme methods to cure himself of it, my Lady, his wife, gave him back his present, having no further commerce with the person for whom it had been so industriously prepared.

Lady Robartes was celebrated for her beauty at that time. Its first impression was considerable; however, in spite of the brilliance of her vivid colouring, as well as all the brilliance of youth and everything besides which renders a woman seductive, she could turn it to no account. The Duke of York, perhaps, might have been successful, if almost invincible difficulties had not counteracted his kindly intentions towards her. Lord Robartes, this beautiful lady's husband, was as ill-humoured, awkward, and cantankerous an old fellow as it would be possible to imagine. He was desperately in love with her and, to complete her ill-luck, perpetually in attendance on her person wherever she went.

She realized His Highness' partiality for her, and let him see that she was sufficiently inclined to be grateful. This had the effect of redoubling his assiduities and all the marks of tenderness which he could safely bestow on her from a distance. But the indefatigable Robartes redoubled his vigilance and zeal in proportion as the Duke's advances made progress; whereupon recourse was had to every measure which might be expected to bring him to reason. An attempt was made to touch him through his avarice and his ambition; persons, who were in his confidence, told him that it only rested with him that Lady Robartes, who was so worthy to figure at Court, should be received in an important post near the Queen or the

Duchess. He was sounded as to whether he was disposed to become Lord-Lieutenant of his county; it was suggested that he should have the charge of the Duke of York's estates in Ireland, of which he might have the entire disposal, providing that he set out post-haste, and that, afterwards, he might return as soon as he thought proper.

Lord Robartes understood very well what was the gist of such proposals; he understood, moreover, how advantageous they would be, but, tempt him as his ambition and avarice might, he persisted in turning them a deaf ear; the miserable old fellow positively determined not to be made a cuckold. It is not always our aversion or apprehension of this fate which can guarantee us against it—of which the ill-omened Lord Robartes was perfectly aware. And thus it was that, on the pretext of making a pilgrimage to the shrine of Saint Winifred, Virgin and Martyr, who is reputed to cure women of barrenness, he did not pause till he had put the loftiest Welsh mountains between his wife and the person in London who had designed to perform a similar miracle after his departure.

For some time the Duke was quite taken up with the pleasures of the chase or, at least, if he resorted to those of love, it was only by way of temporary diversion. But his tastes having changed as the memory of Lady Robartes grew dimmer, his glances and his protestations turned in the direction of Miss Brooke; and it was at the height of this pursuit that Lady Chesterfield, as we shall relate in following the course of her story, threw herself at his head.

The Earl of Bristol, an ambitious and extremely restless man, had used every means of ingratiating himself with the King. As he was the same person as the Digby mentioned in Bussy's *Annals*, it will be enough to say that his character had not changed. He knew that love and pleasure controlled a master,

whom he himself controlled in the Chancellor's despite; hence he gave party after party; luxury and elegance reigned at these nocturnal revels, which are the necessary concomitant of revelry of another sort. At all these entertainments were to be seen the two Miss Brookes, who were relatives of his. Both seemed made to inspire love and to be themselves susceptible of it. This was what the King needed. And Bristol found his plans in so good a shape as to give him hope of their being eventually successful. Lady Castlemaine, however, who had recently assumed an entire dominion over the King's heart, was not disposed to share it with another, as she afterwards foolishly did from her contempt for Miss Stuart. As soon as she got wind of these proceedings, alleging that she liked to be included in all the parties that were given, she managed to break them up. Thus Lord Bristol was obliged to pause in his designs and Miss Brooke in her advances. The King no longer dared to think of it; but his brother was glad to take possession of what he had refused; and Miss Brooke accepted the offer of his heart, till it should please heaven to deal with her otherwise; which came about very soon and in the following manner.

Sir John Denham, loaded with wealth and years, had passed the earlier part of his life among all the enjoyments which young people do not scruple to allow themselves. For works of imagination he was one of the fairest geniuses that England has ever produced. Satirical and free-spoken in his verse, he gave quarter neither to cold and stilted writers nor to jealous husbands nor yet to their wives. Everything he wrote abounded in wit and anecdote; but it was customary for him to exercise his most mordant and delicate sarcasms on the adventures of marriage, and, as if he had wished to support by the example of his own life the veracity of what he had written in youth,

at the age of seventy-nine he took to wife this Miss Brooke, of whom we have just been speaking, and who was then no more than eighteen.

The Duke of York had latterly somewhat neglected her, but the circumstances of this ill-assorted marriage caused him to renew his assiduities. She, on her side, permitted him to nourish hopes of a not very remote happiness which, before her marriage, a thousand considerations had made impracticable. She wished to be one of the Court; and, in return for the promise which she exacted that she should become Lady of the Bedchamber to the Duchess, she was on the point either of making him a promise herself or, so to speak, of paying him in ready money, when the Chesterfield, in the midst of this treaty, was inclined by her evil star to rob her of her lover and thus set all the world by the ears.

However, as she could only see the Duke at public assemblies, she must needs make a great show of forwardness in order to seduce his affections; and as he was the most reckless ogler of his day, the entire Court was informed of their relation when it was still hardly begun.

Those who seemed the most attentive to their behaviour were not the least interested. Hamilton and Lord Chesterfield observed them closely; but the Denham, piqued by the stories which had gone abroad concerning her bargain, took the liberty of saying the worst she could against her rival. Hamilton had flattered himself, until that moment, that it was only vanity which had engaged Lady Chesterfield's heart in this intrigue. But he was very soon undeceived. With whatever degree of indifference she had at first given herself up to this relationship, she emerged a different woman. We often go further than we intend, when we allow ourselves little familiarities which we suppose will have no sequel. The heart may have no

share in the beginning of an intrigue; yet it is not at all certain that it may not take a share towards the end.

The atmosphere of the Court, as we have already said, was redolent of gaming, pleasure, and all the refinements of splendour and urbanity which could be suggested by the influence of a Monarch who was naturally tender and amorous. Its beauties were bent on charming; the gentlemen had no other end but to please. In short, every man made the best use of his talents that he could. Some distinguished themselves by their dancing, others by their deportment and their magnificence; some by their wit, many by their disposition to gallantry, a very few by the constancy of their attachments. There was a certain Italian[1] at the Court famous for his performance on the guitar. He had a genius for music, and is indeed the only man who has ever been able to make anything out of that instrument. But then his style of play was so winning and so delicate, that he would have given the most stubborn of instruments harmony and sweetness. The truth of the matter is, that nothing could be more difficult than to play as he played. The King's taste for his compositions had made the guitar so fashionable that all the world performed on it, whether badly or well. Upon a lady's dressing-table you were just as sure of seeing a guitar as rouge or patches. The Duke of York played passably and the Earl of Arran almost as well as Francisco himself. This Francisco had lately composed a saraband which delighted or distracted the entire Court; for every guitar player of them all set to work learning it; and Lord knows what a universal jangling they made! The Duke of York, pretending not to have mastered it, begged Lord Arran to play it over before him. Now Lady Chesterfield had the finest guitar in England.

[1] Francisco Corbetta.

Lord Arran, who wished to play his best, took His Highness to his sister's apartment. She lodged at the Court with her father, the Duke of Ormonde, and this marvellous guitar shared the lodging with them. I do not know if it had been previously arranged; but certain it is that they found the lady and the guitar both at home. There also they found Lord Chesterfield, so upset by their unexpected visit that it was some time before he could bring himself to get up to receive them with due respect.

Like an evil vapour, jealousy mounted to his brain; blacker than ink, a thousand suspicions took hold of his imagination. And these suspicions only increased and became more desperate; for, while the brother played on the guitar, the sister used her eyes as if there had been no hostile faction present. The saraband was repeated a score of times. The Duke declared that it could not have been played better. Lady Chesterfield criticized the piece; but her husband, who understood that it was on him that they were playing, thought it detestable. Nevertheless, although he was suffering hell and damnation because he must perforce hold himself in, while the others were so very unrestrained in his presence, he decided to see how the visit would turn out; but it was not within his power. As he had the honour to be Chamberlain to the Queen, they came to tell him that she requested his attendance. His first impulse was to say that he was ill; his second, to believe that the Queen, who had sent to fetch him at such an awkward time, must also be in the plot; finally, after having given way to all the extravagant notions which are peculiar to a jealous temperament, and all the irresolutions of a jealous husband who grows obstinate when he feels himself to be in danger, he could not choose but go.

Thus, on arriving at the Queen's apartments, Lord

Chesterfield was not in the most enviable frame of mind. Alarms are for a jealous man what disasters are for a man who is unlucky; they never come singly and he is seldom free from their persecution. And so it came about that he learned that his services were required in an audience which the Queen was giving to seven or eight Muscovite ambassadors. Scarcely had he begun to curse the Muscovites, when his brother-in-law made his appearance and received all the imprecations which he had just been bestowing on the embassy. Chesterfield had no doubt that his brother-in-law was an accomplice of the pair whom he had recently left alone together, and, in his heart, cordially wished that the good turn he had done him might meet with an appropriate recompense. He had some difficulty in restraining himself from letting him know, then and there, what he thought of his behaviour. He considered that he could want no further proof of his wife's infidelity than the commerce which he had latterly witnessed; but, before the end of that same day, he was able to finally convince himself that advantage had been taken of his absence and of the gentleman-like collaboration of his officious brother-in-law. That night he spent tranquilly, but next morning, as he was under the necessity either of exploding or else of communicating to somebody else his chagrins and conjectures, he did nothing except pace to and fro and ponder on his perplexities, until it was the hour of walking in the Park. Then, going to the Court, he pretended to be looking for somebody, but could not help imagining that every one guessed the subject of his agitation. He avoided all whom he met but, in the end, happening to come across Hamilton, he made up his mind that here was the man he needed, and asking him to take a turn with him in Hyde Park, whipped him into his coach and drove with him to the Ring, both parties observing a dead silence.

Hamilton, seeing that he was all jaundiced and pensive, supposed that he had but just noticed a situation which had been clear to the rest of the world for some long time. Chesterfield, after having made a short preamble which signified nothing very much, asked him how his affair with Lady Castlemaine was going on. Hamilton realized this question was beside the point, but he thanked him none the less and, as he was meditating some reply: "Your cousin, my wife," Chesterfield remarked, "is very coquettishly inclined, and there are circumstances which might dispose me to believe that she is not perhaps as prudently behaved as she should be." Hamilton found this last criticism a little stringent, and set to work to refute it.

"Good Lord," then replied Chesterfield, "you can see, as well as all the rest of the Court, the airs which she gives herself. Husbands are invariably the last to be acquainted with what is particularly their own business; yet they are not always the last to take notice of it for themselves. I am not surprised that, though you have confided other matters to my ear, you have never touched on this; but, as I flatter myself that I possess a measure of your esteem, I should be annoyed if you thought that I was stupid enough to see nothing, just because I had enough decent feeling to hold my tongue. However, things have gone so far that I must perforce take up a line about it. Lord preserve me from becoming the conventional jealous husband; it is an odious part to have to play; but also it does not suit my book that a ridiculous degree of complacence should make me the laughing-stock of the whole town. Judge, from what I tell you, whether I ought to arm myself with patience or whether I should take steps to put an end to it.

"Yesterday His Highness did me the honour to

call on my wife." Hamilton started at these opening words. "Yes," the other went on, "he gave himself that trouble, and Lord Arran was kind enough to escort him. Does it not surprise you, that a man of his breeding should consent to act that part? What advancement can he hope for from the person who employs him in such base offices? But we have long known him for the most miserable creature in all England, with his guitar and other fripperies." Chesterfield, after giving this slight sketch of his brother-in-law's merits, began to relate the observations he had made while the call lasted, and asked Hamilton what he thought of his cousin Arran, who had thus prettily left them alone together. "You are surprised?" Lord Chesterfield pursued; "well, listen and draw your own conclusions, whether or not I ought to believe that the end of this gracious visit passed in the most perfect innocence. Lady Chesterfield is handsome enough, one must agree; but she is very far from being the absolute miracle of beauty which she likes to imagine. You know that she has got ugly feet; but, what you do not know, is that her legs are even worse." "Pardon me," replied Hamilton within himself. "They are short and thick," the other said, continuing his description; "and, to make the best of these defects, she almost always wears green stockings." Hamilton could not imagine where the devil all this was leading; and Chesterfield, divining his perplexity: "Do but be patient," he went on; "yesterday I was with Miss Stuart after the audience with those damned Muscovites; the King had just come in and, as if the Duke had sworn that day to follow me wherever I went, he, too, came in a moment later. The conversation turned on the extraordinary figure which the ambassadors had cut. I do not know how that idiot Crofts had got it into his head that the Muscovites had all very beautiful wives, and that their wives had

all exceptionally fine legs. The King maintained that the finest legs were to be met with in England, and that, in the whole kingdom, there was no leg finer than Miss Stuart's; whereupon she, in order to prove the truth of His Majesty's assertion, lifted her skirts right above her knees. All were ready to fall down and worship their beauty; there are, in fact, none better. Only the Duke presumed to criticize them. He declared that Miss Stuart's leg was too thin, and pronounced that there was nothing to match a leg somewhat plumper and shorter, concluding that there was no hope for any leg unless it was clothed in a green stocking—which, as far as I can see, was but to eulogize a pair of legs that he had lately admired and which his memory still kept fresh."

Hamilton did not know what expression to put on during this story, from which he himself deduced very much the same conclusion as had Lord Chesterfield. He shrugged his shoulders, remarking faintly that appearances were often deceptive; that Lady Chesterfield had the weakness common to all beautiful women, who supposed that their merit could only be gauged by the number of worshippers at their shrine; and that however imprudent had been the airs which she had assumed so as not to offend His Royal Highness, there seemed no likelihood of her having been willing to consent to the major complaisances in order to hold his attention. Well might he administer consolation which, for his own part, he was very far from feeling; Chesterfield was quick to realize that what he said was certainly not what he thought; still, he was grateful to him for the interest which he had been so good as to take in his affairs.

Hamilton made the best of his way back toward his lodgings, to write the most ferocious and insulting letter that he could to Lady Chesterfield, his cousin. The style of this letter had nothing in common with

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the first letters which he had sent her. Reproaches, bitterness, tenderness, threats, the complete paraphernalia of a lover who thinks that he has some very good reason to scold, made up this latter epistle. For fear of an accident, he set out to deliver it himself.

Never had she seemed so lovely as she did at that moment; never had her eyes seemed to hold the promise of greater affection. His heart was softened; still, he was loath to waste all the pretty phrases which he had expended in his letter. She pressed his hand as she took it from him. This gesture completed his conquest. He would have given anything to have that letter back again. It appeared to him, then, that there was not a word of truth in all the reproaches which he had showered upon her; her husband, he thought, must be a visionary, an impostor and the very reverse of what he had considered him but a few minutes before. But his impulse of repentance came a little too late. He had given up the letter; and the Chesterfield had shown so much impatience and anxiety to find an instant in which she might read it, as soon as he had thrust it into her hands, that everything seemed to justify her conduct and to confound his accusations. She managed somehow or other to escape from a solemn visitor, by whom she was troubled, to slip aside into her closet. Himself he felt too much in the wrong to wait till she should emerge, and went out with the rest of the company, never daring to call on her next day in order to get her answer. However, he met her at Court, the first time since their relationship had begun when the encounter was not of his seeking. He kept at some distance, not liking to raise his eyes towards her, and seeming altogether to experience a degree of embarrassment either to make one laugh or else be very sorry; whereupon, having approached him herself: "It's true, is it not," she said, "that your present situation is quite

the stupidest which could possibly befall any man of intelligence. You would much rather have never written; you long for my reply but are afraid you will not get it; still, you want it and fear to have it in equal degrees. All the same, I have written you one." She found time only to say these few words; but she said them with such an air and such a tender look, as might have warranted his supposing that it was Venus in all her beauty who had just addressed him. While he was standing at her side, the Queen's card-table was formed. She took her place there, and he was in some doubt as to what time or means she would choose to convey her reply, when she asked if he would mind disposing of her gloves and her fan somewhere or other. He took them, together with the note which was in question. He had divined neither severity nor hostility in the speech which she had made him but a moment before; and that was why he hastened to tear open her letter. This is what he read:

"Your transports are so ridiculous, that I do you a kindness in attributing them to an excess of tender emotion which has turned your head. You must have a positive hankering to be jealous, if you feel jealousy on account of the person whom you mention. Great God! What a lover, to cause an intelligent man a moment's anxiety; what an intelligence to have got the better of mine! Are you not ashamed, to have thus given way to the nightmares of a jealous man, who brought back jealousy in his baggage from his Italian travels, that and nothing else? The legend of the green stockings, which was the origin of his jealous rage, has managed to make a fool of you too, and on such pitiable occasion! Why, I wonder, among his other confidences, did he not boast of having smashed my poor, harmless

guitar? That exploit, perhaps, would have done more to convince you than all the rest. Be yourself again, and, supposing you really love me, thank your lucky stars that a jealousy so ill-founded has had the effect of diverting the attention which might otherwise, and more sensibly, be employed upon my feeling for the most agreeable and dangerous man in all the Court."

Hamilton came near blubbering with tenderness at these indications of an affection which, it seemed to him, he did not deserve. Not content with enthusiastically pressing his lips upon every square-inch of Lady Chesterfield's letter, he kissed her gloves and her fan three or four times. The card-game done, Lady Chesterfield received them back from his hands, and in his eyes was able to distinguish the joy with which he had been filled by the reading of her billet. Nor could he content himself with all that he had been able to express by his looks; he flew home to his lodging, to express four times as much with the assistance of pen and ink.

How different this letter was from the letter which had preceded it! Perhaps it did not show an equal degree of epistolary talent, since it is seldom that a letter in which pardon is begged contains as much wit as when offence is given. The style, used to express tenderness, is rarely so much to the point as the style which accompanies invective. None the less, their peace was made; this quarrel had sharpened their mutual understanding; and the Chesterfield, in order to render him as unsuspicious as he had previously been on his guard, assumed at every opportunity the air of despising his rival and, which was perfectly sincere, of cordially disliking her husband.

Such was his confidence in her now, that he countenanced her giving the Duke certain public marks

of favour, so as to cover up the evidence of their secret relations. Thus, no further anxiety troubled him, except his impatience to find a favourable opportunity on which he might give her the fullest possible evidence of his love. He considered, for his part, that to bring this about only rested with her; she, on the contrary, opposed his desires and enumerated the various obstacles which lay in their path, adding that she wanted no better than to see him thrust them aside, by using all his industry and all his perseverance.

That shut his mouth, and while he laboured at it as she directed, and wondered how it was that two persons whose feelings for one another were so warm, who were agreed in every respect, could get no further than mere empty wishes, fortune sprung on him a very unwelcome surprise, which left no doubt either of his rival's happiness or of his mistress' treachery.

When one fears them most, the reverses of fortune commonly fall lightest; but they are often crushing when one has deserved them but expects them the least. Hamilton was in the middle of the tenderest and most passionate epistle which he had ever addressed to Lady Chesterfield, when her husband arrived to gratify him with the particulars of this last discovery. He had only time to hide his amorous masterpiece among a number of other papers, with such precipitation did Lord Chesterfield come bursting into his room. So full were heart and brain of what he had just been writing to Lady Chesterfield, that at first he took her husband's accusations in very ill part; besides which, Lord Chesterfield had appeared at an excessively unfortunate moment. Still, heard he must be, and after listening to him for an instant, he very soon changed his mind, opening his eyes wide, as Lord Chesterfield related to him circumstances of such extravagant indiscretion that they appeared unbelievable, in spite of all the detail by which they were

supported. "You may well be surprised," Chesterfield remarked when he had finished his harangue; "but, in so far as you were inclined to cast doubt on what I have just told you, you will not find it difficult to provide yourself with witnesses who will be able to confirm my story. For the scene of these tender familiarities was no less public than the chamber where the Queen has her card-table. This chamber was then, Lord be thanked, decently full of people. The Denham was first to get wind of what they imagined they were cleverly hiding in the crowd. And you can see for yourself how successful the Denham has been at keeping her secret. The fact of the matter is, that she spoke to me first, as I was entering the room, and told me that I had better warn my wife that others could see what I myself had only to go up and see with my own eyes.

"As I have already explained, your cousin was at the card-table. The Duke was close by. I do not know what had become of his hand, but I know very well that his arm had disappeared right up to the elbow. I was standing behind them in the position which Lady Denham had just vacated. He turned round and saw me, and was so disconcerted by my presence that, in drawing away his hand he came near to completely undressing Lady Chesterfield. I am not sure whether they realized that I had found them out; but I am perfectly sure that Lady Denham will see to it that nobody remains in ignorance. I must confess that I am in an indescribable confusion of mind. I should have no hesitation as to what course I ought to adopt, was it permissible to nurse feelings of resentment against the individual who has besmirched my honour. As for my wife, I should know how to deal with her, if, unworthy though she may be of any consideration, I did not feel some regard for an illustrious family whom a scandal, in proportion to the gravity of the

offence, would reduce to the utmost despair. In that respect, you yourself are not unconcerned; you are my friend and I am opening my heart to you in the most delicate matter which it is possible to imagine. Let us consult together, then, as to what I had best do in this extraordinarily invidious situation."

Hamilton, more upset and confounded even than was Lord Chesterfield himself, was not particularly well suited for giving advice. He listened but to the promptings of jealousy and breathed out only a spirit of vengeance. These emotions, however, having somewhat died down, since he hoped that there might be calumny or at least an element of exaggeration in what was imputed to Lady Chesterfield, he begged her husband to postpone his resolutions until such time as he might be more fully informed concerning what had passed, assuring him, at the same time, that if he found that things were as he said, he would turn a deaf ear to all other interests.

Thereupon they parted; and Hamilton, after making a few preliminary enquiries, found out that everybody at Court knew of the incident in question, and that everybody added something to the story while telling it. Then disappointment and resentment flamed up in his heart, in proportion as his original tenderness died down.

It would have been within his power to see Lady Chesterfield and overwhelm her with all those reproaches which, on similar occasions, the offended party is usually anxious to deliver. But he was far too angry, to so moderate his resentment that his expression of it might have led to an explanation. He considered himself as the one person who had been really and truly injured in this affair; for he could not bring himself to consider the injury done to an outraged husband as anything in comparison to that of an offended lover.

He hurried off, then, to my Lord Chesterfield, in a blinding transport of rage, and told him that, after what he had learned, he would have no hesitation in giving him a piece of advice which he would certainly follow himself were he similarly situated; he must delay no further, he added, if he wished to save a woman who was strongly infatuated but, it might be, had not lost all her innocence, though she had completely lost her head; he must, in short, immediately take her off to the country and, so as not to give her time to look about her, it was best that this should be done as soon as possible.

Lord Chesterfield found no difficulty in adopting a plan, which he had already envisaged as the only advice which a friend could give him. His wife, however, who was still ignorant that this new discovery of her conduct had been made, thought that he must be joking when he ordered that she should get ready to leave for the country within a couple of days. She was the more inclined to take this command as a joke, because they were then in the middle of an extremely stormy winter. But she was very soon aware that it had been meant seriously. She could tell, from the manners and general demeanour of her husband, that he thought himself to have some perfectly authentic reason for treating her in this extremely high-handed way. Finally, noticing that all her relations were excessively frigid and collected when she addressed her complaints to them, in this universal abandonment she fell back, as her last resort, on the tenderness of Hamilton; she imagined that by him she might be enlightened as to a misfortune of which she could not discover the cause, and that his passion for her would in the end hit on some way of postponing this journey which, she flattered herself, would upset him even more than it had upset herself. She might as well have expected pity from a crocodile.

Eventually, when the eve of her departure was come, when all the preparations for a long journey had been made, when she was receiving formal visits of good-bye, and yet still was without any news of Hamilton, her patience and hope in this miserable situation were very nearly exhausted. To shed a few tears might have relieved her feelings; but she preferred to deny herself this relief rather than gratify her husband. Hamilton's behaviour seemed to her absolutely incomprehensible and, as he still did not appear, she found a way of sending him the following note:—

"Are you, too, willing to be numbered among those who, without vouchsafing to inform me what is the crime for which I am treated like a slave, are allowing me to be thus carried away into captivity? What does it mean, your silence and inactivity, on an occasion when your tenderness ought to be at its highest? The moment of my departure draws near, and I am ashamed to feel that it is you who compel me to regard it with horror, since I have reason to believe that you are almost less nearly touched than anybody else. Do at least tell me whither I am being haled; what they purpose to do with me, once they have dragged me into the wilderness; and why it is that you, with everybody else on earth, seem changed in your regard for a person whom the whole world would not have compelled to change, if your feebleness or your ingratitude did not render you unworthy of her affection."

This billet had only the effect of hardening his heart, and making him all the prouder of the exemplary vengeance which he had exacted. He drank deep of the pleasure of seeing her in despair, since he had no

doubt that her pain and the regret with which she left London were for another.

That he himself should have contributed to her affliction was no small part of his happiness, and he congratulated himself on the plan which he had thought out to separate her from a rival who, maybe, was on the point of the supreme enjoyment. Fortified as he was against his proper tenderness by all that there is inflexible and hard in a state of jealous fury, he saw her depart with an indifference which he was at no pains to conceal from her. This unexpected treatment, augmented by so many other misfortunes which had combined to overwhelm her all at once, had in reality plunged her into the deepest depression of spirits.

The rumour of this affair filled the Court. There was nobody who did not know the reason for her thus so suddenly going away; but there were very few found who approved the behaviour of Lord Chesterfield. In England they looked with amazement upon a man who had the indecency to be jealous of his wife; but, in the town especially, the spectacle of a husband resorting to such violent measures, in order to prevent what jealousy feared and deserved, was a phenomenon so far unheard of. Poor Chesterfield was excused, as far as those who defended him dared make his excuses without drawing down on themselves public odium, by blaming the bad upbringing which he had received. And all good mothers made a solemn vow that their children should never be allowed to set foot in Italy, as long as they lived, for fear that they might bring back this disgraceful habit of keeping their wives under lock and key.

As the whole business was long the main subject of conversation at Court, the chevalier de Gramont, who was not thoroughly acquainted with the details of the affair, seemed to be more up in arms against this odious tyranny than all the worthy citizens of London

put together; and it was on this subject that he composed new words to the fateful saraband, which had played such an unfortunate part in the adventure. These verses passed as his; but if Saint-Evremond had also had a hand in them, they were certainly not his most distinguished production, as the following chapter will make clear.

Chapter Nine

Any man who thinks that his honour depends on that of his wife is a fool, and torments himself and makes her thoroughly miserable; the man who, naturally jealous, adds to this misfortune the misfortune of being in love with his wife and demanding that she shall only live for him, is a maniac, whom all the torments of hell have surrounded on earth and who generally goes unpitied. Every discussion, which has taken place with regard to such conjugal miseries, leads us to the conclusion that, before the catastrophe has taken place, precautionary measures are quite useless, and that, once it has occurred, vengeance is altogether despicable.

The Spaniards, who tyrannize over their spouses more as a matter of tradition than from feelings of actual jealousy, content themselves with safeguarding the niceness of their honour by means of duennas, grills, and bolts. The Italians, who are circumspect in their suspicion but vindictive once resentment has been aroused, have various different methods of procedure; some allay their fears by shutting their wives up behind bolts and bars which they imagine to be insurmountable; while others refine, by divers precautions, on all that the Spaniards have been able to invent for the purpose of keeping the opposite sex in captivity; the larger number of them, though, suppose that, in cases of unavoidable danger or where transgression has been made manifest, the surest way to go to work is by assassination.

But you, O ye peaceable and benignant nations, who, far from taking on these ferocious manners and

barbarous observances, are pleased to give your amiable helpmeets the rein without chagrin or alarm, you wile away your tranquil days in all the sweetness of domestic indolence!

Ill-starred was Lord Chesterfield when he thought good to leave the ranks of his long-suffering compatriots and thus, by the ridiculousness of the scandal which he provoked, afford the world at large an opportunity of prodding into an affair which otherwise might very well have remained unknown beyond the limits of the Court, and which would have been generally forgotten at a month's end. But, as it was, no sooner had he turned his back and gone marching off with his prisoner, as well as the decoration which she was reputed to have conferred upon his forehead, Lord knows what an attack was delivered against his rear-guard; the Rochesters, the Middlesex, Sedleys, Ethereges, and the whole troop of wits, bringing to birth innumerable ballads which helped to divert the public at Lord Chesterfield's expense.

The chevalier de Gramont found these efforts amusing and, as they say, refreshing. Whenever the subject was touched upon, wishing to produce his own commentary: " It's a very odd thing," he would say, " that the country, which one might call a young person's gibbet and galleys, in England is only resorted to, in order to punish the unlucky and not those who have actually offended! Here is poor little Chesterfield, immediately trussed up by her wretched husband and carried off to spend Christmas in a country-house fifty leagues from town, all because of certain indiscreet glances; whereas, there are thousands left behind to do exactly what they please, and who make use of the permission to such effect that their conduct deserves twenty strokes of the birch every day of their lives. God forbid that I should mention names; but the Middleton, the Denham, the Queen's Maids of Honour,

the Duchess', and an hundred more, shower their favours to right and to left and nobody breathes a word. As for Lady Shrewsbury, she is prodigious; I would take my oath that a man might be killed for her every day, and she would only hold up her head the higher on account of it. You would think that she received plenary indulgence for everything that she did. There are three or four gentlemen who wear each of them a yard of her tresses by way of bracelet, and nobody cares a pin. Yet, in spite of all this, a brute like Chesterfield is allowed to behave with the tyranny we have just witnessed, tyranny so far quite unknown here, towards the prettiest woman in all England, the cause being a mere nothing! If he thinks that he is behaving like a very sensible fellow, I can only beg to remain his humble servant; such precautions, when all is said, are absolutely useless; and there is many a woman who would never dream of mischief, were she left in peace, who comes to it from motives of vengeance, or through sheer necessity; it is the Gospel truth. Listen to what Francisco's saraband has to say:

Jaloux, que sert tout votre effort?
L'amour est trop fort;
Et quelque peine
Que l'on prenne,
Elle est vaine,
Quand deux coeurs une fois sont d'accord.
Il faut devant vous
Cacher ce qu'on fait de plus doux:
On contraint ses plus chers désirs:
On prend cent plaisirs;
Mais pour les soins
De cent témoins,
En secret on n'aime pas moins.

Such were the verses of which the chevalier de Gramont passed for being the author. Neither in the justice of the sentiment, nor yet in the turn of the verse, were they particularly remarkable; but as they

contained some home-truths which flattered the genius of the nation, as well as of those who had the interests of the fair sex most at heart, all the ladies were anxious to have a copy of them in order to teach them to their children by rote.

Meanwhile, the Duke of York, who no longer saw Lady Chesterfield, had no great difficulty in forgetting her charms. Her absence, though, was attended with circumstances which might not have failed to cause the man, who had been instrumental in exiling her, certain sharp pricks of remorse; but there are temperaments lucky enough to be able to console themselves for any deprivation, simply because there is nothing that they feel at all deeply. However, since his heart could not be permitted to lie fallow, as soon as he had forgotten Lady Chesterfield, he remembered his former love; and he needed but a slight impetus to relapse into his old passion for Miss Hamilton.

There was in London, at that time, a celebrated portrait-painter called Lely. The large number of pictures by the famous Van Dyck, which are scattered all over England, had greatly assisted him in his studies. Of all the moderns, it is Lely whose works have come nearest to and best imitated Van Dyck. The Duchess of York wished to have a gallery of the fairest persons at Court; Lely painted them for her. In this commission he expended all his art; and there is no doubt that he could scarcely have had more beautiful sitters. Every picture seemed a masterpiece; but his portrait of Miss Hamilton was the most successful of them all. Lely admitted that he had enjoyed painting it; the Duke of York enjoyed looking at it, and once again began ogling the original. But in that quarter he could not hope for success; and, while his affection, lavished to no purpose upon Miss Hamilton, had the effect of agitating the tender feelings of the chevalier de Gramont, Lady

Denham took it into her head to renew the negotiations which had been so unfortunately interrupted. Very soon she was seen to have gained her point; when both parties bring goodwill to any negotiation, they do not waste their time haggling. Upon one side, everything was going as well as could be desired; yet I know not what fatality opposed the pretensions of the other. The Duke strongly urged the Duchess to put the Denham in possession of the place for which she was ambitious. But, as she was not guarantee for the secret articles of the treaty, although up till that moment she had borne patiently with her husband's vagaries and seemed to be perfectly submissive to all his whims, she thought it harsh and unconscionable that she should be obliged to receive about her person a rival who would inevitably expose her to the danger of cutting a very poor figure in the midst of her own Court. None the less, she found herself very near to being forced into obedience by the weight of her husband's authority, when a much more serious obstacle interfered to put an end for ever to poor Lady Denham's hopes of gaining this fatal place, which she had solicited with so much zeal.

Old Denham, who was naturally jealous, became more and more so, and grew convinced that his suspicions were not without basis. His wife was young and beautiful; himself he was old and unappetizing. What reason had he to believe that Providence would absolve him from the fate which usually attends husbands of his age and complexion! Thus he continually pondered; but, when congratulated by all he met upon the place which his wife was going to obtain near the Duchess' person, his reflections would have inclined him to suicide if he had had the necessary courage. Traitor that he was, he preferred to make proof of his firmness against another. He lacked precedents, though, fully to vent his spleen in

a country where women are privileged. Lord Chesterfield's example was not sufficient for what he had in mind; besides which, he had not a country-house where he could incarcerate the unfortunate Lady Denham. Thus the old ruffian arranged that she should take a far longer journey, while never leaving London; pitiless death cut her off among her fairest hopes and in the flower of her age.

Nobody doubted but that he had poisoned her, and the rabble near where he lived determined to stone him as soon as ever he showed his nose out of doors. Denham, however, kept his house, the better to lament his wife's decease, till such time as their fury had been allayed by a magnificent funeral, at which he distributed to people four times greater quantity of burnt wine than had ever yet been drunk at any obsequies in England.

While the town was expecting some great disaster to expiate these funereal manifestations of conjugal jealousy, Hamilton was by no means in so pleasant a frame of mind as he had flattered himself that he would be, after the departure of Lady Chesterfield. At that time, his actions had been guided only by sentiments of jealous rage. Now his vengeance had been satisfied; but his love still remained unslaked. The absence of a woman, whom he had not ceased to love in spite of the resentment which he felt, allowed him to make certain reflections of the sort which the memory of a recent grievance has invariably the effect of suppressing: "To what end," he mused, "did I give myself so much trouble on purpose to make a woman miserable who, guilty as she may be, is alone capable of making me happy? Cursed jealousy?" he went on, "crueller even for him who torments than for her who is tormented! What good has it done me thus to have snatched the Chesterfield from the hopes and desires of a rival more fortunate than myself, if by doing so I must needs drag myself

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away from the object which my heart finds most sympathetic and belovéd!"

Any number of other meditations, equally vehement and all too late, made him realize that, in an attachment like his, it was better to go shares with a rival than to go hungry; thus, while he fed on vain regrets and hopeless remorse, he received a letter addressed to him by the person who was causing these emotions—a letter, moreover, which so naturally tended to heighten them that, after having read it, he regarded himself as the greatest criminal in the world, and which ran as follows:

"You will be as much surprised to get this letter, as I was at the pitiless air with which you saw me go. I want to believe that you have imagined for yourself reasons, which would justify such unforgivable behaviour. If your feelings are still as hard towards me as they were, you will be delighted to learn that I am agonizing in the most horrible of prisons. Everything that is most gloomy in the country-side, at this time of year, presents itself to my view; kept indoors by quagmires of impenetrable mud, from one window I see a prospect of rocks, from another of sheer precipices; but, inside the house, wherever I turn my eyes, I meet those of a jealous husband, which is still more distasteful than the gloomy scenes which environ me. I should add to the miseries of my life the misery of seeming guilty to a man who ought to have maintained my innocence, even if appearances were against me, supposing that my avowed blamelessness gave me the right to complain or utter reproaches. But how can I defend myself when I am so far away! And how comfort myself with the reflection that the picture I have just drawn of my imprisonment will not prevent your giving ear to what I say! But do you deserve that I should so much as wish

it? Heavens, how bitterly should I hate you, if I did not love you to distraction! Come, then, to see me but once, and hear my defence. I am persuaded that, after this visit, if you still think me guilty, it will not be guilt towards you. Our Argus leaves to-morrow to attend a lawsuit, which will keep him at Chester eight days. I do not know if he will win it; but I know very well that it rests with you if he loses another which is at least as close to his heart as the one which he is going to fight."

There was that in her letter, which might have decided him to run headlong into an undertaking far more rash than had been actually suggested, although in itself the plan was sufficiently gallant. He had no very clear notion of how she would manage to justify herself; still, she assured him that he would be satisfied with the result of his journey, and, for the moment, that was all he asked.

He had a relation who was living with Lady Chesterfield; and this lady, having accompanied his cousin into exile, had been rewarded with some share in their mutual confidence. It was through her that he had received the letter which has been transcribed above, as well as all the necessary instructions, concerning his departure and arrival. In expeditions of this sort it is necessary that absolute secrecy should be maintained, at least until they have been brought to a happy conclusion. Hamilton then took post, setting off at night, and animated by such tender and gratifying hopes that, in next to no time by comparison with the weather and the state of the road, he had covered fifty mortal leagues. At the last stage he took the precaution of dismissing his postilion. Day was not yet come and, mindful of the rocks and precipices which his lady had described, he walked, for a man madly in love, with unusual deliberation.

Thus, he was fortunate enough to avoid all the dangerous places; and, following his instructions, he set foot to the ground at a certain little hovel which abutted on the park wall. The accommodation it afforded was not magnificent; but, as he much needed a rest, he found there everything that was necessary for his purpose. He was in no hurry to see the light, and still less anxious to be seen himself—with the result that, having shut himself up into his darksome retreat, he fell asleep and continued to sleep soundly till it was almost midday. Then, as, upon waking up, he experienced considerable hunger, he made an excellent meal and, after that, as he was the nicest and most speckless gentleman at Court, and was going to meet the nicest and most speckless lady in all England, he spent the rest of the day engaged in making himself proper and seeing to all the preparations which time and place permitted, without condescending either to leave the house for a moment, or to address the smallest enquiry to his hosts. Finally, the orders, which he had expected with impatience, arrived, just as night was falling, carried by a sort of messenger who, acting as his guide, after they had wandered together a whole half-hour in the mud through a park of enormous size, let him into a garden, into which opened the door of a ground-floor room. There he was posted, face to face with this door through which, as he thought, they would soon come to lead him away to some more pleasant spot. His guide now bade him good night; the night drew on; but the door remained shut.

Winter was nearly over; yet it seemed that the cold weather had only just begun. He was muddy up to the knees, and realized that, if he took the air in this garden much longer, the frost would cover him in stiffened mire. Another man would have suffered considerably from thus spending the first part of an

extremely sharp and extremely black night; but it was as nothing to a man, who flattered himself that he would pass the last hours of it so very deliciously. At the same time, he felt considerable surprise at seeing such a wealth of precautions being taken in the husband's absence. His imagination, warmed by a thousand tender fancies, enabled him for some while to stand out against the cruel effects of impatience and the extreme rigours of the cold. Yet, little by little, he felt himself growing colder; and the two hours, which seemed to him more like two centuries, having passed by and still not the smallest sign of life coming from the house, neither from the door nor from the windows, he began to reason somewhat with himself upon the present state of his affairs and the course of action which, at this juncture, he would be wisest to adopt: "If we were to rap at that cursed door?" he mused; "for, supposing fate is not on my side, it would be more honourable to die in the house than to perish of cold in the garden. It is true," he continued, "that by taking that line I might expose a person, whom some unexpected accident has perhaps even now reduced to a despair as great, or greater than mine." This reflection fortified him, with all the patience and resolution that he had, against the enemies who were thwarting his desire. He began to walk energetically up and down, resolved that he would wait there as long as it was humanly possible, without dying, to see the end of an adventure which had had such a gloomy commencement. But it was useless and, exercise himself as he might, although he was covered in a heavy cloak, a numbing chill began to creep through every limb, the cold finally subduing all the vivacity and warmth that it is in love's power to supply. Day was now not far off; and, considering the state into which the experiences of that night had put him, he judged that it would be of no avail hence-

forward, did the enchanted door open to receive him, and regained, as best he could, the place from which he had set out upon this remarkable expedition.

It needed all the faggots that the little house contained, effectually to unfreeze him. The more he thought over his adventure, the more bizarre and incomprehensible did the incidents, which had characterized it, appear. Yet, far from bearing any malice against the charming Chesterfield, he nursed a thousand different anxieties on her behalf; now he imagined that her husband had inappropriately returned; now that some sudden illness had seized on her; in fact, that some obstacle had unfortunately presented itself so as to counteract his felicity just when his lady was most tenderly disposed. "And yet," he pondered, "why was I forgotten like that, in that abominable garden? What! could she not find an instant, at least to make me some sign, since she could neither speak to me nor receive me!" He was at a loss to which of these conjectures he should give his suffrage, and was puzzled to reply to the questions which he had asked himself. Still, as he was pleased to think that things would go better the following night, after having sworn that he would never again set foot in that miserable garden, he gave orders that he should be awakened as soon as anybody arrived asking to speak with him, and, throwing himself down on the most uncomfortable bed in the world, he had no difficulty in falling as fast asleep as he would have done in much finer surroundings. He had expected to be awakened only by some letter or some message from Lady Chesterfield; but he had not slept two hours when he started up at a tremendous noise of hounds and hunting-horns. The cottage, which served as his retreat, abutted, we have already explained, upon the park wall. He called his host to enquire what the devil was this hunt, which seemed to be in the middle

of his room, so much louder did it grow as it drew near. The man replied that it was his Lordship who was hunting the hare in his park. "What Lordship?" Hamilton demanded in astonishment. "His Lordship, the Earl of Chesterfield," the yokel replied; and so astonished was Hamilton at this news that, in his first excess of surprise, he put his head under the clothes, expecting every moment to see Lord Chesterfield come rushing in with his whole pack at his heels. But, as soon as he had somewhat recovered from his astonishment, he fell to cursing the freaks of fortune, since he never doubted that it was the inopportune return of his mistress' unwanted husband which had been at the bottom of the sufferings he had endured last night.

After such an alarm, there was no question of falling to sleep a second time. He got up, and started turning over in his head all the various ruses which it is customary to employ, as often as there is a troublesome husband who must be eliminated or deceived—one who had taken it into his head to neglect his lawsuit, on purpose to torment his wife. He finished dressing and had begun interrogating his host, when in came the same messenger who had conducted him to the garden, and, handing him a letter, went off without waiting for a reply. This letter came to him from his female relative; it ran as follows:

> "I am desperate, at having been the innocent means of bringing you to a place, whither you were only lured so as to be made game of. I stood out against the plan of your coming, although I was then persuaded that it was nothing but her tenderness for you which induced her to suggest it. But she has just disabused me. She is delighted with the trick that she has played you. Her husband has never budged and, what is more, stays because he is

in the plot too. He treats her as kindly as she could possibly wish; and it was during their reconciliation that she discovered that you had advised him to take her away into the country. With such fury and loathing did this discovery inspire her that, judging from the manner in which she has recently spoken to me, her resentment is not yet satisfied. Console yourself for the hatred of a creature whose heart did not deserve your affection. Return; to remain here would only bring down some new humiliation upon your head. Myself I shall not be staying here very much longer; I have found out what she is like, God be thanked for it; and though I am not ashamed of the pity with which I once regarded her, I am disgusted with an association which has now become extremely antipathetic to my humour."

Surprise, mortification, resentment and fury possessed him in turn, after he had done reading this letter. Then threats, invective, and a lust of vengeance contributed successively to enhance the bitterness of his rage. Yet, after all, when he had thoroughly reflected upon the situation, it resolved itself into quietly mounting his little post-horse and trotting back to London, taking with him a very pretty cold in the head, in place of the desires and tender anxieties which he had brought with him. He left these treacherous scenes, making off somewhat faster than he had ever arrived, though the subjects which occupied his mind were not nearly so agreeable. However, when he supposed himself to be beyond any danger of meeting Lord Chesterfield and his pack of bandogs, he considered turning about somewhat, that he might at least be gratified with a glimpse of the prison where this odious creature was interned. Great was his surprise when he caught sight of an exceedingly fine country-house,[1]

[1] Bretby.

situated on the banks of a river, in the midst of the most smiling landscape which it is possible to imagine. Never a trace of precipice nor crag did he see; they were all of them non-existent, except in his perfidious mistress' description. Here was fresh matter of exasperation and confusion for a man who had supposed that he was perfectly well versed in the stratagems, as he was in the tender weaknesses, of the fair sex; he realized that he had been the dupe of a coquette who, in order to revenge herself upon a lover, had effected a reconciliation with her husband.

Thus he regained the friendly shelter of the city, prepared to maintain against all opponents that a man must be very good-natured if he trusts a woman who has already once deceived him; but that he must be quite idiotic if he goes out of his way to run after her.

As this adventure did not greatly redound to his credit, his journey, and the circumstances attending it, were suppressed by him as far as he could. But, since the Chesterfield, as one may imagine, was not equally concerned in keeping his secret, the King was informed of what had happened, and, having complimented him on the part which he had played, desired that he would relate his expedition in full. The chevalier de Gramont was present, while he was telling his story and, after having raised only a very faint voice of protest against the perfidious treatment to which Hamilton had been subjected: "If the lady did wrong," he remarked, "to carry the joke so far, you were also in the wrong to turn tail in that stupid, crestfallen way. I would not mind betting a hundred pistoles that she has already, more than once, felt sorry for a resentment which the trick you played her had certainly done something to deserve. Women like to have their revenge, but their anger does not always last; and if you had stayed in the neighbourhood till next day, may I lose a limb if she would not have

made up to you for her insulting reception on the first night." Hamilton did not agree; whereupon the chevalier de Gramont, wishing to support his thesis by an actual historical example, addressed himself to the King. "Sire," he began, "your Majesty may have known Marion de l'Orme. She was the most entrancing creature in all France. She was as witty as an angel, but she was also devilishly capricious. Now this Princess had given me a rendezvous, but had changed her mind and given it to another instead. She wrote me the prettiest little letter in the world, brimming over with the despair she felt, because she had a headache which would oblige her to keep her bed and, till the next day, would rob her of the pleasure of seeing me. This sudden headache seemed to me rather suspicious, and having no doubt that it had been conveniently assumed: 'O! very well, Miss,' I said to myself, 'if you are not to be gladdened with the sight of me to-day, you shall not be gladdened with the sight of anybody else.'

"Then behold all my touts and messengers brought into action, some skirmishing round her house, others closely besetting her door. One of those last came to tell me that the entire afternoon not a single person had crossed her threshold, coming from the outside; but that, as dusk was falling, a little lackey had issued forth, whom he had followed as far as the rue Saint-Antoine, where this lackey had encountered a fellow, to whom he had spoken some two or three words. I needed no further evidence to confirm me in my suspicions and to decide me in a plan, either of joining the party or else of breaking it up.

"As it was some long distance from the bagnio, where I then lodged, to the end of the Marais, when night was come I mounted my horse, not wanting to have any attendants. Having gained the place Royale, my scout, who was posted there, assured me

that no one had yet gone into Mlle de l'Orme's house. I went on in the direction of the rue Saint-Antoine; and, just as I was leaving the place Royale, I saw a man enter it on foot, who was doing his best to hide from me. But it was in vain; I recognized him for the duc de Brissac, and doubted not but that this was my rival of to-night. So I rode up to him, making a pretence of not being sure whether it was him or no, and dismounting with an extremely preoccupied air: 'Brissac, my friend,' I cried, 'I want you to do me a favour of the highest importance; I have obtained a rendezvous for the first time with a young person who lives just near here. As it is only to take preliminary measures, I shall not be long. If you love me, lend me your cloak and walk my horse up and down a little, till I come back; but be sure not to leave this place. You notice that I am taking advantage of your good-nature; but, as you know, you may ask the same from me another time.' Without waiting for his reply, I snatched off his cloak. He took my horse's bridle and looked after me to see where I was going. That precaution, however, was absolutely useless; for, pretending to enter a door just opposite, I presently slipped out again and down under the arcades, as far as the nymph's front door. It was opened as soon as I rapped. So muffled up was I in Brissac's cloak, that they took me for him and shut the door behind me, never asking a single question. Myself, I had no questions to ask and went straight to the young lady's bedchamber. There I found her reposing upon a couch, in a state of the most gallant and attractive undress which you can possibly imagine. Never had she looked so beautiful nor been so surprised; and, noticing that she was quite speechless with amazement: 'What's the matter, my lovely one,' I asked her. 'It seems to me that your little migraine has turned out very prettily; your headache has

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National Portrait Gallery

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apparently passed away?' 'Not at all,' she responded; 'I can't stand it a moment longer and you will be so kind as to take yourself off and let me get into bed.' 'Certainly, you shall get into bed,' I answered; 'but, as for taking myself off, no, my little Infanta, that won't do! The chevalier de Gramont is not a fool; one does not get oneself up so carefully all for nothing.' 'You shall see for yourself it was all for nothing,' she replied; 'that, I promise you, is all you are going to get.' 'How!' I exclaimed, 'after you promised me a rendezvous . . .' 'Listen!' she broke in sharply, 'even if I promise you fifty, it is my own affair whether I keep them or not, and yours is to make up your mind to do without if it happens not to be my wish.' 'That would be all very well,' I remarked, 'if you did not mean to give it to another;' but here, with the haughtiness of innocence and the quick passion of extreme experience, she fell to inveighing against a suspicion, which had annoyed her more than it could really disturb; whereat, seeing that she was getting on her high-horse: 'Mademoiselle,' I said, 'be so kind as not to take that tone. I realize you are anxious; you are afraid Brissac may find me with you. But allay your fears on that point. I met him close by your house and, God be thanked, was able to see to it that he cannot pay you a visit yet awhile.' This I said to her with a somewhat tragic air. She seemed upset at first and, looking at me with surprise: 'What is that you are saying about the duc de Brissac?' she demanded. 'I am saying,' I replied, 'that he is at the end of the street, walking my horse up and down; if you don't believe me you have only to send one of your people out to look, or to glance yourself at his cloak, which I have just left in your antechamber.' At these words, in the midst of her astonishment, she was overtaken by a fit of laughter and, flinging her arms round my neck: 'My dear chevalier,'

she cried, 'I cannot keep it up any longer; you are too sweet and too extraordinary not to be forgiven, whatever you do.' I told her how the thing had happened; she nearly died of laughing; and, as we separated very good friends, she promised me that my rival could walk up and down as many horses as he pleased, for he would not be allowed to set foot in her house that night.

"And there I found him, obediently waiting for me, just where he had been left. I made him a thousand excuses for having kept him cooling his heels so long, besides overwhelming him with thanks for the favour which he had done me. He said that I must be joking; that such speeches were unnecessary between friends; while, to convince me that he had performed this little service with a good heart, he persisted in holding my horse's head when I got into the saddle. I bade him good night, gave him back his cloak and returned to my bagnio, equally content with my mistress and my rival. See now," he concluded, "how it only needs a little patience and a few stratagems, to counter a lady's wrath and to convert even the treacheries of the fair sex to one's own personal advantage."

Well might the chevalier de Gramont divert his hearers by the stories which he told, instructing them by the examples which he produced and, as often as he appeared at Court, bring with him universal satisfaction; it was too long since he had enjoyed the position of being the only foreigner in the mode. Fortune, jealous when she sees justice done to merit, anxious that all the happiness in the world should depend solely upon her caprice, brought up against him a pair of competitors to dispute his perquisite of charming the whole Kingdom; and these competitors were still more dangerous, because the rumour of their different accomplishments had gone before them,

thus disposing the courtiers to give them their suffrage when they arrived.

They came to display, in their proper persons, all that was most elegant among the gentlemen of the gown and the sword; one was the marquis de Flamarens, sorry object of the sad elegies of the comtesse de la Suze, the other the président Tambonneau, the very humble and obedient servitor and shepherd of the fair Luynes. As they appeared together, they did what they could to produce an effect of common brilliance. Their talents were as dissimilar as their faces; Tambonneau, who was passably ugly, founding his hopes upon an abundance of wit that the rest of the world was slow to recognize, Flamarens claiming for his air and his figure an admiration which he was refused outright.

They had agreed to assist one another for their mutual betterment; and that was why, during the first visits that they made, one of them illustrated what the other expressed. However, the English ladies, they found, were very far from being as partial as the ladies who had made their names celebrated in France. The rhetoric of the one grew dim beside the lustre of the fair sex; the other's good looks were only distinguished in his rendering of the minuet, which he first introduced into England and which he danced with a considerable measure of success. At this Court, they were too much accustomed to Saint-Evremond's wit, and to the charms, both spontaneous and singular, of his hero, to be taken in by appearances. Still, as the generality of the English have a sort of natural inclination towards anything that is redolent of gladiatorial prowess, Flamarens was granted an indulgent reception by virtue of a duel which, while it had exiled him from his own country, served him as a recommendation on the other side of the Channel.

It was Miss Hamilton who first had the honour to

be singled out by Tambonneau. He imagined that she had sufficient wit to disentangle the intricacies of his own, and, charmed to see that in her conversation there was nothing superfluous, neither in the turn she gave it, nor in her choice of expressions, nor yet in the fineness of her sentiments, he often did her the favour of talking with her, and, perhaps, would never have realized how much he bored her if, at the same time as he displayed the treasures of his eloquence, he had not also conceived the plan of laying siege to her heart. That was a little more than Miss Hamilton's good-nature could stomach, since she thought that she had already had enough to put up with, in swallowing his metaphors and similes; he was requested to try elsewhere his fascinating rhetorical bouquet, and not to lose the merit of his first attempt at constancy by a transgression which would bring him no advantage.

This piece of advice he followed like a sage and tractable man; and sometime later, returning to fling himself at the feet of the person to whom he had originally been addicted, he began to set about his political advancement, in preparation for the important business in which he subsequently found himself employed.

It was only after he had gone, that the chevalier de Gramont was informed of the amorous declaration which he had professed. The secret was not worth keeping; still, since kept it had been, he was prevented from appearing additionally ridiculous before the time came for him to leave. His companion, Flamarens, deprived of his support, realized that England no longer afforded any chance of making the progress at love and cards which he had once anticipated. Lord Falmouth, however, always attentive to his master's reputation where the assistance of illustrious persons in distress was concerned, provided for his subsistence, while Lady Southesk saw to his pleasures. From the

King he received a pension, from the Lady everything that he desired; and it was lucky for him that, except the free gift of her heart, she had just then nothing else to hand on.

This was the time when Talbot, of whom mention has already been made and who has since become Duke of Tyrconnel, fell in love with Miss Hamilton. There was not a man of the whole Court who had a nobler bearing. True, he was only a younger son and his family, though extremely ancient, was not remarkable either for its wealth or for the lustre of its achievements. However, absent-minded as he otherwise might be, since he had applied himself to making his fortune, stood very high in the favour of the Duke of York, had made the most of that favour, and had, moreover, won at cards, his success had been such that he now found himself in possession of an income of two thousand pounds, invested in landed property. With this establishment and with the almost certain hope of becoming a peer of the realm through his master's good graces, he offered himself to Miss Hamilton; in addition, he could grant her as many sacrifices as she pleased, letters, portraits, and locks of hair which had been sent him by Lady Shrewsbury, none of them objects of very much use in setting up house, but which did, at least, prove his skill in the arts of love.

This rival was not to be despised; and the chevalier de Gramont considered it all the more dangerous for the interests of his heart, since he perceived that Talbot had fallen passionately in love, and because he knew that he was not the man to let himself be put off by a first refusal; besides which his appearance was not calculated to provoke coldness or disdain when he pressed his suit and, what was more, his brothers were becoming friends of the house. Of these brothers, one was the Queen's Chaplain, a

scheming Jesuit and a great match-maker; the other was what is called a lay-monk, having nothing in common with his order except profligacy and the reputation which is usually attributed to it; for the rest he was free in all that he did, amusing in company but quite capable of telling the truth when it was unpleasant and requiting a friend, when he had done him a good turn.

In the reflections which the chevalier de Gramont ventured on all the aspects of the case, there was matter for anxiety. The slight inclination which Miss Hamilton showed for this rival's suit was not sufficient to reassure him; she could only answer for her own plans and was absolutely dependent on those of her family. But fortune, who seemed to have taken him under her protection while he was in England, delivered the chevalier de Gramont from these new trepidations.

Talbot had long posed as the champion of the oppressed Irish. Laudable as was his zeal for the nation to which he belonged, it was not altogether disinterested. From everybody, whom his credit had re-established in some part of their estates, he had obtained a small consideration; and since the profit was mutual, nobody thought good to raise a protest. But, as it is difficult to avoid being puffed up when fortune or the Monarch's favour is on one's side in everything that one undertakes, there was a certain independence about his proceedings which offended the authority of the Duke of Ormonde, who at that time was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The Duke let him know, with a good deal of haughtiness, that he was not at all pleased. Undoubtedly, there was a great gap between their respective credit and condition; the most sensible thing for Talbot to have done would have been to show himself submissive and deferential. This course of action, however, seemed to him the least attractive; he adopted an attitude of unbending

pride, which suited him very ill, for, having been led into certain remarks, which it neither befitted him to make nor the Duke of Ormonde to pardon, he was imprisoned in the Tower; whence realizing that he would not be allowed to emerge until he had fully apologized to the Lord-Lieutenant, he set his friends to work and gave himself a great deal more trouble to escape from this predicament than it would have cost him never to have incurred it. Through this affair, he spoiled every chance he had had of marrying into a family which, henceforward, was particularly careful to turn a deaf ear to any propositions of his.

He must needs take pains, then, to cure himself of a passion which had contributed far more to the distraction of his heart, than had the recent upset to the betterment of his affairs. These seemed to require his presence in Ireland; as for Miss Hamilton's presence, since his object was to forget as far as possible an affection which still troubled his repose, that he no longer desired. Soon after taking this resolution, he left the country.

He was a heavy gambler and moderately scatter-brained. The chevalier de Gramont had won three or four hundred guineas from him the evening before he was clapped into jail. This adventure had thrust out of his mind the necessity of punctually acquitting his debt next morning, as he was accustomed to do. The matter had so slipped his recollection that, even when he was finally set free, he did not remember it. The chevalier de Gramont, seeing him go away without showing the least consciousness of his debt towards him, thought that it was time to wish him good-bye; and, having met him with the King, just as he was taking his leave: "Talbot," said he, "if you need my good services during your absence, you have only to command me. You know that old Russell has left his nephew here to press his suit with Miss Hamilton;

well, if you like, I will do the same for you. Good-bye, and a good journey to you. Don't fall ill on your travels; but, should that happen, be sure and remember me in your will." Thus reminded of his debt to the chevalier, Talbot burst into a peal of laughter, and: "My dear chevalier," he exclaimed, embracing him, "I am very grateful to you for your kind offer, and I will both resign you my mistress and make a point of sending you your money."

The chevalier de Gramont was prolific of these gentlemanly ways of jogging his friends' memory, should they prove behindhand in acquitting their debts. This, for example, is how he acted, much later, with regard to Lord Cornwallis. Now Lord Cornwallis had married the daughter of Fox, the Treasurer of the King's Household, and one of the richest and most punctilious men in all England. His son-in-law, on the contrary, was a little gadabout, a great spendthrift, eager to play, very prompt to lose as much as his opponent could possibly desire, but not equally prompt to repay his debts. His father-in-law, who did not much approve his conduct, paid up for him, none the less, with the addition of a lecture. The chevalier de Gramont had won a thousand or twelve hundred guineas from Lord Cornwallis, which showed no signs of making their appearance, although he was on the point of going away and had been marked in his farewells to the debtor—circumstances which obliged him to write the following laconic note:

"My Lord,

"Remember the comte de Gramont; and do not forget Sir Stephen Fox."

To return to Talbot, he left in a tenderer frame of mind than might have been expected of a man who has just made a present of his mistress. Neither his

stay in Ireland nor the business which he transacted there, had the effect of altogether curing him; and if, on his return, he found that he was at last free from the shackles of Miss Hamilton, it was only to take on others. The change, which he discovered in both Courts, had the effect of contributing to his own; let us explain how this fell out.

In speaking of the Queen's Maids, we have so far made mention of none but Miss Stuart and Miss Warmestry. Their companions were Miss Bellenden, Mlle de la Garde and Mlle Bardou, all, as it pleased heaven, Maids of Honour.

The Bellenden had little or no beauty; she was a dear, good creature, in whom plumpness and a certain freshness of colouring made up for the absence of any definite merits. She had not wit enough to be coquettish, and so did her best to please all the world by being of the highest accessibility.

Mlle de la Garde and Mlle Bardou, who were both Frenchwomen, had received their posts from the Dowager-Queen. The first was a little swarthy creature who interested herself in her companions' affairs, and the other was extremely anxious to be admitted into the rank of the Maids of Honour, although merely happening to be lodged among them and continually thwarted when she tried to assume their title and their functions.

It would be difficult to combine more ugliness with a prettier figure; but, by way of recompense, her ugliness had every quality which could render it striking. She was employed to dance with Flamarens; and, now and again, at the close of a ball, armed with her natural effrontery and a pair of castanets, she would perform some figured saraband, which made the Court laugh. But it is time to see what came of all this.

Since Miss Stuart was only rarely attendant on the

Queen, her services were no longer counted. The others, almost at the same time, ran through various adventures. This is what happened to Miss Warmestry, who has been already mentioned in passing, as regards the chevalier de Gramont.

Lord Taaffe, eldest son of the Earl of Carlingford, had taken it into his head that he was in love with her—this the Warmestry not only imagined to be true, but she also supposed that he would not fail to marry her on the first opportunity, thinking that meanwhile she ought to give him as affectionate a welcome as she could. He had opened his heart to the Duke of Richmond; they were great friends but even greater wine-bibbers. The Duke of Richmond, for all his breeding, was only moderately distinguished at Court, where the King took less notice of him even than did the courtiers. It was apparently with the object of making a better impression, that he decided to fall in love with Miss Stuart. Between Taaffe and him there were mutual confidences, respecting the passions they had conceived. Here are the measures which they severally took; the little de la Garde was commissioned to say to Miss Stuart, that the Duke of Richmond was dying of love on her account, and that, as often as he ogled her in public, it signified that he was ready to marry her, as soon as she had time to give him a thought.

Taaffe, for his part, had no commission to give the little ambassadress for Miss Warmestry. In that quarter, everything was cut and dried; but she was instructed to obtain certain facilities, which still were lacking to the perfect freedom of their intercourse—as, for example, that he might see her in her room any hour of the day or night that he pleased. It appeared a difficult concession to gain; still, it was finally arrived at.

The Mother of the Maids[1] who, for nothing

[1] See Note on this Office in the Commentary.

in the world, would have consented to lend herself to aught but what was proper and decent, agreed that they might sup as often as they liked in Miss Warmestry's room, provided that no disgraceful intentions were harboured and that she herself was included in the party. This good lady loved green oysters and had no aversion from Spanish wine. She could be sure, then, of finding set aside for her at all these supper-parties two barrels of oysters, one of which she was to eat with the company and the other to take away; whereupon, having drunk her fill of wine, she would bid the rest of the party good night.

It was about the time that the chevalier de Gramont first cast his eyes on her, that she led this sort of life in her room. Lord knows the number of ham pasties, bottles of wine and other fruits of his liberality which were consumed there!

In the midst of this nocturnal revelry and of these innocent friendships, a relation of Killigrew's arrived to fight a lawsui tin London. He won it, but came near to losing his wits.

He was a country gentleman, six months a widower and the possessor of an income of seven or eight thousand pounds. The poor man, who did not know his way about the Court, repaired thither to see his cousin Killigrew, who did not know what to do about his visit. There he set eyes on Miss Warmestry and fell in love with her at first sight. His passion increased, to such an extent that, unable to get any rest day or night, he was obliged to have recourse to desperate remedies; that is to say, one fine morning he went off to see his cousin, told him of his fate and begged him that he would instantly go demand Miss Warmestry's hand in marriage on his behalf.

Killigrew was very much astounded when he heard of his cousin's plans. He could not cease marvelling that, of all the women in London, he should have

taken it into his head to make this particular creature his wife. It was some time before he could bring himself to believe it; but, when he saw that he was quite in earnest, he began enumerating the various dangers and inconveniences which so rash an enterprise must entail. A girl, who had been brought up at Court, he told his cousin, would be a terrible load of mischief to have on one's hands in the country; if he took her there against her will, he would be drawing down on his head all the storms of the inferno to disturb the quiet of a country life; if, on the contrary, he agreed not to take her there, he had only to make a little calculation of what her upkeep in London, according to the satisfaction of her caprices, would cost him in equipage, table furnishing, dress and gambling debts; he must consider, he added, how long his fifteen thousand livres would survive such extravagance.

The other had, in fact, already made these calculations; but, finding that his reasons were less urgent than his desires, he remained constant in his determination, and Killigrew, yielding to his importunities, went off to offer his cousin bound hand and foot to the victorious Warmestry. As he had feared nothing so much as her consent, he was proportionately surprised at the disdain with which she rejected his proposal. The haughtiness of her refusal made him think that she was very sure of getting her own way with Lord Taaffe, and threw him into a new access of wonderment, that this gracious lady should have been able to find two men who were anxious to marry her. He hurried back then to announce her rejection, in all its offensiveness, as being the most salutary tidings which he could din into his cousin's ears. But his cousin would not consider the matter as settled; he imagined that Killigrew was hiding the truth from him, for the reasons which he had already set forth,

and, not liking to say any more to him on the subject, he took the resolution of going to see her himself. For this enterprise he summoned all the courage at his disposal. He carefully considered the compliments he should pay her, but, as soon as he had opened his mouth, she cut him short, remarking that he might have spared himself the trouble of coming into her room to discuss such a stupid business, and one on which she had already given Killigrew her reply. She had no other to give him, she added, nor was likely to have as long as she lived. This was said with all the harshness which it is customary to employ in refusing an importunate suitor.

He was more upset even, than he was humiliated. London and all it contained became hateful to him, and his own person most hateful of all. He left without seeing his cousin, regained his country-house, and, thinking that it would be impossible to exist without the heartless creature, he resolved that he would do his best to die.

But while, so as to be able to devote more energy to his sorrows, Killigrew's cousin withdrew from the society of his horses and dogs, renounced, that is to say, the choicest delights of a country-gentleman's existence, the disdainful Warmestry, surprised apparently by some error in her calculations, took the liberty of being brought to bed in the sight of the whole Court.

A mishap so public, as one may imagine, made a considerable stir. All the prudery of the Court was let loose; ladies, whose age and face were not of a kind to allow them themselves to cause scandal, being principally vociferous in demanding justice. The Mother of the Maids of Honour, who might have been held accountable, declared that it was nothing and that she had information which would silence evil tongues. Further to develop the mystery, she obtained an audience of the Queen and unfolded her

version of how it had come about, in other words, quite decently and properly.

The Queen sent to ask Lord Taaffe, if he recognized Miss Warmestry as his wife. He assured her, very respectfully, that he neither recognized Miss Warmestry nor yet her child. He was surprised, he said, that he should have been honoured by this attribution rather than anybody else. And the unhappy Warmestry, who was less afflicted by the loss of such a lover than she was outraged by the nature of his reply, left the Court as soon as she could, resolved to leave the world too on the first opportunity that presented.

Killigrew, who was about to make a journey when this incident occurred, thought that it would not be a bad thing if he stopped by the way at his miserable cousin's house, in order to acquaint him with it. And, as soon as he saw him, without sparing either the delicacy of his love or the refinement of his emotions, he harshly told him the truth, employing all the colour which indignation could give, expecting to see his cousin ready to burst with shame and resentment.

We read that, on hearing of the death of Mariamne, the officious Tiridates quietly resigned himself to die; Killigrew's soft-hearted cousin, on the other hand, plumped devoutly down on to his knees and, raising his eyes to heaven, delivered this orison:

"Blessed be the Lord, that He has inflicted this trifling disgrace which, perhaps, will lay the foundations of my life's happiness! Who knows if the fair Warmestry will not have me now, and if it may not be my happy fate to pass my days with a woman whom I adore and who, I may hope, will provide me with offspring?" "Great God!" said Killigrew, more taken aback than he had once expected his cousin would be, "you can count on her in both particulars. I make no doubt that, once she is out

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Gordon Castle

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of bed again, she will be glad to grant you her hand; and it would indeed be very malicious behaviour on her part, she who knows so well how to go about it, if she denied you progeny. I should advise you, while you are waiting for the others, to adopt the infant she has already produced."

And so it was, in spite of raillery. This faithful lover sought her out, as he might have done chaste Lucretia or beauteous Helen. After he had married her, his passion only increased; and the generous Warmestry, grateful at first, eventually came to like him, never gave him a child of which he was not the true father, and, since there have been happy and quiet marriages in England, never was there an alliance more blest than theirs.

Some time later, Miss Bellenden, whom Miss Warmestry's example had not alarmed, was prudent enough to leave the Court before she was turned out. The disagreeable Bardou followed close on her heels; but the reason for her departure was very different. Her face and her saraband had become equally tedious, and the King, in order to have to see neither of them again, made each a little pension. So now only little Mlle de la Garde was left on the field; she was not sufficiently strong in vices or virtues, either to be turned out of the Court or else to succeed in establishing herself there. Lord knows what would have become of her, if a certain Silvius, a personage who had none of those qualities which the Roman name he had adopted might have seemed to indicate, had not also assumed as his wife this Infanta de la Garde.

We have remarked that all these Princesses deserved to be thrown out neck and crop, some for their profligacy, others for their ugliness; yet the young ladies who succeeded them found a means of causing their predecessors to be regretted—if one always excepts Miss Wells.

She was a big, splendidly handsome creature, who dressed finely, had the carriage of a Goddess and whose face, though made in every detail like those which pleased most, was, as it happened, among those which were least attractive. Heaven had granted her a certain air of indecision, which gave her the physiognomy of a dreamy sheep. And this, in its turn, gave a bad impression of her intelligence; and, as bad luck would have it, her intelligence lived up in every point to the reputation it had acquired. None the less, since she was fresh and seemed unspoiled, the King, whom the fair Stuart had not surfeited in the matter of intellectual graces, was willing to enquire whether his passions might not be better satisfied by Miss Wells, than were his critical faculties by her wit. This trial was not difficult to make; she belonged to a Royalist family, and, as her father had faithfully served Charles I, she thought that it would ill become his daughter to repulse Charles II. But their encounter brought no very favourable sequel in its train; it was reported that she had put up a rather feebler resistance than would have been proper; that she surrendered at discretion, without ever having been vigorously attacked; and there were others who said that His Majesty had to complain of facilities still less engaging. On this subject, the Duke of Buckingham composed the verses of a song; it represents the King speaking to Progers, who was the confidant of his minor amusements; the allusion to Wells, the English for *puits* gives the epigram its inner meaning. This is how it runs:

Quand le roi de ce puits sentit l'horreur profonde,
Progers, s'écria-t-il, que suis-je devenu!
Ah! depuis que j'y sonde
Si je n'avois cherché que le centre du monde,
J'y serois parvenu.

With this sort of anagram on her name and these

remarks current on her person, Miss Wells was, none the less, a shining light among her new companions, the Misses Livingston, Feilding, and Boynton, persons hardly worthy of a mention in these Memoirs, and whom we will leave in obscurity till it pleases fortune to draw them out.

Such, in Maids of Honour, was the Queen's new Court. That of the Duchess of York was renewed almost at the same time; but, as regards the choice she made, the Duchess demonstrated by her assemblage of brilliant recruits how great were England's natural resources in beauty. Before treating of these ladies, let us enquire somewhat into the character of her first Maids of Honour and the various hazards which induced them to leave Her Highness.

Besides Miss Blague and Miss Price, who have already been mentioned, the position had been filled by Miss Bagot and by Miss Hobart, who was the eldest of the community.

The Blague, who had never been able to learn to her satisfaction what it was that had caused the mischief between her and the marquis de Brisacier, had fastened on the fatal letter which had been handed her as coming from him, and in which, without a word of warning that the Price would wear gloves and yellow ribbon similar to hers, he had contented himself with referring to her blondness and her "little, roguish eyes." That last expression she imagined must signify some marvellous thing, since her glances had been compared to it; and wishing, some time afterwards, to savour this comparison to the full, she asked what the French word *marcassin* meant. There are no wild boars in England, and those, to whom she addressed her enquiry, said that it meant "sucking-pig." This insult confirmed her in her suspicions of his treacherous behaviour; whereat Brisacier, who was even more astonished by her change of heart than she

had been exasperated by his imagined calumny, came to look on her as a creature more capricious even than she was colourless, and left it there. But Sir Thomas Yarborough, who was as blond as she herself, happened to turn up when her resentment was at its highest and received a favourable hearing—a marriage which fortune favoured, no doubt in order to see what would come from the union of two such whey-coloured individuals.

Miss Price was a woman of sense; and, as her face was not calculated to attract many protestations, and as, at the same time, she could not make up her mind entirely to do without them, far from holding herself dear, when the occasion presented, she did not affect the slightest pretence of bargaining. In anger, as in tenderness, she was impetuously inclined, and this had entailed certain inconveniences. She had picked a quarrel, quite unseasonably, with a young person of whom Lord Rochester was then enamoured. Till that moment their relationship had remained practically secret; Miss Price was imprudent enough to do her best to publish it to the world at large, thus drawing down on herself the most dangerous enemy in the whole of creation. Never has a man written with more charm, more delicacy and more ease; but, as regards satire, Lord Rochester's was the most merciless of pens.

Poor Price, who had been foolhardy enough to provoke it, appeared every day under some fresh guise. He was prolific of catches, with her name as the burden and her conduct as the subject. How could she stand up against it, in a Court where every trifle which came from Lord Rochester was eagerly read? It wanted only the loss of a lover, and the discovery which ensued, to bring the persecution with which she was inflicted to a climax.

Dungan died just at that time; he was a worthy

fellow, whose position as lieutenant of the Duke of York's body-guard was filled by Blanquefort, afterwards Earl of Feversham. Miss Price had loved him dearly; his death threw her into the greatest affliction, but it was the inventory of his possessions which nearly sent her off her head. Among these effects was a certain little sealed casket, addressed in the deceased's handwriting to Miss Price. However, far from receiving, she had not even the courage to set eyes on it. The Mother of the Maids of Honour thought that it would be sensible in her to accept what Miss Price had refused, and dutiful to hand it over to the Duchess of York, imagining that it would be full of curious and useful objects, whence some small profit might afterwards accrue to herself. The Duchess, although she was not of the same mind, was moved by curiosity to see what a casket so meticulously and marvellously sealed up might contain, and the opening took place in the presence of several ladies who happened to be in her cabinet.

Therein were all the trumperies of a love affair, which it is possible to imagine; and all these baubles had come from the tender-hearted Price. It was difficult to understand, how a single person could have furnished such a mass of tokens; for, without counting the portraits, there was every sort of hair, plaited into bracelets in so many different ways that it was nothing short of a miracle. After which they found three or four bundles of letters, written in a vein of such lively tenderness that they never dared read more than the first two, so natural was their rendering of amorous transports and ecstatic languors.

The Duchess much regretted having opened this casket in the presence of respectable company; for, with witnesses of their condition, she did not imagine that the adventure was likely to be suppressed. However, as there was also no likelihood of her being able

to retain a young lady of Miss Price's character about her person, she was handed back what belonged to her by right and told that she must go weep elsewhere her gallant's loss, or find some means of consolation.

Miss Hobart was of a temperament as singular at that time in England, as her face was remarkable in a country where to be young, and not in some degree beautiful, is considered a reproach. She had a good figure, an air of great deliberation, much wit and an intelligence which was well-informed if discretion was not its strong point. Her imagination was lively though uncontrolled; her glances were ardent though the eyes from which they proceeded were not calculated to inspire passion. Her heart was susceptible; but rumour had it, that it was susceptible only to the charms of her own sex.

Miss Bagot, who first merited her attentions and assiduities, began by responding to them in complete innocence and good-nature; however, noticing that all the friendship she could give was not sufficient for Miss Hobart, she abandoned this conquest to the Mother's niece, who was much honoured by it, just as her worthy aunt was much obliged by the trouble which Miss Hobart took about the little girl.

Very soon the story of these singular preferences, whether it was true or false, got around the Court. They were simple enough there never to have heard tell of such Grecian refinements in the art of love, and took it into their heads that the illustrious Hobart, who seemed to be so warmly inclined towards the fair sex, was something more than her outward appearance would have led one to believe.

Ditties began to compliment her upon those novel attributes, and her companions, accepting such ditties in good earnest, began to fear her society. Thus alarmed, the Mother of the Maids consulted Lord Rochester on the perils to which, as she imagined it,

her niece was being exposed. She could not have chosen a better adviser; Rochester urged that the child should be removed from Miss Hobart's clutches; and performed his office so well that she immediately fell into his own. Her Highness, who was too generously minded not to treat the accusations which were made against the poor girl as purely fantastic, and too just to condemn her simply on the evidence of the ditties which had gone abroad, relieved her from the post of Maid of Honour and appointed her in service about her proper person.

Of this first bevy of Maids, Miss Bagot was the only one who really had some semblance of virtue and beauty. Her features were fine and regular; she had that dark skin which, if it pleases at all, is so very agreeable; and, since it is uncommon in England, it pleased a great deal. Miss Bagot blushed at everything, but never did anything to raise a blush herself. Lord Falmouth cast his eyes upon her; his protestations were more favourably received than had been those of Miss Hobart; and, sometime later, she was transported by Love, from the post of Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York, to a rank which every young lady in England might have envied.

So as to assemble her Court, the Duchess of York desired that she might see all the young persons who presented themselves, and, without paying attention to references, chose only such as seemed to her the most beautiful.

Miss Jennings and Miss Temple were at their head; they put the other two so much into the shade, that we will mention them alone.

Miss Jennings, arrayed in all the splendour of her first youth, had a complexion more dazzlingly fair than had ever yet been seen. Her tresses were a perfect blonde; but there was something about her so vivid and animated that it guaranteed her general colouring

against that sort of insipidity, which is usually associated with extreme fairness. Her mouth was not of the smallest, but it was the best-shaped mouth in the world. Nature had endowed her with all those charms which it is impossible to express, and the Graces had given this masterpiece their finishing stroke; the turn of her face was delightful, and her bosom, just then coming to maturity, was of the same brilliance as her complexion. To sum up in a few words—her face reminded one of the dawn, or of some Goddess of the Spring, such as our friends, the poets, offer us in their brilliant compositions. However, as it would have been improper that a single person should engross all the treasures of beauty, without a single complementary defect, there was something which might have been improved in the modelling of her arms and hands, if they were to have been worthy of the rest; her nose was not of the highest delicacy and her eyes were comparatively merciful, while her lips and the remainder of her attractions were shooting a thousand arrows straight into the centre of the heart.

Besides being the possessor of this charming face, she was all sparkling with wit and vivacity. Her gestures and her every movement were so many delightful surprises; her conversation was seductive, when she wanted to please; intelligent and penetrating, when she wanted to deride; but, as her imagination often carried her away, and as she often began speaking before she had done thinking, what she said was not always what she had meant to say, and her phrases were apt, sometimes to exaggerate, sometimes to underemphasize the matter which she had at heart.

Miss Temple, who was about the same age, seemed dark-skinned by comparison to Miss Jennings. Her figure was pretty; she had fine teeth, tender glances, a fresh complexion, an agreeable smile and an air of intelligence and refinement. This was the appearance

which she presented to the world; inwardly it would be difficult to determine what she was; for she appeared both simple-minded and conceited, credulous and suspicious, flirtatious and prudish, very self-satisfied and extremely silly.

As soon as these new stars appeared at Her Highness' Court, everybody raised his eyes in their direction, and designs were immediately formed with regard to the one and the other, now with good and now with evil intent. Miss Jennings was not long in distinguishing herself, and in leaving her companions only such adorers as were induced to remain by hopes of tangible success. She held by her wit those whom the lustre of her beauty had first attracted.

The Duke of York, persuaded that she was his rightful possession, took it into his head to exercise his authority and claim the same privilege by which his brother had appropriated the favours of Miss Wells. But, although she was at the Duchess' disposal, she was by no means ready, he found, to put herself at his. She was loath to make anything of the infinity of ogling glances, with which he first attacked her. Wherever His Highness tried to catch them, her eyes were always somewhere else; and if, by some chance, he contrived to hold them for an instant, she did not so much as blush. So he must needs change his tactics; glances were of no avail, and he found an opportunity of speaking to her—which was even more unsuccessful. I do not know how he unfolded his desperate state; but the verbal protestations he made were certainly no better received than when he had only used the language of the eyes.

She was equally prudent and high-minded; and what he had to suggest was agreeable with neither of these characteristics. Although, judging from her vivacious behaviour, she had not seemed capable of entertaining deep thought, still, she was fortified by

certain maxims very useful in regulating the conduct of a young person of her age. The first was, that one must be young to enter the Court agreeably, and not be old if one was to make a dignified retirement; that one could only maintain one's position there, either by putting up a magnificent resistance, or else by capitulating to the finest possible effect; and that, during a residence so fraught with dangers, one must do all one could, when surrendering one's heart, to see that one's hand went with it.

Entertaining these sentiments, she found it less difficult to resist the seductions of the Duke, than to rid herself of his perseverance. She turned a deaf ear to those propositions of establishment, with which he tried to sound her ambition; offers of presents succeeded even worse. What was to be done with this unseemly show of virtue, which nothing could induce to listen to the voice of reason? There was something shameful, in thus letting slip through one's fingers a little feather-head, whose tastes must surely have some correspondence with the vivacious disposition that sparkled in everything she said; who, none the less, pretended to a solidity of character when it was most inappropriate.

After the Duke had thoroughly pondered Miss Jennings' resistance, he came to the conclusion that writing might be able to do what glances, speeches and embassies had failed to accomplish. Writing-paper will put up with anything; Miss Jennings, unfortunately, could not put up with writing-paper. Every day several letters, tender in their phraseology or magnificent in the promises which they contained, were smuggled either into her pocket or into her muff. They were introduced without any particular attempt at concealment; and the malicious little creature took care that those who had seen their entrance, should also witness their departure, unopened

and unread. She did no more than shake her muff or pull out her handkerchief; as soon as he had his back turned, his letters fell showering about her; anybody who liked could pick them up. The Duchess often witnessed this manœuvre, and had not the courage to scold her for her lack of respect. Miss Jennings' beauty then, and her extraordinary prudence, was the chief subject of conversation in both Courts; they could not understand how it was that a young girl, who had left the country straight for the Court, should immediately become its ornament by reason of her charms and its example by virtue of her conduct.

The King supposed that the gentlemen, who had previously made the attempt, must have gone to work the wrong way; it seemed to him unnatural that promises had no power to dazzle her, nor amorous attention to seduce—this young person who might reasonably be conjectured not to adhere to the discreet moral standards which had regulated her mother's life, a lady ignorant of any higher pleasures than were afforded by the plums and apricots of St Albans. He wished to enquire into the matter for himself. In the turn of her wit and in the rare charms of her person, everything seemed new to him; but all of these novelties were provocative. His curiosity to put her to the test very soon gave place to a genuine desire to succeed in this trial. Lord knows what might have happened, for he had all the wit in the world and was, moreover, King. Such qualifications are by no means unimportant; the fair Jennings' resolution was praiseworthy and grounded on judgment; but wit had great charm for her, and a prince's majesty, humbled before the young person who gives ear to his suit, is a spectacle which seldom fails to move. But Miss Stuart, as it happened, was not inclined to countenance the King's design.

She quickly took alarm, and begged His Majesty

that he would be so good as to allow the Duke his brother the trouble of educating his sister-in-law's Maids, and confine himself to meddling with his own flock, if he would not rather permit her, for her part, to accede to certain propositions of establishment which she had received, and which, on due reflection, did not seem to her disadvantageous. This was a threat which could not be passed over; the King submitted, and Miss Jennings derived further credit from the rumours which had gone abroad. She won new honour and, on all sides, attracted fresh protestations; and thus went on her triumphant way, having made innumerable captures without ever impairing her own liberty. Her time was not yet come; but it was now fast approaching. That will be our subject, when we have described her companion's first steps.

Although Miss Temple's face was of the prettiest, it was quite obscured by that of Miss Jennings. At Miss Jennings' side, her wit showed to even less advantage. Two individuals, both of them quite capable of lending her a share, if only wit could be communicated, undertook, at the same time, to make her lose the very little which she possessed. They were Lord Rochester and Miss Hobart. The first began by spoiling her, regaling her with his literary compositions, as if she were the best educated person in the world. He was careful never to flatter her on the charms of her appearance, declaring that, if heaven had wished to captivate him by her beauty, he would have had no chance of escaping, but that, thank the Lord, not being captivated except by intelligence, he was able to enjoy the most delightful intercourse in the world, without the smallest disagreeable consequence ensuing. It was after an open-hearted avowal of this kind, that he would show her some new copy of verses or lately composed song; and it was in these

productions that all who could, in the smallest degree, have rendered Miss Temple jealous, were represented as falling down on their two knees before her beauty and making honourable amends. It was pathetic to behold how such insinuations turned her little head.

The Duchess saw what was going on; and, as she was acquainted with the natural genius of both parties, realized the dangers towards which poor Temple, in her ignorance, was heading. But, since it is no less dangerous to forbid a relationship which has not yet been clearly envisaged, than it is difficult to break into an intrigue which is already well under way, Miss Hobart was commissioned to see to it, as discreetly as she could, that these frequent and prolonged conversations should have no sequel—a commission which she accepted gladly and flattered herself that she would be able to bring to a successful issue.

She had already made all the necessary advances to engross her confidence and goodwill. The Temple, who was less on her guard against her than she was against Lord Rochester, responded to the best of her ability. She was greedy of praise and as gluttonous of every kind of sweetmeat, as if she had been not more than nine or ten years old. Both of these tastes were satisfied. Miss Hobart was in charge of Her Highness' bathroom; her room was not far away; and, in that room, she had a closet which was full of preserves and different kinds of syrups. This closet was very much to Miss Temple's liking, and it suited Miss Hobart's plan that she should enjoy the good things which it contained.

The fine days were returning and, in their wake, came the accessory pleasures. The ladies had been out riding one day; and, on her return from some such gallant expedition, the Temple alighted at Miss Hobart's apartment, that she might recover from her weariness by applying herself to the sweetmeats which

were awaiting her. However, before beginning to eat, she asked her hostess' permission to strip to her chemise, in other words, to undress there and change her linen in her friend's presence. This permission was granted without more ado: "I was going to suggest you should," said the Hobart: "not but that you are as beautiful as an angel as you are now, but because there is nothing like being cool and comfortable. You can't think, my dear Temple," she went on, embracing her, "how glad I am that you should use me thus. Above all, am I delighted to see that you have such a feeling for cleanliness. How different are you, in this, as in many other particulars, from that little fool of a Jennings! Have you noticed how all our Court boobies admire her for a showy complexion which, I dare say, is not her own, and for various pert sayings which she shares with nobody else, but are taken by them for evidence of wit? I have not had enough conversation with her to discover in what her charm consists; however, if it is not better turned than her feet, it doesn't amount to very much. Pretty stories I have heard about her lack of cleanliness; there is no cat fears water as she does! Good Lord! never to wash on one's own account, and even then only what is barely necessary, I mean her hands and neck!"

The Temple swallowed all this more greedily than her friend's preserves; and the attentive Hobart, so as not to lose any time, helped to undress her without waiting for her maid. Miss Temple began by pretending to demur, not wishing to give so much trouble to a person of Miss Hobart's establishment and dignity. But she might look as unwilling as she pleased; the other let her see how much enjoyment she would derive from the performance of this trifling service. Then, when the repast was finished and Miss Temple had been undressed: "Now let's go," Miss

Hobart said, "into the bathroom; we can talk there for a little while, without having to fear that some idiot may come and waste our time." Miss Temple agreed and, when they were both ensconced upon a couch: "You are too young, my dear Temple," Miss Hobart remarked, "to understand how beastly, as a whole, men's characters are; besides, you have been too brief a time at Court, to have been able to distinguish between the people you meet here. As far as I can, I shall try to give you an idea of these gentlemen, but without offending anybody—for there is nothing I detest so much as scandal.

"First, you must realize that all the men at Court are wanting in honesty, good-sense, judgment, wit or sincerity; that is to say, that an individual, who has one of these qualities, is sure to have none of the rest. The magnificence of their equipage, the frenzy that they put into gambling, their good opinion of their own qualities and the perfect disdain which they have for those of others, are their ruling passions.

"Advancement or pleasure are the motives of everything that they do. Those who look to the first would sell God the Father Himself, as Judas sold his Master, and at an even cheaper rate. I could cite you many flagrant examples, if I had the time. As for the professed voluptuaries, or those who make themselves out to be such—for all these fine gentlemen are not so bad as they would like to pretend—they have no regard either for promises or vows, religion or law, heaven or earth, in other words, when it is a matter of getting their own way. They look on the Maids of Honour as playthings, which are installed at Court on purpose to prevent their ever being bored. The greater one's qualifications, the more is one exposed to their impertinences as often as one listens to what they have to say, and to their malice, as often as one refuses them a hearing. As for husbands, you

do not find them here, and, if it is not a question of money or caprice, you may go whistle for all the chance you have of ever being set up in the world; since virtue and beauty are equally beside the point. Lady Falmouth is the solitary example of a Maid of Honour who has made a good match without a dowry. Ask her poor imbecile of a husband why he married her; I am sure he doesn't know himself, unless it is because she has large red ears and flat feet. As for the blonde Yarborough, who seemed so proud of being set up in the world, when everything is said and done, she is the wife of a big stick who, a week after they had been married, made her leave London for good, all on account of property worth a pittance of two or three hundred pounds a year which belongs to him in the Marches of Cornwall. Alas, poor Blague! I saw her go off a year ago and more, drawn by four horses so thin that I am afraid even now she is probably not half way towards her doll's house of a castle. What would you! All the Maids of Honour are crazy to get married, and, if they have the slightest vestige of charm, they think that they have only to show themselves at Court, to be able to choose what husband they please. But, supposing they do, it is the stupidest condition for a sensible woman which you can possibly conceive of. Believe me, my dear Temple, compared to the inconveniences of marriage, its pleasures are so trifling, that I don't know how anybody can make up their minds to it. Far from looking forward to marriage, do your best to avoid such a ridiculous entanglement. Jealousy, once unknown in these happy climes, is now coming into fashion; you have seen instances. With whatever brilliant make-believe they try to dazzle your eyes, don't go making to-day's slave into the domestic tyrant of to-morrow. While you are mistress of your own liberty, you will always be mistress of others. I am

LADY FALMOUTH

Hampton Court Palace

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going to give you some recent examples of the perfidious manner in which men treat our sex, and of the impunity with which they attack our innocence. The Earl of Oxford fell in love with an actress in the Duke of York's company, a charming, graceful creature and one that acted to perfection. Her rendering of the part of Roxalana, in a new play, had brought her into prominence, and the name stuck to her. This young person, full of virtue, prudence, or, if you like it better, obstinacy, proudly refused all the offers of service and the presents that Lord Oxford made her. This resistance irritated his passion; he had recourse to insults and, even, to spells. It was all in vain. Lord Oxford ceased to eat anything—which in him meant very little; but his passion presently became so violent that he ceased to gamble and smoke as well. At this extremity, Love invoked the aid of Hymen. The Earl of Oxford, premier peer of the kingdom, is a handsome person, as you can see for yourself; he belongs to the order of the Garter, which sets off a naturally noble air. In short, to look at him, you would say that he was somebody; but, when you hear him talk, you realize that he is nobody. This ardent lover presented his flame with a fair promise of marriage, authentically signed by his hand—a bait which she was not disposed to swallow; however, seeing him arrive next day, accompanied by a minister and a witness, she thought that she would be risking nothing. Another actress, one of her friends, witnessed the contract on her behalf; and thus the marriage was sealed and solemnized. You think, maybe, that the new Countess had nothing else to do but to get herself presented at Court, take her rightful place there and assume the arms of Oxford? By no means. When the time came, it was discovered that she had never been married at all; it was discovered, that is to say, that the supposed minister was really a trumpeter of

His Lordship's, and the witness his kettle-drummer. After the ceremony, clergyman and witness disappeared, and to the other witness it was explained that the Sultana had apparently thought that she was being married while she was acting in some stage play. Poor creature, she might well point to Law and Religion violated, like herself, by this stratagem; well might she go fling herself at the King's feet and beg that he would give her justice. She must needs get up again, only too lucky in having been awarded, as dowry, a pension of a thousand crowns a year and obliged to re-assume the name of Roxalana, instead of that of Oxford. You will tell me that she was but an actress, that all men are not the same, and that there can be no harm in listening to them, when they do no more than pay just tribute to a person of your deserts. Do not trust them, sure of yourself as you may be; for I know that it is not everybody who has given himself up to this present rage for the Jennings. Handsome Sidney ogles you; Lord Rochester enjoys your conversation and the solemn Sir Charles Lyttelton finds his natural gravity melt before the influence of your charms. With regard to the first, I admit that his appearance is calculated to seduce the inclinations of a young girl of your age; but, even assuming that there was anything behind his face—and, as it happens, there is nothing—even supposing that he thought of you as seriously as he would like to make out, and as you deserve that he should, I advise you not to think of him, for reasons which at present I am not at liberty to divulge.

"Sir Charles Lyttelton is, no doubt, in good earnest, since he seems to be ashamed of the state to which you have reduced him; and I think that if he could but get so far as to dismiss from his mind the chimeras that haunt it, on the subject of what is vulgarly known as cuckoldom, the good man would marry you, and

would carry you off to do the honours in his little government, where you would merrily pass your days adding up the household accounts and darning the napkins. What a distinction to have for husband this modern Cato, whose conversation is full of criticism and whose criticisms are full of crudities!

"Lord Rochester is, without dispute, the man in all England who has least honour and most wit. It is our sex alone which need fear him; but so dangerous is he, where we are concerned, that there is not a woman who listens three times to what he has to say, who does not thereby damage her reputation. It is a success which, in one way or another, cannot escape his grasp, since he enjoys her in his writings, even though he can have none of her in real life; and, in the age in which we live, the public regards both as equally damning. However, nothing is more dangerous than the insinuations with which he worms his way into one's confidence; he shares your tastes and all the opinions you profess; and, although he does not say a single word of what he actually thinks, he compels you to believe every word he says. I wouldn't mind betting, that, from the manner in which he has spoken to you, you have made up your mind that he is the honestest man in all the world and the most sincere. I have no notion what he wants with you, in the attentions which he affects to pay. It is not but that you are beautiful enough to deserve any amount of assiduity; yet, once he had succeeded in turning your head, he would not know what to do with the loveliest creature in the whole Court; his debauches, with the assistance and favours of all the commonest trollops in London, have long ago seen to that. So you can realize, then, my dear Temple, what it is like—this atrocious habit of malignity that drives him on to compass the ruin and confusion of innocence! A ruffian, whose regards and

attentions for Miss Temple have no other end than that he may add some colouring of verisimilitude to the lampoons in which he has already torn her to ribbons! You look surprised, and seem to doubt the truth of what I have just been saying. But I do not want you to have to take my word for it. Stay," she went on, producing a paper from her pocket, "here are the verses, which he made in your honour, while with his flattering speeches and feigned homage he was lulling your credulity to sleep."

And so saying, the perfidious Hobart showed her half a dozen outrageous couplets that Rochester had written against the former Maids of Honour. It was the Price whom he was attacking principally, with extravagant characteristics and the most hideous dissection of her person that it is possible to imagine. Hobart had merely substituted the name of Temple for that of Price, which fitted in with the rhythm and the measure. No more was needed; the credulous Temple had no sooner heard this couplet sung, than she was sure it had been composed expressly for herself, and, in the first impulse of rage, when nothing mattered to her so much as to give an instant denial to the poet's scandalous accusations: "Well! if it comes to that, my dear Hobart," she exclaimed, "I won't stand it any longer. I don't pretend to be more beautiful than another woman; but, as for the faults which that scoundrel is referring to, I don't mind telling you, my dear Hobart, that there is nobody further from having them. We are alone and I am almost inclined to let you see for yourself." The gentle Hobart was quite ready; but, although she quieted her by exclaiming with enthusiasm over all the different features which were produced to refute Lord Rochester's ditty, Miss Temple was none the less at her wits' end with rage and stupefaction, that the first man to whom she had ever listened, not only

had omitted to tell her any word of the truth, but had also had the cruelty to lay false accusations: whereupon, not finding phrases which were capable of expressing her chagrin and the violence of her resentment, she fell to weeping like a mad woman.

The Hobart consoled her as tenderly as she could; she scolded her for taking so much to heart the dastardly conduct of a man, whose infamous character was too well known for such libellous statements ever to be believed. She advised her, at the same time, never to speak to him again; that was the only way, she said, of foiling his designs, explaining that an air of gravity and contempt were much more advisable, on occasions like the present, than an explanation; if she did but listen to him once, Rochester would be justified, but she, Miss Temple, would be for ever ruined.

Miss Hobart was sensible in administering this latter piece of advice; she knew that an explanation would serve to give her away and that she would receive no quarter, if Rochester had so very adequate a reason for renewing his original panegyrics. But her precautions were all in vain; this conversation had been overheard, from beginning to end, by the Mother's niece, a young person with an unusually good memory; and, as she was to see Rochester that very same day, she repeated it to herself three or four times, so as not to lose a word of it when she did herself the honour of regaling her lover's ears with everything that had passed.

Chapter Ten

The conversation, of which we have just spoken, had had no charms except for Miss Hobart. If little Temple had found the exordium amusing, the sequel had put her into a towering rage. To this access of indignation succeeded a curiosity to know why it was, if it were true that Sidney thought of her, she should not be allowed to give ear for a while to his proposals. The gentle Hobart, who could refuse her nothing, promised to make her this confidence as soon as she was sure of her attitude towards Lord Rochester. She asked only three days' trial—after which, she promised that she would tell her what she wanted to know; whereat, the Temple protested that she no longer thought of Lord Rochester except as a monster of perfidy, swearing solemn oaths that she would never listen to him again as long as she lived, still less speak to him herself.

As soon as they had left the room, Miss Sarah climbed out of the bath where, during the whole of their conversation, she had been nearly frozen to death without ever daring to raise her voice. This little creature had obtained the permission of Miss Hobart's maid to do some washing there, unknown to her mistress; and, the abigail having consented, they had filled one of the baths with cold water, I know not how; and little Sarah was just getting in, when they were alarmed by the arrival of the two others. A glass partition divided them from the closet where the baths were placed. Curtains of Chinese taffeta, which drew inside, screened the bather. Miss Hobart's maid had barely had time to draw these curtains and

hide the little girl, locking the partition door and taking away the key, before the arrival of her mistress and Miss Temple.

They had been lying on a couch which ran along this partition, with the result that Miss Sarah, frightened though she was, had heard everything they said and had committed it to memory. As the beautiful creature had only given herself this trouble, that she might be able to receive Lord Rochester the more properly, as soon as she could escape, she scampered off to her garret, whither Rochester did not fail to climb at the appointed hour, there receiving a complete account of all that had passed in the bathroom. Greatly did he marvel at Miss Hobart's temerity in thus daring to meddle in his affairs; and, although he understood that love and jealous spite were at the bottom of it, that consideration did not make him the more indulgent. Little Sarah wanted to know whether it was true that he had any intentions upon Miss Temple, as Miss Hobart had seemed so much to fear. "Can you doubt it," he replied, "since you have it on such excellent authority? But you can see for yourself that, even if the Temple were willing to give me a favourable reception, it would be quite beyond my power to turn her willingness to any account, what with my debauches and the assistance of all the trollops in London! . . ."

This reply put Sarah's mind at rest; she imagined that the remainder of Miss Hobart's accusations must be equally false, since she knew for herself that that particular article was very far from being the truth. Lord Rochester decided to go visit the Duchess the same evening, to see how he would be welcomed, after the fine portrait of him which Miss Hobart had been so kind as to sketch. Miss Temple was there too, determined, for her part, that she would show him a face of the most excruciating contempt which she could possibly manage to assume, although she

was also dressed up as splendidly as she could contrive. Imagining that the ditty, which she had just heard, was in everybody's pocket, she was embarrassed to conclude that all whom she met must suppose her to be as Rochester had described. Hobart, however, who did not place very much reliance on the promises which Miss Temple had made, not to breathe a word of it, remained at her side. Never had she looked so pretty as she did that evening; everybody complimented her on her appearance; but, from the way in which she received these different amiabilities, all thought she must be mad. For, as often as they spoke to her of her figure, her freshness, or her eyes: "Splendid!" she would exclaim; "it is well known that I am really nothing short of a monster; all is not gold which glisters, as they say, and, though a few compliments fall to my share when I am in company, as a matter of fact I am a perfect fright." Miss Hobart could nudge her as hard as she pleased; Miss Temple persisted in this strain; and as she never stopped remarking, with ironic intention, upon her own ugliness, nobody could understand what the devil she was after.

When Lord Rochester arrived, she began by blushing, then grew pale, started forward as if to approach him, drew back, pulled on her gloves one after the other right up to her elbows and, after having three or four times opened and shut her fan with extraordinary emphasis, waited for him to come up and speak to her in his usual way; whereat, as soon as he had started to do so, the young lady made a half turn away from him towards the right and showed him her back. Rochester only smiled; and, seeing that her resentment became still more pronounced, he made the circuit of her person and finally having established himself face to face with her: "Nothing, Madam," he said, "could be more creditable than to shine as

you are doing this evening after such an exhausting day—to bear up under a three hours' ride and then under Miss Hobart when you got home, without appearing absolutely worn out; that is what I call having a temperament!"

Miss Temple had naturally a mild and affectionate glance; but, on perceiving that he had still the insolence to address her, she was transported by such a violent access of rage that, when she turned them on him, he could have sworn he saw a sparkling bombshell in each eye. Miss Hobart pinched her arm, at a moment when she was on the point of backing up these glances by an entire cohort of invective and reproach.

Rochester did not await them but, deferring till another time an expression of the gratitude which he owed Miss Hobart, made a quiet withdrawal. The Hobart, who could not suppose that he knew anything of their previous conversation was, none the less, much alarmed by what she had heard him say; while the Temple, who was bursting with all that she knew but had not been able to ejaculate, formed a private resolution that she would get it off her mind at the very first opportunity, in spite of the promise which she had given, and, after that, never speak to him again.

Now Rochester had a faithful spy in these fair ladies' camp; this was little Miss Sarah who, on his advice and with her aunt's permission, had made it up with Miss Hobart, that she might betray her to better purpose. From her he learned that the Hobart's maid, suspected of eavesdropping in the bathroom, had left her service; that Miss Hobart had taken another whom, it was supposed, she would not keep very long, because she was ugly and ate Miss Temple's preserves—information, it is true, not of very great consequence. Still, the little girl was praised for the zeal which she had shown; and, some days later, she

was able to give him a piece of information after his own heart.

Rochester was informed, through her means, that Miss Hobart and her new favourite were to walk that evening at nine o'clock in the Mall; that they were going to exchange their clothes, put on big scarves and wear masks. She added that Miss Hobart was very much opposed to this project, but that she had been obliged to give in finally, the Temple being resolved to have her way.

Rochester laid his plans accordingly. He sent to find Killigrew, complained of the trick which Miss Hobart had dared to play him and begged his assistance in getting his revenge. It was granted and, Rochester having explained the manner in which he intended to go about it, and the rôle which Killigrew was to enact, they set off together to the Mall.

Very soon appeared our two nymphs, in their disguise. Their figures were not unlike, and their faces, which were exceedingly dissimilar, were covered by their masks. The Park was almost empty, and, when the Temple caught sight of them in the distance, she hurried towards them, meaning to berate the perfidious Rochester in some other character than her own. But Hobart checked her: "Where are you running to?" she demanded; "surely you don't want to get into conversation with that pair of devils over there and expose yourself to all the impertinent remarks which they are capable of making?" These remonstrances were to no purpose; Miss Temple was determined to try her luck; and all that could be obtained from her was a promise, that she would not make any reply to whatever Rochester said.

They were accosted just as they had done speaking. Rochester chose Hobart, pretending to take her for her friend. She was delighted that it should be so; the Temple was furious that Killigrew should have

fallen to her share. It was not with Killigrew that her business lay. He noticed her annoyance, and, pretending to mistake her by the clothes which she wore: "Now, Miss Hobart," he said, "don't keep looking after those other two like that. I have no notion how it comes about that you are both here; but I know that it is very lucky for you that you are, since, as your very humble servant and your friend, I have a little piece of advice to offer."

This opening made Miss Temple curious to know what he would say next, and she seemed readier to hear him. Killigrew, when he noticed that the others had insensibly drawn apart: "In the Lord's name," he demanded, "what do you mean by letting fly at Lord Rochester, whom you know very well for the most honourable man about the Court and whom, none the less, you give out to be the greatest scoundrel to the person who stands highest in his respect and esteem? What would become of you, if he learned that you had made Miss Temple believe that certain couplets, which you know as well as I do were composed about that fat Price, more than a year before there was any question of the fair Temple, had been written against her? Don't be surprised that I know so much; but pay attention to what, in all friendliness, I am going to say to you. Your passion and desires for Miss Temple are unsuspected only by her; for, whatever means you have employed to impose upon her innocence, people do her the justice to imagine that she would send you about your business, as Lady Falmouth did, if the poor girl knew what you were after. So I advise you not to push things too far with a person whose virtue is such that she will refuse you any further liberties. I should suggest, too, that you take back your maid, so as to put an end to the scandalous rumours which she is spreading. She says everywhere that she is pregnant, that the fault is yours,

and accuses you of treating her with the blackest ingratitude on mere suspicion. You realize that this is not the sort of thing which I could have made up; but, lest you should doubt that I have it from her own lips, I must tell you that she speaks of your conversation in the bathroom, the descriptions that you gave of all the gentlemen at Court, the artful malice with which you attributed to the best-looking young lady in the whole of England those exceedingly improper couplets, causing poor Miss Temple to fall into the trap you laid for her, so as to vindicate her attractions. But what might be most dangerous for you, in this long conversation, is the fact that you revealed certain secrets which the Duchess, presumably, did not entrust you with, so as you might broadcast them among her Maids of Honour. Think it over, and do not fail to make some reparation to Sir Charles Lyttelton for the ridiculous figure which you took the trouble to make him cut. I do not know whether it is from your maid that he has learned of it; but I know that he has sworn to be revenged, and that he is the man to keep his word. And, in case you have been misled by that stoical appearance and judge-like gravity, I think you ought to know that he is one of the most desperate and unrestrained of men. Good Lord! it is positively frightful the mischief you have made! He says that it is all very well for a wretch like you to abuse decent people from motives of jealousy; but that he will complain, if you do so any more, and, if His Highness does not give him justice, he will take the law into his own hands and will run you through the belly with his sword, even though it be in the arms of Miss Temple. He says, in conclusion, that it is a disgraceful thing that all the Maids of Honour should pass through your clutches before they know what they are about.

" That, Madam, is what I have to say to you. You

know better than I do, whether I am telling the truth, and it is for you to make what employment you choose of my advice. Still, if I was in your shoes, I should make Lord Rochester's peace with Miss Temple. Once more, don't let him know that you have taken advantage of this poor girl's innocence to blacken his character. Don't try any longer to keep away a man who loves her tenderly and who, with the character he bears, would never dream of casting his eyes in her direction unless his intentions were strictly honourable."

During this harangue, Miss Temple had faithfully kept her word; indeed, such was her astonishment and confusion, that she was in no condition to break it.

When Miss Hobart and Rochester came up, she was still quite stupefied with the extraordinary things which she had just learned—things, as it seemed to her, absolutely unbelievable, but which she could not help crediting when she examined the attendant circumstances. Never was confusion so inextricable as now filled her head.

Rochester and Killigrew left them before she had quite come to herself; but, once she had managed to collect her wits a little, she regained St James', hurrying along as fast as she could, and not replying a word to anything that her companion might say. Then, shutting herself up in her room, the first thing that she did was to tear off Miss Hobart's garments, as though she feared contamination. After what she had just learned, she regarded her friend in no other light than as a monster whose mere contact was fatal to the innocence of the fair sex, whatever sex she could be supposed to belong to personally. She blushed when she thought of the liberties which she had permitted this creature, whose maid had become pregnant, although she had never been in service except with her. So she sent back her outfit, demanded her own clothes in return, and resolved to have nothing more

to do with Miss Hobart. But Miss Hobart, on the contrary, who thought that, in their conversation, Killigrew had taken Miss Temple for herself, could not understand why it was that, ever since this conversation, she had put on such surprising airs. However, desirous of enlightenment, she detained Miss Temple's maid in her room and, instead of sending back her clothes, set off to pay her a visit. Wishing to administer a little friendly surprise, before they came to a regular explanation, she slipped quietly into her chamber, just as Miss Temple was changing her linen, and gave her a hug. Miss Temple finding herself, before she knew where she was, in Miss Hobart's arms, immediately remembered everything which had been told by Killigrew. Miss Hobart, she thought, had a satyr's leering eyes, while she construed her friendly assiduities as bearing an even more hideous import; whereupon, indignantly tearing herself free from her embrace, she began to utter piercing screams and called heaven and earth to her assistance.

The first to come running at this alarm were the Mother of the Maids and her niece. It was not far from the stroke of midnight; there Miss Temple stood, in her shift, terrified and fending off Miss Hobart with expressions of horror, while Miss Hobart was only attempting to get near her so as to discover the reason of her transports. As soon as the Mother had taken in this scene, she started chiding at Hobart, with all the eloquence of her breed, asking if it was for her satisfaction that Her Highness kept Maids of Honour; if she was not ashamed to break into their bedchambers at this hour of night, to do them violence there, vowing that she would complain of her to the Duchess the very next day. This had the effect of confirming Miss Temple in her mistaken views; and Miss Hobart was finally obliged to take her departure, without being able to compel any of these creatures,

whom she thought one and all mad or possessed, to hear a single word of reason. Next day, Miss Sarah did not fail to tell her lover the whole story, relating how the Temple's cries had disturbed the Maids of Honour's apartment, and how she and her aunt, rushing to Miss Temple's assistance, had thought to surprise Miss Hobart *flagrante delicto*.

Two days later, the adventure was made public, as well as a number of circumstances which did not properly belong to it. The Mother backed up the story, explaining, wherever she went, that Miss Temple's virtue had had a very narrow shave, adding that her niece, Miss Sarah, had only kept hers, because Lord Rochester's good advice had induced her, some long time ago, to forbid her having any further commerce with such a dangerous individual. Miss Temple discovered, at last, that the couplets which had plunged her in such bitterness, had been written against Miss Price, and Miss Price alone. Everybody assured her that this was so, and conceived a fresh horror for Miss Hobart on learning of the trick she had played. So marked a coldness, following an intimacy so pronounced, persuaded a good many people that the anecdote was not entirely fictitious.

This was enough to disgrace Miss Hobart at Court and to blacken her reputation in the town; but the Duchess supported her, as she had done before, treated the story from beginning to end as chimera or scandal, scolded Miss Temple for her unseasonable credulity, dismissed the Mother of the Maids and her niece for the backing of falsehood which they had supplied, and did a number of unjust things to re-establish Miss Hobart's credit, without, as it happened, any success. She had her own reasons for not abandoning her, as we shall relate in the sequel.

Miss Temple, who did not cease to accuse herself of injustice where Lord Rochester was concerned,

and who, on Killigrew's authority, had come to believe him the honestest man in England, asked no better than to be able to justify herself in his eyes, making him some sort of reparation for her previous harsh behaviour. Inclinations so favourable, in the hands of a man of his character, might perhaps have led her further afield than she meant to go; but Heaven was not pleased to put him in the way of profiting by her submission.

As long as he had been at Court, Rochester had scarcely ever omitted to get himself banished once a year, at the very least; for, as often as he had some sally quivering on the tip of his tongue or on the nib of his pen, he let it fly, whether it was on paper or in conversation, without the smallest regard for consequences. Ministers, mistresses, and often even the Master himself, were involved; and, if he had not had to do with one of the most kindly monarchs who has ever lived, his first disgrace would also have been his last.

It was at the period when the Temple sought him out, to ask pardon for what the black-hearted stratagems of Miss Hobart had cost them both, that the Court was forbidden him for the third time. He left without having seen Miss Temple, carried off the disgraced Mother to his house in the country, and did all he could to cultivate a certain disposition which her niece had evinced for the stage. However, noticing that, in this course of instruction, he did not succeed so well as in the course which had preceded it, when he had kept her and her aunt some months at his country-house, he managed to get her received in the King's company next winter; and the public was obliged to him for the prettiest, but also the worst actress in the realm.

While these events were passing at Court, Talbot arrived from Ireland. He did not find Miss Hamilton

LORD ROCHESTER

Cirencester Park

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there. She was in the country, with a relative, of whom we shall speak later. In spite of absence and the promises which he had made to the chevalier de Gramont on leaving the country, a remainder of his original tenderness still subsisted in his heart. He tried to form some other attachment, that he might free himself from her influence while she was away; but he could see nothing in the Queen's new Court which appeared to him to merit his attention. Miss Boynton, however, took it into her head to attend to Talbot herself. She had a small, delicately modelled face, to which a good enough complexion and a pair of big, motionless eyes gave, at a distance, a certain air of beauty, that faded away as one approached. She affected to be languishing, to speak husky and low, and to be capable of feeling faint two or three times every day. When Talbot first cast his eyes upon her, she was overcome by one of these attacks of the vapours. He was made to understand that she had fainted on his account. He believed it, and did all he could to bring her round, after this incident assuming a certain air of tenderness whenever he was at her side, more with the purpose of safeguarding her life than of indicating any genuine affection. These airs were well received; her first impression of him had been actually very favourable. He was one of the tallest men in England and, if appearances were to be credited, one of the most robust; however, she made it sufficiently obvious that she was willing to commit the delicacy of a constitution such as hers to all possible hazards, in order to become his wife; and perhaps she would have had her way, then and there—as she did, in fact, afterwards—if the charms of the fair Jennings had not momentarily intervened.

How it had happened I do not know, but, till that moment, Talbot had seen Miss Jennings very seldom. Still, he had heard speak of her a great deal. Her

conduct, her wit and her vivacity had been praised to him in equal degrees. He took the public's word for it, and found that the qualities she possessed were indeed of a very unusual order, admiring her discretion and her vivacity so finely accorded for her age, particularly in the midst of a Court where gallantry above all else was predominant. He found her attractions, though, far superior to what he had been told of them.

If he was not long in realizing that he loved her, he was proportionately quick in informing her of his love. There was nothing unlikely in that, and Miss Jennings thought she could believe him without flattering herself too much. There was a certain brilliancy about Talbot, a fine exterior and a great deal of nobility, not to say pomp, in his mannerisms. This was set off by the favour of the Duke of York, who paid him a good deal of notice. In her eyes, however, his most essential virtue was an income of two thousand pounds, independently of the benefits which his master conferred. All these qualities were in accordance with the set of rules and maxims that she had determined to follow in the matter of suitors; thus, although he could not boast that her favourable inclination towards him had been overtly declared, yet he enjoyed the distinction of having been better received than any of his predecessors.

Nobody was interested to spoil his happiness; and Miss Jennings, noticing that the Duchess approved of Talbot's suit, after she had thoroughly debated the question, realized that to marry without positively disliking him, would be the best that she could do, and that her reason was more on his side than was her heart.

Talbot, too happy in a preference which no other suitor had ever enjoyed, did not enquire very deeply whether it was to her heart or to her head which he owed it, being chiefly concerned to press on the accom-

plishment of his felicity. One could have sworn that he was within an ace of attaining it; but love would not be love, if it did not amuse itself by deferring our bliss, and sometimes tumbling the best established fortune to the ground.

Talbot, who could have wished no improvement in the beauty, the conversation, or the virtue of Miss Jennings, was somewhat nettled by an acquaintance which she had just made; and, when he presumed so far as to give her a little advice on the subject, it did not turn out well.

The Price, as we have already noticed, a disbanded Maid of Honour, on leaving the Duchess' Court, had put herself under the protection of Lady Castlemaine. She had a very amusing turn of wit, was complacent enough to agree with every form of humour, and, in herself, possessed a fund of gaiety which gave pleasure wherever she went. She had known Miss Jennings before Talbot's arrival. And, as she was conversant with all the intrigues at Court, she passed them on quite naturally to Miss Jennings, and her own among them as naïvely as those of her fellows. Miss Jennings was very pleased that she should do so; for, although herself she desired to know nothing of love unless it was in a good cause, she liked to hear, through the medium of these stories, how affairs of that kind went on; and, never tired of what Miss Price had to tell her, she was delighted to see her as often as she could.

Talbot, who noticed the pleasure which she took in this creature's society, considered that Miss Price's reputation was disadvantageous to that of his mistress, especially on terms of intimate friendship. And that was why, assuming a tone more guardianly than loverly, he took it upon himself to scold her for the bad company which she kept. Miss Jennings, who could be extraordinarily headstrong when she liked,

and whose taste for her friend's conversation was far greater than for that of Talbot, took the liberty of telling him that, "he was meddling in her affairs and, if he had come all the way from Ireland only to teach her how she should behave, he had better go back there at once." Her outburst, considering the footing on which they were together, gave Talbot offence, and, leaving her more abruptly than befitted a man in love, he was proud and unyielding for some time. But this attitude was not to his advantage; whereupon, when he saw that it was doing him no good, he tired of it and adopted the rôle of a humbled suitor, which was equally beside the point. Neither his expressions of regret nor his submission could bring her back to heel, and the little mutinous creature was still deep in the sulks when Jermyn returned to Court.

It was more than a year now since he had triumphed over the Castlemaine's weakness, and more than two years since the King began to find these triumphs exasperating. His uncle had realized this among the first, and had obliged him to absent himself from Court for some time, just at a moment when he was about to be sent orders to that effect. For, although His Majesty's feeling towards Lady Castlemaine was now no more than a certain regard, he did not think it right that a lady whom he had publicly distinguished and who still was obliged to his budget for extremely large sums, should be seen haled along at the chariot-wheels of one of the most ridiculous conquerors who had ever made his appearance. On this subject, he had had several brushes with the fair lady; but always to no purpose. And it was during the last of these, that he had advised her to bestow her favours on Jacob Hall and get her money's worth back, rather than to squander her revenues on Jermyn and all for nothing, since it would be rather more to her credit to pass as the mistress of the first than as the

abject bond-slave of the second—a sarcasm against which the Castlemaine was not proof. Her natural impetuosity flamed up at once, and she told him that, "It was certainly his place to cast such aspersions upon the one woman in all England who least deserved them; that since his low tastes had first declared themselves, he had never stopped picking unjust quarrels; and that, with inclinations as degraded as his, he had no use but for stupid goslings like the Stuart, the Wells, and that little slut of an actress[1] whom he had lately added to their number." In storms of this kind were generally mingled tears of rage; and, thereupon picking up again her rôle of Medea, she would bring the scene to a close, threatening that she would massacre her children and set fire to her palace over her head. What could he do against a fury unchained who, beautiful as she was, bore less resemblance to Medea, when she was in one of her rages, than to Medea's yoke of dragons?

The good monarch loved peace and, as he rarely indulged in one of these quarrels without having to pay for it afterwards, he was at great expense to effect this last reconciliation. Since they could by no means agree and both parties were equally aggrieved, the chevalier de Gramont, with their mutual consent, was elected to arrange a peace-treaty. Each side set forth their grievances and their various claims. However—and this is exceptional—he was able to placate them both. Here are the articles of the peace-treaty which they ratified—to wit:

"That Lady Castlemaine should give up Jermyn; that to make clear his disgrace, she should agree to his being sent into the country for some while; that she should not venture any further pleasantries on the subject of the Wells, nor create any more storms on

[1] Nell Gwyn.

that of the Stuart, without the King being obliged to change his conduct towards her in the least particular; that, as against these concessions, he should grant her straightway the title of Duchess, with all its honours, all its privileges and an augmentation of her revenue to support her new dignity."

As soon as this treaty had been published, the critics—for there are critics of every convention of state—alleged that the intermediary, who played every day at Lady Castlemaine's house and never lost there, had drawn up the last article of the treaty a little too much in her favour.

Some days later, when Lady Castlemaine had assumed the title of Duchess of Cleveland, little Jermyn set off for his country-house. It would have been within his power to return at the end of a fortnight; and the chevalier de Gramont, who had obtained this concession from the King, had communicated it to the worthy old St Albans, to whom it came as a fresh lease of life. But, though he sent the news to his nephew, it was all in vain. Whether it was, that he desired the beauties of London should learn to deplore his absence and exclaim against the hardship of the century and the tyranny of the monarch, he stayed in the country more than six months, playing the little philosopher under the eyes of the neighbouring sportsmen, who regarded him as a magnificent example of the reverses of fortune—which pleased him so well, that he might have stayed there much longer, if he had not heard speak of Miss Jennings. He did not pay great attention to what he was told of her beauty, persuaded that he had known many others quite as fair. He was more interested in what was related of her obduracy and her pride. It was that pride which put him on his mettle, and, leaving his exile to subjugate it, he arrived just at the moment

when Talbot, reasonably in love, had quarrelled, according to his own account, so very unreasonably with Miss Jennings.

She had heard tell of Jermyn as a hero in love. The Price, while unfolding to her the adventures of the Duchess of Cleveland, had often mentioned him, without palliating in any way that lack of vigour which, rumour had it, distinguished the hero's amorous encounters. Even so, this did not prevent her being extremely curious to see a man, whose entire person must be considered as no more nor less than an animated memorial to the favours and familiarities of the fair sex.

So Jermyn had come to satisfy her curiosity in the flesh; and, although his brilliant exterior seemed to have grown somewhat dim during his long stay in the country, though his head seemed larger than ever and his legs more than ever puny, Miss Jennings took it into her little head that she had never seen anything so perfect, and, yielding to the forces of her destiny, she allowed herself to set her cap at him even more unreasonably than had her predecessors—which was noticed with some surprise, since a person who, up till this moment, had been by no means easy, was expected to show more delicacy and discrimination in her choice.

Jermyn was not much surprised at this new conquest, although rather touched; for his heart very soon took as great a share in it as his vanity. Whereas Talbot, noticing with astonishment the rapidity of Jermyn's triumph and smarting under the shame of his own defeat, came near bursting with mortification and jealous rage. Still, he supposed that it would be more creditable to burst, than to make a futile exhibition of either sentiment; and, thereupon, having armed himself with a pretended indifference, he stood aside to watch how an infatuation, which had begun in this way, would turn out in the sequel.

Jermyn, however, derived a quiet enjoyment from seeing the inclinations of the most beautiful and exceptional creature in all England thus openly declared in his favour. The Duchess, who had taken Miss Jennings under her protection ever since she had refused to put herself under the protection of the Duke, sounded Jermyn as to his intentions and was satisfied with the assurances which he gave, coming from a man whose probity was far superior to his proficiency in the arts of love. He let all the Court see then, that he really wished to marry her, although he did not want to press her to make up her mind. The fair Jennings was congratulated, on all hands, upon her conquest of the terror of husbands and scourge of lovers. The Court was in general expectation of this latter-day miracle, and little Jennings was looking forward to being happily set up in the world in the near future; but, while presuming on the certainty of happiness, we must not omit the Goddess Fortune from our calculations.

The King did not usually allow Lord Rochester to languish in exile so long. Rochester had grown bored and, as he thought it unreasonable that he should be forgotten, he came straight to London, to attend the moment when it should please His Majesty to recall him. He established himself, first, in the centre of what is called the City, a quarter inhabited by rich middle-class people and substantial tradesmen, where refinement of manners, if the truth be told, is not so pronounced as it is at the Court, but where pleasures, luxury and abundance hold sway with a great deal less turmoil and much more good-nature. His plan, originally, had been to gain admittance to the solemnities of these happy citizens; that is to say, changing his name and habit, to join in their festivities, to associate himself with them in their pleasures and, where opportunity offered, with the pleasures of their

virtuous wives. Rochester's was a wit which could be accommodated to whatever level of society he pleased, and we shall learn with how much success he adapted himself to the thick-headed commerce of these prosperous aldermen and to the delicate society of their tender and extravagant spouses. He was present at all their parties and all their assemblies; and, while he declaimed in company with the husbands against the faults and weaknesses of the government, he assisted their wives to exclaim upon the vices of the ladies at Court and to cry out in horror against the mistresses of the King. He affirmed with them, that it was to lay burdens on the backs of the poor people, that this cursed usage had been introduced; that the beauties of the City were every bit as fine as those who dwelt at the other end of the town; and yet honest husbands, in their quarter, knew that one woman was quite enough; and, finally, improving upon their complaints, he said that he did not understand why it was that fire from heaven had not yet descended on Whitehall, seeing that they suffered there rascals like Rochester, Killigrew and Sidney, who maintained that all the husbands in London were cuckolds and that their wives all painted—which caused him to become so excessively popular in those circles that he grew tired of the heaviness of their entertainments and the friendly attentions of the cits.

Far, however, from approaching the quarter of the town where the Court was established, he withdrew into the remotest recesses of the City; and it was there that, once more changing his habit and his name, and assuming a new part, he made a covert distribution of handbills, announcing, "that a German doctor had lately arrived in London, replete with marvellous secrets and infallible cures." His secrets were to look into the past and to foretell the future, by astrological

means; the virtue of his cures consisted principally in bringing quick relief to poor girls, from all the maladies and accidents, which might have been induced by an excess of loving-kindness towards their neighbours or by an immoderate regard for their own entertainment.

His first operations, which did not extend beyond the neighbourhood, were not particularly remarkable. But his reputation very soon spread to the other end of the town, and it was not long before the serving-maids at Court began visiting him, and the abigails of women of quality who, owing to the marvels which they reported of the German doctor, were presently followed by one or two of their mistresses.

Among the more light-hearted works of imagination, never have there been any so amusing or so spirited as those of Lord Rochester; and, of all his works, the most ingenious and the most diverting is a detailed account of the fortunes and different adventures which came his way, while he practised medicine and astrology in the suburbs of London.

The fair Jennings fully expected to have her place in this narrative; but the adventure, which forestalled her inclusion, did not prevent the plan which she had conceived, of paying a visit to the fortune-teller, becoming public property in the end.

The first abigails to consult him were, as it happened, in the service of the Maids of Honour. They had a large number of questions to put, and certain doubts to propound, both on their own behalf and on behalf of their employers. Though they had disguised themselves as well as they could, he recognized the faces of several—for example, the Temple's maid, the Price's and the maid whom Miss Hobart had latterly dismissed. These creatures came home after their visit, some in transports of delight and others full of consternation. Miss Temple's maid swore, that he had told her that she would catch the smallpox, and

her mistress the major variety, in not more than two months' time, if her said mistress was not beware of a man dressed up in woman's clothes. The Price's servant affirmed that, although he did not know her, he had said straight out that, according to the dispositions of the stars, she must be in the service of some worthy lady who had no faults, except a weakness for wine and gallants. Each of them, in short, struck by some particular piece of information relating to their own affairs, had passed it on to the consternation or amusement of their mistresses, not failing, as usually happens, to add to the truth that they might render their story the more effective.

Price was talking of it one day to her new friend, and the devil tempted her new friend, then and there, to go in person and see what this foreign magician was like.

The enterprise was of the most crack-brained, though less crack-brained than little Miss Jennings herself; since she imagined that, as long as one was really innocent, one could afford to laugh at appearances. Price was all willingness; and, once this pretty resolution had been formed, they had no thought but how they could put it into practice.

Now Jennings, because of her brilliant fairness and of something exceptional in her manners and gait, was an extremely difficult person to disguise. However, when they had thoroughly discussed it, the plan which they hit on was to dress themselves up like girls who sell oranges at the theatre and in the public walks. It was soon done; Miss Price adopted a similar disguise and, each furnishing herself with a basket of oranges and embarking together in a hackney-coach, they threw themselves upon the tender mercies of Fortune with no better escort than the spirit of caprice and indiscretion by which they were impelled.

The Duchess was at the play with her sister, and

Miss Jennings had been excused upon a pretended indisposition. Seeing that their adventure had had this lucky commencement, she was bubbling over with joy; for they had put on their disguises, crossed the park and taken coach at the doors of Whitehall, without encountering a single obstacle. They congratulated one another on their success; and Miss Price, who augured well for the result of their undertaking since they had begun so happily, chanced to ask Miss Jennings what they were going to do when they reached the warlock's abode, and what questions they had to put to him.

Miss Jennings said that, as far as she was concerned, it was curiosity more than anything else which took her there; still, she had made up her mind to enquire of him, without mentioning names, why it was, that a man, who was in love with a young person of some charm, seemed in no hurry to marry her, as that might be very agreeable and it only rested with him to say the word—whereat Price told her laughingly that nothing was easier than to solve the enigma she proposed, without going to visit the magician, for she had already acquainted her with various particulars in the journal of the Duchess of Cleveland's daily acts.

At this point in their conversation, they found that they were near the play-house; and Price, after a moment's thought, said that, as fortune was apparently on their side, here would be a splendid proof of their intrepidity, if they went to sell their oranges right in the pit of the theatre, under the noses of the Duchess and all her Court. That proposal suited her own feelings and her companion's natural vivacity; so they dismounted, paid off their coach and, slipping along an interminable line of carriages, managed with great pains, to reach the theatre door. Sidney, fairer than the beauteous Adonis himself, and more splendidly dressed than usual, had just alighted from his carriage.

The Price accosted him boldly, while he was giving his tresses a finishing touch with the comb. But he was too preoccupied with himself, to pay any attention to her, and passed on without deigning to reply a word. Killigrew was the second to alight, and the fair Jennings, somewhat reassured by what she had seen done to the other, advanced upon him, showing him her basket, while the Price, who was more adept in the sort of language it was proper to employ, asked him to buy her nice oranges. "Not just now," Killigrew replied, looking at them attentively; "but if you like to bring me this little girl to-morrow morning, it shall be worth all the oranges in the shops to you." And, while he addressed her thus, he kept his hand under her friend's chin and let it stray across her bosom—familiarities which made the little Jennings quite forget the part she was supposed to be playing; and, having repulsed him as roughly as she could, she said that he was very insolent to dare . . . "Ha! ha!" cried Killigrew, "but this is strange upon my honour! A little w—— who tries to raise her fee by pretending to be ladylike and unwilling!"

The other saw that it would not be worth their while to tarry in such a dangerous spot, and, taking her friend by the arm, she drew her away, still quivering from the affront which her pride had just received.

Miss Jennings did not want to sell any more oranges at such a cost to herself, and was inclined to return home, without bringing their other adventure to a conclusion. However, Price representing to her the shame of so memorable a weakness, following directly on the heels of so memorable a display of valour, she agreed to go visit the astrologer without any more ado, that they might get home again before the play was finished.

They had a bill-head giving them the astrologer's address; however, they did not need it. The coachman,

whom they engaged, said that he knew very well what they were seeking, and that he had already taken more than an hundred persons to the house of the German doctor. But they were scarcely half a street from their destination, when their luck completely turned.

Brouncker had happened to be dining with a merchant who lived in these parts; and, just as he was coming out, they happened to stop their coach. It was immediately opposite him. Two orange-girls in a hackney-coach, one of whom seemed unusually pretty, attracted his attention; for, concerning spectacles of that kind, he was naturally curious.

Of all the gentlemen at Court, it was he who had least respect for the fair sex and least pity for their reputation. He was not young; his face was disagreeable; however, he had a great deal of wit and an immoderate passion for women. With a very fair notion of his own merits, he realized that he could not hope to succeed except among those who were anxious to take his money, and was up in arms against all the rest. He kept, four or five miles outside London, a little country-house which was always stocked with several working-girls. Otherwise, he was a very worthy fellow and the first chess player in the kingdom.

Price, alarmed at the attention with which they were being examined by the most dangerous enemy they could possibly encounter, turned away her head, bade her companion do likewise, and ordered the coach to go forward. Brouncker followed them on foot, unnoticed, and, the coach drawing up twenty or thirty paces further down the street, both got out. He approached them from behind, and formed the same opinion of their quality as any other man might have done, even though his prejudices had been less cynically pronounced. Miss Jennings, he felt sure, was a young person bent on making her fortune

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while the Price was her business manager. Still, he had been surprised to see them much better shod than would have agreed with their condition and to notice that the little orange girl, in alighting from the high step of the coach, had shown the prettiest imaginable leg. These considerations, however, did not interfere with his designs, and he resolved to acquire her, no matter what the price, so as to be able to include her in his harem.

He accosted them then, as they were handing over their baskets for the coachman to take charge of, and were bidding him to await their return at that spot. Brouncker began by thrusting himself in between; they caught sight of him and were immediately at their wits' end. But, without paying the smallest heed to their stupefaction, pulling Miss Price aside with one hand and dragging out his purse with the other, he plunged head foremost into negotiations; when he saw that she had turned away her face, and was not answering him or returning his glance. This action seemed to him unnatural, and, scrutinizing her closely in spite of all that she could do, he afterwards did the same to her companion, and, having recognized the pair of them, was careful to behave as though he still remained in ignorance.

On occasions of this sort, the old fox was marvellously self-possessed, and, after he had teased them a little so as to remove any suspicion from their minds, he left them, remarking to Price, " That she was an idiot to turn down his offer and that her little friend would probably not earn so much in a whole year as she could very well earn from him in a single day; and that the times had certainly changed, now that the Queen's and the Duchess' Maids of Honour had spoiled the poor street-walkers' market "; and, so saying, he regained his coach, while they hid their noses and devoutly thanked God that He had allowed

them to escape from this danger without being discovered.

Brouncker, on his side, who would not have missed this adventure for a thousand minted guineas, thanked the Lord that they had not been sufficiently frightened to break off what they had meant to do; for he was sure that Miss Price was taking out the little Jennings to try her luck, and had realized at once that an unmasking, which would have only cost them their blushes, would not have been to his advantage at all.

And that was why, although Jermyn was his best friend, he felt a secret satisfaction that he had not prevented his being made a cuckold before ever he became a husband. It was his fear of saving his friend from this misadventure, which induced him to leave them with the precaution we have just described.

While Miss Price and Miss Jennings were still suffering from the effects of this alarm, their coachman fell out with certain street urchins who had gathered round, meaning to steal their oranges. From words they came to blows, and the two friends witnessed the beginning of the engagement, just as they had given up their plan of visiting the fortune-teller and were returning to get into their vehicle. The coachman's honour was at stake, and it was only with much difficulty that they persuaded him to abandon the oranges to the rabble and drive them out of harm's way. Having re-embarked then, after experiencing a thousand alarms and hearing a number of profane expressions which had been audibly bandied about during the recent skirmish, the fair ladies reached St James' Palace, vowing that they would never more frequent soothsayers and dare the perils and panic-terrors which they had just endured.

Brouncker who, in accordance with his own very low opinion of the prudence of the fair sex, would have thrust his hand into the fire rather than admit that

Miss Jennings had returned from her expedition in the same state in which she had set out, took care to guard their secret with an almost religious devotion, so anxious was he that the fortunate Jermyn should marry a little creature who had tried her luck upon the streets and who yet gave herself the airs of a veritable model of discretion, meaning to compliment him, the day after his nuptials, upon the character of the lady he had wedded. However, Heaven was not willing to grant him this felicity, as the sequel of my narrative will make clear.

As I have said, Miss Hamilton was in the country with one of her relations. The chevalier de Gramont had suffered much from her short absence, since, on no account, would she allow him to pay her a visit. Cards, at which his luck was always good, provided a considerable stand-by in the extremity of his impatience.

Finally, Miss Hamilton returned; and Mrs Wetenhall made a pretence of politely reconducting her. Ceremonious observances, carried on all occasions to the greatest possible lengths, are the chief hobby-horse of persons of quality, resident in the provinces. But this piece of civility, as it happened, was only a pretext, contrived on purpose that a somewhat eccentric husband might allow his wife to visit the capital. Perhaps he would have done himself the honour of escorting Miss Hamilton, if he had not been deep in a digression on ecclesiastical history, on which he had been long engaged. But to distract him from this undertaking was, as it happened, the last thing Mrs Wetenhall desired.

This lady was what is rightly called an essentially English beauty; her colouring, that is to say, was a composite of lilies and roses, snow and milk; her arms and hands, her bosom and her feet were so delicate that they might have been modelled out of wax; but all was quite soulless and quite uninspired.

Her features were of the finest and most charming; but they were always the same features; one would have said that she took them out of a bandbox every morning and put them away again every night when she went to bed, without having made any use of them in the meantime. How should it have been otherwise! Nature had made a doll of her ever since she was a child; and a doll, till the day of her death, remained the milk-white Wetenhall. Her husband, Mr Wetenhall, had studied for the church but, his brother happening to die while he was finishing his studies, instead of taking orders he took the road to England and Miss Bedingfield, of whom we have just spoken, as his wife.

In his person, he was not badly made; he had a serious speculative air, well calculated to give one the vapours; and, for the rest, his wife could boast of being married to a man who was among the most accomplished theologians of the kingdom. He spent the day poring over his books, went to bed in good time in order to get up early; with the result that his wife found him already snoring when she came up to bed and, when he left her in the morning, she, in her turn, was fast asleep. His conversation at meals might have been lively, if Mrs Wetenhall had also been versed in Saint Thomas Aquinas, or if she had relished argument. But, since neither of these subjects interested her in the smallest degree, silence reigned at their table as if it had been the refectory of a monastic institution.

She had often expressed a great desire to visit the City of London; but, although they were only a very short distance away, she had never been able to satisfy her wish. Indeed, it was not unnatural that she should have found the life, which he made her lead at Peckham, extremely boring; the enforced leisure of a place, which its situation rendered so melancholy,

seemed to her insupportable; and, as she was foolish enough to believe, like many other women, that sterility implied a kind of reproach, she was not a little scandalized that she should possibly be suspected of it; for she was persuaded, that, although Heaven had refused her children, she was perfectly capable of bearing them, if it was the Lord's will. This had led her to make certain reflections and to reason somewhat on the reflections which she had made; as, for example, that since her husband preferred to put his back into his studies rather than into the duties of the married state, to pour over ancient tomes rather than over her youthful attractions, in short, to care for his own amusements rather than those of his wife, it would be excusable if she gave ear, from motives of reciprocal charity, to some desperate lover, provided always that she could so direct and control their collaboration as to leave no room for the inquisitive malice of the foul fiend. Mr Wetenhall, who was a zealous partisan of the doctrine of the casuists, would, perhaps, have not approved of her decision; but, as it turned out, he was not consulted.

It was unfortunate then, that in the solitudes of Peckham and the desolate regions which environed it, poor Mrs Wetenhall could find none to further her plans or come to her assistance. She was dying by inches, and it was from fear of expiring of solitude or inanition that she had recourse to the pity of Miss Hamilton.

She had made her acquaintance in Paris, whither Wetenhall had taken her six months after their marriage to buy books; Miss Hamilton, who had condoled with her on that occasion, was quite ready to spend some time with her in the country, hoping that by this visit she might be able to rescue her from her imprisonment—a project which had not failed.

The chevalier de Gramont, informed of the day on

which they were to arrive and carried upon the wings of love and impatience, had persuaded George Hamilton to drive out with him and meet them some miles beyond London. The carriage in which they rode for this gallant ceremony was worthy of its magnificence and, as you may imagine, the chevalier's personal appearance, on an occasion of this sort, had not been neglected. However, impatient as he was, he took good care to make the coachman drive gently, for fear of an accident; prudence, on the journey, seemed to him preferable to precipitation. Finally the ladies appeared and, as he thought Miss Hamilton ten or a dozen times more beautiful than he had seen her leave London, he would have given his life in return for such a welcome as she made her brother.

Mrs Wetenhall, for her part, shared in the homage which was paid to beauty during this interview; her beauty was grateful to those who paid it that honour; and, as Hamilton regarded it with an interest which seemed rather tender, she regarded him as a man proper enough for the little projects to which her conscience had agreed.

Once she reached London, contentment and delight almost turned her head. Every detail of this splendid city seemed to her enchanting—she whose knowledge of Paris had been limited to the rue Saint-Jacques and the inside of a few book-shops. She stayed with Miss Hamilton, and was presented, viewed and approved of at both the Royal Courts.

Inexhaustible as he was in plans for merry-making and gallantry, the chevalier de Gramont took advantage of this fair stranger's arrival to display his habitual magnificence and arranged innumerable balls, concerts, visits to the theatre, land and water parties, besides many splendid collations—pleasures, most of them, quite new to Mrs Wetenhall and which she showed a marvellous quickness in accepting. Only the theatre

bored her a little sometimes, when serious pieces were performed. Still, she agreed that, if a lot of people were killed on the stage, the spectacle was certainly moving. While, as for the actors themselves, she thought them big, handsome rascals, but far preferable alive than dead.

Hamilton was reasonably well treated, could a lover who is always ready with some fresh demand be brought to see reason. He did his best to determine her on the execution of the projects she had formed at Peckham. Mrs Wetenhall found him much to her taste. This Hamilton it was who has served with some distinction in France. He was agreeable and good looking. Every imaginable convenience conspired to foster an attachment that had begun in so lively a style that its latter end was not likely to be uneventful. Yet, in proportion as Mrs Wetenhall was pressed to come to the point, her courage failed her and an uncomfortable residue of moral scruples, into which she had not properly examined, inclined her to hang back. A moderate degree of perseverance would, no doubt, have been sufficient to overcome them; still, there for the time being the matter rested. Hamilton could not understand what deterred her, since he considered that, as far as the general public was concerned, the first and most momentous steps had already been taken, and thus made up his mind to abandon her to her irresolution, instead of trying to lead her the way she should go by a further course of assiduities. It was unnatural, he thought, when an affair was in so pleasant a shape, to allow such pitiful obstacles to give one pause; in addition to which, he had now let his own head become obsessed with visions and chimeras which induced him to grow unseasonably cold towards Mrs Wetenhall in order to divert his energies on a new and hopeless pursuit.

I know not whether little Wetenhall thought that it

was she who was in the wrong; but she was unquestionably much nettled. The day soon came for her to return to her turkeys and her cabbages at Peckham. Great was her despair, a sojourn at Peckham seeming to her a thousand times more odious since she had tasted of the pleasures of the capital. However, as the Queen was leaving for Tunbridge Wells in a month, she must perforce bow to the necessity of once more setting eyes upon her philosophic husband, though not until she had extracted a promise from Miss Hamilton that, so long as the Court was at Tunbridge, she would avail herself of no other house than hers, which stood but three or four leagues distant.

She was promised, in fact, that they would not leave her to languish in her solitude; above all, that they would bring with them this time the chevalier de Gramont, whose humour and conversation she found so delightful; while the chevalier on his side, always ready to speak his mind where the affairs of the heart were concerned, promised that he would bring George too, thus causing Mrs Wetenhall to crimson to the roots of her hair.

A month later the Court left London, to spend almost two months in a place than which there is not a more rustic nor a simpler in all Europe but, incidentally, none more agreeable nor more amusing.

Tunbridge is the same distance from London as Fontainebleau from Paris, and the rallying-point, when the time comes to take the waters, of all that is fairest and most gallant in both sexes. The company there is always numerous but always select, and, since those whose motive in visiting it is the quest of amusement always considerably outnumber those who have been brought there by motives of necessity, the whole atmosphere is redolent of distraction and delight. Constraint and formality are banished; intimacy ripens at

the first acquaintance; and the life led there is generally delicious.

Accommodation is provided by clean, comfortable little houses, standing apart from one another and scattered over the country within half a league's distance of the Wells. Here, at the place where the Wells are, the visitors gather every morning. This is a spacious avenue, bordered by shady trees under which they stroll while taking the waters. Along one side of it runs a lengthy range of booths, garnished with all kinds of jewellery, laces, stockings and gloves, and at which gambling goes on as at a fair; along the other the market is established, and, as everybody comes to choose and bargain for his own provisions, nothing offensive is ever displayed. But little village-girls, fresh-skinned and yellow-haired, with fair white linen, small straw hats and neat shoes, sell poultry, vegetables, fruit and flowers. You may live at Tunbridge as highly as you please; large sums are staked at play; and the tender commerce flourishes. When evening falls, each visitor leaves his little palace and repairs to the bowling-green. Here, in the open air, you may, if you will, have dancing, upon a lawn softer and of closer web than the finest carpet in the world.

Within two or three short miles of Tunbridge Wells, Lord Muskerry owned a fine country-house, called Summerhill. After passing eight or ten days at Peckham, Miss Hamilton could not escape going there to spend the rest of the holiday. She prevailed on Mr Wetenhall to allow his wife to accompany her thither; and thus, leaving behind them the gloomy Peckham and its tedious master, this little court presently re-established itself at Summerhill.

Every day they were at Court, or the Court visited them. The Queen surpassed herself in her efforts to originate and encourage its pleasures; indeed, far from diminishing the natural easiness of the life at

Tunbridge Wells on account of the formality and respect which her presence demanded, she affected further to enhance the traditional liberties of the place. Such attentions, in short, she positively forbade; and, thrusting away into the bottom of her heart chagrins which she could not overcome, she saw the Stuart flaunting triumphantly her capture of the King's affections, yet never permitted her demeanour to imply the least shade of reproach.

Never had Love beheld his empire so flourishing as on the occasion of this sojourn. Courtiers who had previously felt love's power, there found their flames augmented; while those who had once appeared most indisposed for loving, there shed their ferocity and seemed to assume an entirely new character. Among the last, we will confine ourselves to citing the example of Prince Rupert.

He was valiant and hardy even to rashness; but his nature was subject to certain eccentricities which he would have been ill pleased to have had to reform. His genius delighted in mathematical calculations, besides which he had some talent for chemistry. He was courteous almost to excess when politeness was not strictly necessary, yet overbearing to the point of brutality when circumstances demanded a more civilized mode of behaviour. He was a large man and his general bearing all too ungracious. Plain and severe even when he sought to show most softness, his physiognomy, when he was in one of his evil humours, wore the expression of a true reprobate.

The Queen had caused the actors to accompany them, that nothing might be wanting to their amusement, or, perhaps, by the presence of Miss Gwyn, to repay Miss Stuart for some of the anxiety of which she herself was the origin. Prince Rupert was charmed by the appearance of another little actress, whose name was Hughes and whose effect to extinguish all the

natural severity of his tastes. Good-bye then to alembics, crucibles, furnaces and the alchemist's whole sooty paraphernalia! Good-bye to mathematics, its instruments and calculations! Powders and perfumed essences now filled his mind. The little wretch must needs be attacked in all the forms; and, proudly resisting the temptations of money, that in the event she might sell her favours the more dearly, she made out of this poor prince such an odd character, that the figure he cut seemed positively too extravagant for real life—an adventure which delighted the King and produced great rejoicing at Tunbridge. None, however, was found bold enough to venture an overt pleasantry; though ridicule was not spared the other visitors.

There was dancing every day at the Queen's apartments, since the doctors advised it and nobody else demurred. Even those, who were least enthusiastic, found that kind of exercise more supportable, as an aid to digesting the waters, than the necessity of going for a walk. Lord Muskerry believed himself to be perfectly secure against his wife's passion for dancing; as the Princess of Babylon, although it was a fact of which her husband felt passably ashamed, by God's grace was now six or seven months gone, wearing her infant, to make matters worse, all upon one side, so that the conformation of her figure had grown extremely puzzling. Desolated, she watched every morning Miss Hamilton and Mrs Wetenhall setting forth, now on horseback, now in a carriage, but always surrounded by some gallant troop of outriders, to escort them there and back. Her imagination presented to her delights a thousand times more intense than were actually to be met with, in the place to which they were going, while, in the solitude of Summerhill, it did not cease to jig to the tune of all the country-dances which she supposed they must even then be executing at Tunbridge—torments

which were fast becoming too much for her, when Heaven had pity on the restlessness of her desires, packing off Lord Muskerry to London and keeping him there the space of two days, his back being no sooner turned when the Babylonian princess announced that she would like to make a little journey to Court.

A confessor she had, the chaplain of the house and not entirely devoid of good sense. To the prayers and good counsels of this prudent ecclesiastic Lord Muskerry, fearful what might befall, had recommended her on leaving. Well might he sermonize and beg her to stay where she was; well might he represent her husband's orders and the manifold dangers to which she would expose herself by going forth in her state, telling her that her condition was a special blessing from on high and that she must do all she could not to impair it, adding that it had cost her husband more trouble than, perhaps, she realized, ever to have brought it about. His remonstrances were all quite useless; and Miss Hamilton and her cousin Wetenhall having had the goodness to confirm her in her resolution, next morning they helped her to dress and set out in her company for Tunbridge. It required their combined ingenuity to reduce the lines of her figure to some sort of symmetrical proportion. However, they obtained finally a small pillow, which they introduced under her skirts, to balance on the right-hand side her miserable offspring which had taken up its position on the left, meanwhile almost dying of laughter, though they assured Lady Muskerry that she could not have looked better.

It was supposed, as soon as she had made her appearance, that she must have put on a farthingale in order to pay her court to the Queen. Still, general satisfaction was expressed at seeing her, the courtiers, who were not particularly strong in social tact, comforting her straight out with the assurance that

she was certainly carrying twins, and the Queen, who could not help envying her, ridiculous as her condition might be, taking good care not to disappoint her expectations, since she was well aware of the real motive of her journey.

When the time for country-dances arrived, her cousin Hamilton was told to lead her out. First she thought good to make some faint excuses, alleging the unsuitability of her condition; but these were quickly overcome and, desiring, as she remarked, to obey the Queen's command, never was there a woman who gave proof of such utter satisfaction.

Now it is the greatest honours, as we have already observed, which are subject to the greatest reverses. Trussed up though she was, the Muskerry did not seem to experience in the movements common to such dances the slightest degree of incommodity. On the contrary, since, in the pleasure she was tasting, it was only her husband she feared, apprehensive that her evil destiny might not bring him back to her before ever she had had her fill, she fell to work dancing as energetically as she knew how; and it was while she was thus indiscreetly disporting herself that the pillow, becoming detached without her noticing it, fell out plump in the middle of the first dance; whereat, the Duke of Buckingham, who was following on her traces, tenderly picked it up, wrapped it in the skirts of his coat and, imitating the puling cries of a new-born babe, went among the Maids of Honour, asking after a wet-nurse for poor little Muskerry.

This piece of buffoonery, with the astonishing appearance of the wretched Lady Muskerry, combined to throw Miss Stuart almost into hysterics, for, after her misadventure, the Princess of Babylon was convex on one side and concave on the other. Spectators, who had previously contained themselves, hearing Miss Stuart's peals of laughter, gave way to their inclination.

Lady Muskerry was horribly out of countenance; everybody gathered round to make her their apologies, while the Queen, who was laughing inwardly more than all the rest, pretended to take it ill that the company should allow themselves this freedom.

In another room Miss Hamilton and Mrs Wetenhall were doing what they could to put Lady Muskerry into proper shape. The Duke of Buckingham meantime remarked to the King that, if a little exercise was permissible so soon after her delivery, the only way of restoring Lady Muskerry would be to give her her revenge once her infant had been put back into place —advice which seemed good and was acted on. When she re-appeared, the Queen immediately proposed a second round of country-dances; and Lady Muskerry accepting, the remedy took its effect so thoroughly that she completely forgot the sting of her little discomfiture.

While these events were passing at the King's Court, that of the Duke of York had taken to the country in another direction—a journey of which the pretext was to visit the county whence his title was derived, but of which Love provided the genuine motive. Ever since she had been elevated to her new rank, the Duchess of York had behaved with a dignity and wisdom which could not be sufficiently admired. So discreet had been her manners that she had discovered the secret of pleasing everybody, a feat even more unusual than was the splendid rise in her fortunes. But, after having won general respect, she took into her head to desire to be loved as well; or Love, it would be more exact to say, assaulted her heart in spite of discretion, prudence and all the various reasonings by which she had hedged it about.

In vain was it that she had a hundred times reflected that, if the Duke had only done her justice in loving her, he had done her considerably more than justice

in marrying her; that, confronted by his wayward flights of fancy, her part was to contain her soul in patience till such time as it should please heaven that he repented him of his errors; that from the weaknesses that outraged her it would be ill-befitting that she herself should derive an example; and that, since to harbour grievances would be even less proper, she must do what she could to bring him back, by adopting a line of conduct which was the very reverse of his own. It was in vain, I repeat, that she had long had recourse to such comfort as these maxims could afford; however solid are our reasonings and however strongly based is our wisdom, there are certain trials exhausting on account of their mere length, during which prudence and wisdom are eventually tired out.

The Duchess of York had a heartier appetite than any other woman in the kingdom. Here was an amusement in which she could indulge herself, and what she was denied in a different sort of pleasures she made up for in the pleasures of the table. It was an edifying spectacle to watch Her Highness eat, and, while the Duke, on his side, frittered away his substance in the continual pursuit of fresh passions, and grew progressively more meagre, his poor consort, by dint of conscientiously attending to her own nourishment, waxed so fat that it was a marvel to see. Lord knows how long their affairs might have continued in this state, if Love, as though determined to revenge himself for her recent line of conduct, so alien to the conduct of her earlier life, had not employed art as well as violence to disturb her peace of mind.

Thus it was resentment and jealousy which he first brought into play, those two mortal enemies of the tranquillity of human hearts. A tall, spare, pasty-faced creature, whom she had lately taken as Maid of Honour, became the object of her jealousy, because she was just then the object of the Duke's attention.

Her name was Churchill; and onlookers found it hard to comprehend how the man who had previously conceived a liking for Lady Chesterfield, Miss Hamilton and the little Jennings, could have any taste for a visage such as hers; but they very soon realized that something more than this freakish novelty had contributed to attach the Duke to her service.

The Duchess was outraged by a choice which seemed to infringe her own especial province, in a degree far greater than had any of her previous rivals; and, while spite and jealous anger were conspiring to lend her bitterness, the perfidious love-god dangled in front of her, as an inducement alike to her own desires and the jealous resentment which she had conceived against her husband, the smiling countenance of handsome Sidney. Feasting her eyes upon the charming qualities of his person, Love was careful to blind them to the deficiencies of his intelligence. She was enamoured of him, before she really knew it; but Sidney, with a very clear opinion of his personal value, contrived that she should not remain long in ignorance of the splendid conquest she had achieved, his glances, to make her even more certain, replying boldly to all such messages as Her Highness condescended to signal him, his attractions, at the same time, being studiously set off by the all-lustre that dressing and disposition could add.

Foreseeing the possible consequences of such a relationship, the Duchess put up a determined struggle against the inclination which was sweeping her away; but Miss Hobart, who had ranged herself on the side of her inclination, contended with and vanquished her upon her own account. This person had slipped into her mistress' confidence by means of a bulletin of current news, with which she was provided all the year round. It embraced both Court and city; while, as for the rest, it was no business of hers if the news she

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brought was not always genuine, though she could answer for it that it was always to Her Royal Highness' taste. Besides, she was aware of Her Highness' taste for good living, and knew how to prepare and diversify the dishes that pleased her most. That alone had made her indispensable; but, anxious still further to consolidate her position, and noticing the airs which Sidney gave himself, as well as what was passing in her mistress' heart, the insidious Hobart had taken the liberty of remarking that the poor fellow was obviously half off his head with love for her; adding that it was a shame such a handsome man, who had only dropped his mask of loyal respectfulness because it was quite beyond his power to sustain it any longer, should publicly snuff himself out like a moth flying into a candle; and that the thing would soon become generally evident, unless something was done about it, her advice being that Her Highness in one way or another should take pity on the poor wretch's torments. Whereat, the Duchess asked her what she meant by "having pity on him, in one way or another." "I mean to say, ma'am," Miss Hobart replied, "that if his appearance displeases you or if you are annoyed by his passion, you should send him about his business; or else, that keeping him in your service, as any other princess in the world would do in your place, you should permit me to give him his orders on your behalf, allowing him some tiny ray of hope lest he go absolutely stark, raving mad, till such time as you are able to discover what your own wishes in the matter may be." "What is this?" cried the Duchess, "you, Hobart, you who love me, advise that I should embark on an affair of that kind, at the cost of my reputation and in the teeth of the innumerable perils to which I should be exposed! Such weaknesses may be sometimes excusable, but certainly not in the station I occupy. That would be a poor

way, indeed, of repaying the goodness to which I owe my present rank, to . . ." "Very well," answered Miss Hobart, "but isn't it plain enough that he only married you because he was pestered to do it? And, once married, I ask you, has he ever hesitated a single moment before flaunting the change in his affections by a thousand maddening infidelities? Are you content to remain in indolence and humility, while the Duke, after enjoying the favours or meriting the rebuffs of all the coquettes in England, amuses himself by foundering your Maids of Honour in turn, and has now set his ambition and desires on breaking in that miserable screw of a Churchill? Why, ma'am, the best years of your life will go by in a sort of widowhood, lamenting your sorrows without ever being able to help yourself when an opportunity turns up! It needs a very stubborn patience or resignation of the most hard-wearing sort, to be able to stomach that. Really, I do think that a husband, who neglects his wife day and night, must imagine that, in order to eat and drink heartily—which, thank the Lord for it, is your Highness' way—she need only sleep sound as well! Upon my honour, I am his very humble servant! But I must repeat, ma'am, that there is not another princess in the whole world who would refuse the attentions of such a handsome man as Sidney, if her husband took his elsewhere."

The morality of Miss Hobart's arguments was, if you like it, not of the very best; still, had they been a thousand times more iniquitous, the Duchess would not have failed to give in to them, so much did her emotions conspire with Miss Hobart's way of thinking to make a sacrifice of her prudence.

This relationship was established at the same time as Hobart was advising the youthful Temple to pay no heed to handsome Sidney's cajoleries. As for Sidney himself, once he had learned through the discreet

medium of Miss Hobart, that the Duchess accepted his homage, he was careful to fortify his behaviour with the utmost circumspection and tact, so as to hoodwink the public. But the public is not always so dense as one might suppose.

Since there were too many spies, too many curious and knowledgeable persons, in a crowded Court settled in the midst of a crowded township, the Duchess, rather than commit the interests of her heart to an inspection so intensive, persuaded the Duke of York to undertake the above-mentioned journey, while the Queen and her Court were resident at Tunbridge.

This course was prudent; it suited her personally, and did not inconvenience her attendants, with the exception of Miss Jennings. Jermyn was not with them on their expedition and, according to Miss Jennings, every expedition was damned if it did not include Jermyn. He, as it happened, had undertaken an enterprise which was beyond his strength; that is to say, that he had maintained a bet which had been maintained and won against the chevalier de Gramont. He had wagered five hundred guineas, that he would cover twenty miles of high road in an hour upon the same horse. The day he had chosen for this race was the very day on which Miss Jennings had elected to visit the sorcerer.

In his enterprise, Jermyn had been more successful than she had been in hers. He had emerged victorious; but, as in the effort this trial entailed, his courage had considerably outrun his strength, while winning his bet he also won himself a fever; and that fever had brought his delicate constitution to a very low ebb. The Jennings enquired after his health, but dared do no more. In modern novels a princess has only to visit some hero whose life has been given up by the doctors, to cure him within three days. However, as Miss Jennings was not, in the first place, responsible

for Jermyn's condition, she could not be sure of contributing to his recovery; and, on the other hand, she could be perfectly sure that a well-intentioned visit to his sick-room would not escape the censure of a scandalous Court. Thus it was that, regardless of her possible anxiety, the Court left without Jermyn; still, she was glad to let it be seen that everything which appeared to please the others on their journey, was extremely displeasing to her.

Talbot was of the company and, flattering himself that the absence of a dangerous rival might produce some change in his favour, was attentive to the little Jennings' actions and movements, down to her smallest gestures. There, certainly, he had his work cut out; Miss Jennings' was not a temperament to remain serious long, even in the midst of her most solemn reveries bursting forth with some vivacious sally which inclined him to hope, that she would forget Jermyn and remember that it was to his passion that she had originally given ear. None the less, he kept himself and his love and hopes at some distance from her, since he considered it unbecoming in an offended lover to show the smallest weakness or the least return of affection for an ungrateful mistress by whom he had been abandoned.

Far from envisaging his resentment, Miss Jennings did not so much as remember that she had once been loved by him; thoughts of the poor invalid filled her mind, and she made use of Talbot as if there had been nothing between them. It was to him, generally, that she gave her hand when getting in or out of a coach, with him that she talked more readily than with any other, doing, quite unintentionally, all that was needful to convince the courtiers that she had lost her inclination for Jermyn in favour of her first suitor.

Talbot was convinced like the rest; and, judging that the moment had now come to change his attitude,

so as to let her know that his sentiments had never changed in the smallest degree, he was about to say something very tender and passionate on that subject. In setting the scene for this harangue, Fortune seemed to have favoured him; he was alone with her in her room, and, to make it all still better, she kept teasing him about Miss Boynton, remarking "that they were very much obliged to him for attending them on their journey, while the poor creature threw swooning fits twice a day at Tunbridge." It was at this point in her discourse that Talbot felt obliged to begin a speech on his own account, touching his sufferings and his fidelity; when into Miss Jennings' room came Miss Hobart, a paper in her hand. It was a verse letter which Lord Rochester had composed some time previously, describing the adventures of both Courts, wherein he declared, treating of the little Jennings, that Talbot had spread consternation among God's chosen people by his size, but that Jermyn, like little David, had vanquished the mighty Goliath. Charmed by the allusion, Jennings read over this passage twice or thrice, and, finding it more amusing than Talbot did, started to laugh with a will; but, presently, assuming a tenderer air: "Poor little David," she murmured, heaving a deep sigh and, putting her head on one side during this brief reverie, some tears escaped from beneath her lashes which were assuredly not called forth by the giant's defeat. Her behaviour caught Talbot on the raw, and, seeing all his hopes thus ridiculously come to nothing, he abruptly left the room, vowing that his heart should no longer be taken up by this feather-headed little person whose actions had neither reason nor rhyme—a resolution, however, which he failed to keep.

Other lovers at the Duchess' Court were not so unhappy; for they swarmed everywhere, and the expedition had been made on purpose. There were

balls and merry-makings all along the road, as well as hunting-parties and excursions wherever they stopped. Tender-hearted suitors hoped that they might win their happiness upon the way; and the beauties, who controlled their fate, did not forbid them hope. Sidney was marvellously assiduous in pressing his suit, and the Duchess pointed out to her husband how zealous Sidney had latterly shown himself in her service. His Highness observed it, and agreed that he must be remembered upon the first opportunity; which, as it happened, was not slow in arriving.

Montagu, whom we have already mentioned, was Her Highness' Master of the Horse. He was witty, far-seeing and passably malicious. What use could she have for a man of this character near her person, when the affairs of her heart were in their present state? It was embarrassing; but Montagu's elder brother having conveniently got himself killed where he had no business, the Duke obtained for Montagu the post of Master of the Horse to the Queen, which had been his brother's, and handsome Sidney was promoted to his vacant place near the Duchess. This all fell out very conveniently, and the Duke was delighted that he had hit on a means of advancing both gentlemen without the least expense to himself.

Miss Hobart was loud in her praise of these promotions. She had frequent and protracted interviews with Sidney, and, when it was remarked upon and some of the courtiers did her the honour of supposing that it was upon her own account, she received their congratulations with a good grace. The Duke, who was first under that impression, often pointed out to the Duchess how odd some people's tastes were, the best-looking fellow in the whole of England having succumbed to a face of such hair-raising ugliness.

The Duchess admitted that tastes were indeed not to be accounted for, and added that the Duke was

particularly well qualified to speak, since he had just taken the beauteous Helen herself to be his mistress. I do not know if this pleasantry gave His Highness pause; but there is no doubt that, from that time on, he ceased to pay the Churchill so much attention, and, maybe, would have abandoned the chase altogether, had it not been for an adventure which caused him to regard her with quite new desire.

The district in which they were then staying was both open and flat. Throughout England you may behold expanses of turf, greener and closer than you would find anywhere else in the world. On one of these the Duchess wished to see greyhounds course. She was in a coach and all her ladies were on horseback. Each had her squire at her side, and it was only natural that their mistress should have hers too. He rode beside her carriage, and made up by his glances what was lacking in his conversation.

The Duke was with Miss Churchill, occupied not in making her pretty speeches but in scolding her because she rode so badly. Miss Churchill was the laziest creature imaginable, and, though the Maids of Honour are usually worse mounted than any of the other ladies at Court, she, to mark her favoured position, had been given a horse which was rather handsome but also somewhat lively; a distinction she would gladly have forgone.

Awkwardness and alarm increased her natural pallor; and her face in this complexion was contributing finally to alienate the Duke's sympathies, when her horse, which wished to catch up with the others, broke into a gallop in spite of all she could do. Struggle to hold him in as she might, he ended by setting off in full career, as though he imagined he was required to race against the Duke's.

Miss Churchill swerved, uttered one or two screams and tumbled from the saddle. Considering the pace

she was travelling, her fall could not but be heavy. This fall, however, was to her advantage in every way, for, without doing her any real harm, it gave the lie to such aspersions as, judging by her face, had been cast upon her other and less apparent beauties. The Duke dismounted to come to her assistance. She was so giddy as to be quite regardless of the propriety of the situation; and those who gathered round beheld her still in some disarray. They could scarcely believe that a body of such loveliness had any connection with Miss Churchill's face. After this misadventure, it was noticed that the Duke's tenderness and assiduities steadily increased, and they perceived, towards the close of the winter, that she had neither tyrannized over his passion nor let his desires languish long in suspense.

The two Courts returned to London at about the same time, both equally satisfied with their journey, although the Queen was waiting in vain for the success she had hoped to derive from it.

It was about this time, too, that the chevalier de Gramont received a letter from his sister, the marquise de Saint-Chaumont, informing him that it now only rested with him whether he returned to France, the King having consented to it—a suggestion to which the chevalier himself would have consented gladly on any other occasion, charming as he might find the English Court, but to which, in his heart's present state, he could not make up his mind.

He had come back from Tunbridge, far deeper in love than ever before. During that agreeable expedition, he had seen Miss Hamilton every day, whether it was among the gloomy fens of Peckham, in the charming walks of smiling Summerhill or amid the merry-making which reigned daily in the Queen's apartments; and, whether he saw her on horseback, heard her talk or watched her dancing, it seemed to him, wherever she

was or whatever she did, that Heaven had not formed a creature worthier of a man of intelligence and good taste. How then should he resolve to leave her behind? It was absolutely out of the question; still, as he would have liked to obtain some credit for the sacrifice he was making, so as not to be obliged to desert her charms, he showed her his sister's letter; but his confidence did not produce the same result which he had expected.

Miss Hamilton, in the first place, congratulated him on his recall. She thanked him very kindly for the renunciation which he had been good enough to propose on her behalf; but, as this mark of his affection passed the bounds of mere gallantry, sensible of it as she might be, she was careful not to exploit his generous impulse. In vain did he protest that he would rather die, than withdraw beyond the range of her attractions; those attractions protested, that he would never set eyes on them again, unless he incontinently took his departure. He must needs obey, though permitted to flatter himself that these positive commands, hard-hearted as they might appear, were by no means founded on indifference, and that she would be better pleased by his return than by his departure, which she was urging with so much zeal. Finally, Miss Hamilton being kind enough to assure him, as far as lay within her power, that, where her affections were concerned, he would find matters precisely as he had left them, he packed his traps, even as he bade all the world good-bye having no thought but for the day when he should see England again.

Chapter Eleven

The nearer the chevalier de Gramont drew to the Court of France, the more did he regret the English Court which he was leaving behind. It was not that he anticipated a reception other than favourable at the feet of a monarch who, although he could not be provoked with impunity, knew how to forgive in a way that made one realize the full preciousness of the grace into which one was again being received. A thousand different reflections occupied him as he posted along; now the joy which his relations and his friends would have at seeing him once more; now the congratulations and embraces of those who, though related neither by ties of love or friendship, would not fail to overwhelm him with importunate attentions. Still, all these thoughts did but pass lightly through his head, since a man deeply in love scruples to dwell on any other thought than that of the beloved. In fact, it was the tender memories he was leaving behind in London which prevented his thinking of Paris, and the torments of absence that prevented his paying any heed to the discomforts of bad roads and bad horses. Between Montreuil and Abbeville, his heart protested to Miss Hamilton, that, if he was making haste to leave her, he was induced to do so, only by the hope of seeing her again the more quickly. And thereat, in a brief course of reflection, comparing the regrets he had experienced on this very road, while he was leaving France for England, to the regrets he felt now, while he was leaving England for France, he found the latter infinitely less sufferable.

Such, on a journey, are the amusements of a lover's

heart; or such, to speak more exactly, are the devices by which a frivolous writer abuses his reader's patience, either to display his own sentiments or to spin out some tedious narrative. But Heaven forfend that the last characteristic should apply to us, we who profess to include nothing in these *Memoirs* save what we have had direct from him, whose deeds and sayings are the subject of our chronicle.

For who else, excepting the squire Feraulas, has ever been able to keep an exact memorandum of all the thoughts, sighs and numerous exclamations which his illustrious master uttered at different moments? For my part, I should never have permitted myself to suppose that the attention of the comte de Gramont, nowadays so alert in times of inconvenience and peril, would have allowed him, in earlier days, to dally with amorous reflections on the road, were he not at my elbow himself to dictate to me what I write.

But let us follow him to Abbeville. The post-master there was an old friend, and the inn he kept the best between Calais and Paris. On dismounting, the chevalier de Gramont told Termes that he wished to drink a glass of wine, while their horses were being got ready. It was close on midday; since the previous night, when they had disembarked, till that moment, they had not eaten anything; and Termes, thanking Heaven that, for once in a way, sentiments of humanity were prevailing against the inhuman impatience which usually possessed his master, did what he could to confirm him in such a reasonable disposition.

They were surprised, on entering the kitchen, whither the chevalier was ready enough first to direct his steps, when they saw six spits, turning in front of the fire, laden with game, and all round the kitchen similar evidence of a magnificent repast. Termes' heart leapt within him, and he gave surreptitious orders to take the shoes off some of the horses lest he should

be dragged away from the place without being able to satisfy his hunger.

Presently into the courtyard streamed a crowd of musicians playing fiddles and hautboys, and surrounded by all the ragamuffins of the town. The innkeeper, whom they had questioned as to the reason of so many preparations, told the chevalier de Gramont that they were for the wedding of one of the richest gentlemen in the neighbourhood and the finest young lady in all the province, that the wedding-feast was being held in his house, adding that it only rested with his worship to see the married pair arrive from the church, since the music was already with them. He spoke to the point; for no sooner were the words out of his mouth, than three enormous coaches, hung-round with footmen as tall as Swiss Guards and bedight with gaudy liveries, made their appearance in the courtyard and unshipped the entire wedding-party. Never had countrified grandeur been so aptly displayed; there were tarnished tinsel, shabby lace, striped taffeta, little piggy eyes and bursting bodices brilliantly apparent wherever one looked.

If a first glance at this spectacle surprised the chevalier de Gramont, a second glance was no less astonishing to the faithful Termes. What little could be seen of the bride's face was not unpleasing; but of the rest it would have been impossible to form any judgment, four dozen patches and the ten serpentine ringlets on each side, into which her hair had been wound, completely hiding it from sight. However, it was the bridegroom who monopolized the chevalier de Gramont's attention.

He was as ridiculously dressed as his companions, save only for a coat of the greatest magnificence and in the best imaginable taste. Coming up to him so to examine his clothes at closer range, the chevalier fell to admiring the embroidery of this coat; an

inspection which the bridegroom took as a great honour, telling him that he had bought the coat for a hundred and fifty louis at the time when he was courting his lady. "So you did not get it made for you in the neighbourhood then?" the chevalier de Gramont observed. "Indeed not!" the other replied. "I had it from a merchant of London who had ordered it for an English milord." Suspecting the sequel, the chevalier de Gramont desired to know whether he would recognize the merchant if he saw him. "Should I recognize him!" the bridegroom exclaimed. "Wasn't I obliged to sit up drinking with him one whole night at Calais, so as to get it cheap?" Termes had absented himself as soon as the coat had made its appearance, without imagining, however, that this cursed bridegroom would expatiate on it to his master.

An inclination to laugh, and a longing to have his servant's neck wrung, for some while divided the chevalier's mind. But his habit of letting himself be robbed by his attendants, as well as the wakefulness shown by the guilty party, whose master could certainly not reproach him with having slept in his service, finally decided him to be merciful. And, giving in to the importunate requests of the country bridegroom that he might the more effectually put his faithful squire to confusion, he sat down to table with the company, thus making the thirty-seventh.

Some moments later, he told the people of the house to send up a gentleman called Termes. He came, and, no sooner had the master of the feast set eyes on him than, jumping up from table and thrusting out his hand: "Put it there, old fellow," he cried; "you can see for yourself that I have taken good care of the coat you made so much difficulty about selling me, and that I have found a very proper use for it."

Assuming a mask of brazen impudence, Termes

pretended not to recognize him and began to shake him off with some rudeness. "No, by the Lord," said the other, "I had to drink with you to seal our bargain, and now you shall give me my revenge by drinking to the bride's health." Whereupon, seeing his servant quite out of countenance for all his effrontery: "Come, come, Mr Merchant of London," remarked the chevalier with a civil look, "sit down since you have been asked so politely. There are not so many of us but we can make room for an honest man like you." And at these words the thirty-five guests began to shift along to accommodate the new arrival; only the bride, from motives of decorum, did not shift her chair; and the audacious Termes, having swallowed the first shame of this discovery, set about it in such fashion that he seemed to be in process of absorbing all the wine provided for the wedding-feast, if his master had not risen from table, just as they were taking away four-and-twenty soups to replace them by as many *entrées*.

There was obviously no means of retaining till the end of dinner a gentleman who appeared to be in so great a hurry; still, they rose every man when he left the table, and it was all he could do to persuade the bridegroom that the entire wedding party should not see him off at the inn door. Termes would have liked to have them with him till the end of the journey; so much did he dread finding himself alone with his master.

It was some time since they had left Abbeville and had ridden side by side in perfect silence. Termes, who fully expected that their silence would be broken in a very short while, was only doubtful as to the manner of the breach; whether, that is to say, his master would attack him with a torrent of abuse, interspersed with certain epithets which might be his due, or whether, employing some outrageous form of

irony, he would be subjected to all those sorts of commendation which would be most calculated to embarrass him. Noticing, however, that instead of this, his companion was determined to say nothing, he thought that he had better anticipate the harangue which was being prepared, rather than allow his master any further leisure to consider it; and, arming himself in his whole panoply of impudence: "Well, Sir," said he, "here you are in a pretty rage, and, what is more, you think you are right; yet, devil take me, if, as a matter of fact, you have got a leg to stand upon."

"How 'as a matter of fact,' you traitor?" demanded the chevalier de Gramont. "Is it because I haven't given you the thrashing you have so long deserved?" "There you go again, Sir," his servant expostulated, "always flying into a rage instead of listening to reason. Yes, Sir, I do assure you; everything I did was for your good." "And your quicksand," the chevalier de Gramont objected, "was that for my good?" "A moment, if you please," pursued the other. "I don't know how it was that this stupid ass of a bridegroom happened to be among the customs people when my baggage was being examined at Calais. But those cuckolds stick their noses into everything, and, as soon as he set eyes on your coat, he fell madly in love with it. After that I had no doubt he was a idiot; he was on his knees to get me to sell it him. Besides being crumpled from the portmanteau, it was all stained by the horse's sweat down the front, and devil knows how it could have been ever put to rights; may I be excommunicated if you would ever have condescended to put it on. Conclusion: it cost you an hundred and forty louis; I was offered an hundred and fifty; seeing which, my master, said I to myself, has no need of this oriflamme to shine at the ball, and, although when I left him he

had plenty of money, who knows if he will be in funds when I get back. It depends on the luck of the cards. To be brief, Sir, I earned you ten louis more than you gave for it—a clear profit. I will answer to you for that amount, and you may be sure that I am good for it. Tell me honestly now, would you have shown a better turned leg at the ball if you had been wearing that wretched coat, which would have made you look just like that country bridegroom to whom we let it go? And yet only think of the pother you raised in London when you thought it had been lost, the good story you told the King about the quicksand, and what a very bitch of a face you pulled when you first began to suspect that this bumpkin was wearing it at his wedding!"

To such effrontery what reply could be made? If he gave way to indignation, a good thrashing or instant dismissal was the most favourable treatment which his master could be expected to accord. But he needed his services for the remainder of the journey and, as soon as he got to Paris, found that he would need them for his return.

Upon hearing of his arrival, the maréchal de Gramont instantly sought out his brother at the bagnio where he was lodging and, after the first embraces had passed between them: "Chevalier," said he, "how many days have you been, coming here from London, for Lord knows how fast you travel on such occasions?" The chevalier de Gramont replied that he had been three days on the road and to excuse his only middling alacrity related the adventure he had met with at Abbeville. "Very amusing," answered his brother, "but, what is even more amusing, it rests with you to find your coat still at table; for they are very slow to get up from it at country weddings." And thereupon, assuming an air of the utmost gravity, he said that he could not think who it

was that had advised him to work against his own interests by making this inopportune return; but that the King had charged him to say that he might go back again, without presenting himself at Court; adding that, for his part, he could not sufficiently wonder at his impatience after behaviour so far exemplary; for he must know the King well enough to understand that, in order to deserve his grace, one must needs wait the moment till it should come as a spontaneous expression of his good-nature.

To justify his conduct, the chevalier produced Mme de Saint-Chaumont's letter, remarking that he could gladly have dispensed with the trouble she had been at to send him false news and bring him flying home from London like some crack-brained cavalier. Whereupon, "Fresh imprudence!" the maréchal replied. "Since when, pray, has our sister been appointed Secretary of State or vehicle of the King's commands, that he should employ her to inform you of his wishes? Do you want to know the true state of affairs? Some time ago the King told Madame how you had refused the pension which the King of England had offered you. He seemed pleased with Cominges' account of the transaction, and let it be known that he was gratified by your conduct; which Madame interpreted as a definite recall. The Saint-Chaumont, whose intellectual endowments are not nearly so extraordinary as she herself likes to believe, hastened to send you off this pretty order of recall, under her own hand and seal. And, to finish the story, Madame said yesterday at the King's dinner that you would be here very soon; and, after dinner, the King instructed me that, as soon as ever you arrived, you were to be sent about your business again. Well, here you are; so now get you gone."

This was an order which, upon any other occasion, the chevalier de Gramont would no doubt have found

oppressive; in the present state of his heart though, he was not long in making up his mind to it. There was nothing to distress him but the officious information which had been the cause of his leaving the Court of England; and, quite consoled for not being able to look in on the French Court before taking his departure, he requested the maréchal to obtain only a few days' respite that he might collect some gambling debts which were owing to him; a favour which was granted, on condition he left Paris.

He chose Vaugirard as his place of retreat; and it was here that he happened on certain adventures which he himself has recounted so often and in so diverting a manner, that to rehash them would be to try the reader's patience. Here it was, for example, that he administered the sacrament with so much unction that, there not being enough Swiss at Versailles to guard the Chapel, Vardes was obliged to tell the King that they had been sent to the chevalier de Gramont who was administering the sacrament at Vaugirard. Here, too, was enacted that marvellous episode, which first overshadowed the reputation of the indomitable Soyecourt, when, closeted with the gardener's daughter, the horn, which they had agreed on as a signal to warn them against surprises, was blown so often, that these reiterated alarms quite unmanned the celebrated amorist, rendering abortive the interview which had been procured him with the prettiest working-girl in the neighbourhood. It was likewise during his stay at Vaugirard that he went to visit la maréchale de l'Hôpital at Issy, to see for himself whether an indiscreet rumour then abroad in Paris, crediting her with an attachment to a gentleman of the gown, had any foundation in fact; and, on his making an unexpected appearance, the président de Maisons retired so precipitantly into a cabinet that he left a good half of his mantle shut in the door as he

slammed it behind him; whereupon, the chevalier de Gramont, who noticed what had happened, made these two lovers suffer death and passion by a visit whose length was out of all proportion to the extreme misery which it caused.

His affairs once concluded, he set forth, Love acting as his guide. Termes redoubled his vigilance on the road; horses were ready at every post without a moment's delay; the winds and waves, as he needed them, were kind to his impatience, and in transports of delight he again saw London. The Court was surprised and charmed that he should return thus promptly. So evident was his satisfaction, that nobody thought to condole with him on the new disgrace which brought him back; while Miss Hamilton was by no means ill-pleased by the alacrity which he had shown in obeying his Royal master.

During an absence so brief, the affairs of the Court had not had time to change; but they changed considerably after his return—the affairs, that is to say, of a Court whose most serious preoccupation, up till that time, had been the pursuit of love and pleasure.

It was in those days that the Duke of Monmouth, natural son of Charles II, appeared at his Royal father's Court. So notable were his beginnings, so considerable were the events which his ambition brought in its train, comparatively so recent are the particulars of his tragic fall, that, in order to convey a just notion of his character, it would be pointless to resort to any fresh characteristics. He was all that his conduct has since shown him to be—headlong in his enterprises, wavering in his execution of them, and pitiful in extremities, when a display of great firmness should at least counterbalance the overweening grandeur of the attempt.

His face and the exterior graces of his person were such as nature has, perhaps, never bettered. His

countenance was all charm; but it was a man's face and in no way insipid or effeminate. Still, every separate feature had its own attraction and its own particular delicacy. He had great natural disposition for all kinds of exercise, a winning manner of approach, an air of mightiness; in fact, all the physical advantages spoke on his behalf, though, in this concert, the qualities of his mind were absolutely silent. He entertained no sentiment unless it had been first suggested to him; and those, who began by insinuating themselves into his familiarity, took care to inspire him with none but were pernicious. It was this dazzling exterior which made an impression upon his arrival; it put into the shade all the previous good reputations at Court; all the amorous good fortunes were now at his disposal. He was his father's darling; but he was also the universal terror of lovers and husbands. This state of affairs, however, did not continue; nature had not endowed him with all that is requisite to win hearts; and the fair sex realized it.

The Duchess of Cleveland was sulky with the King, because the children, which she had had by him, seemed a row of little puppets beside this new Adonis, and all the more exasperated since she boasted that, in comparison with the Duke's mother, she would have passed for the Mother of the Loves herself. Her complaints were laughed away; for some time now she had lost the right to make them; and, as this fit of jealousy appeared to have even less foundation than those which she had previously affected, nobody was found to applaud her in her ridiculous grievance. If she was to disturb the King's peace of mind, it was quite a different rôle which she must assume; and that was why, ceasing henceforward to oppose the King's blind partiality for his son, she set to work to attach him to herself by means of a thousand flatteries, a thousand sorts of cajolery and by caresses which

grew daily more pronounced. As these took place in public, she pretended that they were without significance; but her character was too notorious for their purpose to remain in doubt. The King was no longer jealous of her; but, his son not being of an age to prove insensible to the provocations of a woman as handsome as she was, His Majesty thought good to remove him from the clutches of this pretended step-mother and save his innocence from crime, or at least protect his reputation against scandal. It was to that end that he was married so early.

A Scottish heiress, with five thousand pounds a year, turned up very conveniently. She was full of attractions, and her intelligence had all those good points in which the comely Monmouth was deficient.

New festivities were held to celebrate his marriage. There was no surer way of paying one's court, than in shining at these entertainments. And, while the rejoicings it occasioned gave an excuse for magnificence and gallantry, old intrigues took on fresh fire and new attachments were kindled.

The fair Stuart, then at the zenith of her glory, was the centre of respect and the cynosure of all eyes. The Duchess of Cleveland did her best to outshine her, with the aid of the precious stones with which she covered herself at these merry-makings. It was in vain; the first signs of her third or fourth pregnancy, which the King was good enough to take to his account, had contributed somewhat to undo her. As for the rest, her appearance could not stand against Miss Stuart's air and beauty.

It was during this last effort of her beauty, that Miss Stuart might have become Queen of England, had the King been as free to dispose of his hand as he was of his heart. But it was then that the Duke of Richmond vowed to marry her or die.

Some months after the celebration of this marriage,

Killigrew, having nothing better to do, fell in love with the Countess of Shrewsbury and, Lady Shrewsbury happening strangely enough also to be unoccupied, an affair was soon begun. Nobody took it into his head to disturb their relationship, since nobody was interested; but Killigrew undertook to supply the deficiency himself. It was not that the happiness he enjoyed in any way disappointed his expectations; custom could not stale for him the possession of such an enviable mistress. But he was astounded that others did not think her so too, and pained that so great a piece of good fortune should not bring him any rivals.

He had a great deal of wit and even more eloquence, this last at its height when he was in his cups. It was usually while describing the secret beauties and the less apparent charms of Lady Shrewsbury, that he gave his eloquence the rein. As it happened, on this subject quite half the Court was as well informed as he.

The Duke of Buckingham, however, was one of those who had only appearances to go on, and, according to him, these appearances did not promise all that Killigrew's hyperbole sought to persuade. As the indiscreet lover was included among the friends who dined most often at the Duke's table, he had leisure to devote his rhetoric to this engaging theme, since they sat down to dinner at four o'clock and did not get up again till it was time to go to the play.

With these descriptions of Lady Shrewsbury's charms being continually dinned into his ears, the Duke of Buckingham conceived an inclination to verify them for himself. No sooner had he undertaken it, than his curiosity was satisfied, and, upon his concluding that what he had been told did not fall short of the original, a relationship was formed which, granted the natural levity of both parties and the intemperate enthusiasm with which they had begun, did not give hope of long continuance. None the

less, as it turned out, their intrigue was the longest lived in all England.

The imprudent Killigrew, who could not dispense with having rivals, was now obliged to dispense with having a mistress—a deprivation he took ill; but the Shrewsbury, far from giving sympathetic audience to his first complaints, made as if she had never known him. Against such treatment Killigrew was not proof, and, without reflecting that he had brought his discomfiture on his own head, wreaked all his eloquence on Lady Shrewsbury, stigmatizing every detail of her person, drawing an atrocious picture of her conduct and travestying the various charms which he had but recently celebrated into as many defects. He was warned privately of the disagreeable consequences which might attend such philippics. This advice he laughed to scorn, and continued—to his own disadvantage.

As he was leaving St James', after the Duke's *coucher*, his chair was run through with three sword-thrusts, one of them transfixing his arm. It was only then, that he realized the peril which an uncontrolled tongue, that had already lost him Lady Shrewsbury, had caused him to incur. His attempted assassins made off across the Park, never doubting but that he was safely dispatched.

To complain, Killigrew decided, would be quite useless. What justice could he expect for an assault, of which, except his wounds, he had absolutely no evidence! And then, if he took action on the strength of his suspicions and the probabilities of the case, he could be sure that his opponents would resort to the shortest means of silencing him, and that a second time they would not miss. To that intent, desirous of earning his pardon from those who had attempted his life, he made an end of his satires and did not breathe a word of his adventure. The Duke of Buckingham and Lady Shrewsbury remained long

happy and undisturbed. Never had she been so constant; never had he proved himself so tender and considerate a lover.

This continued till Lord Shrewsbury, who had never turned a hair at his wife's previous disorders, took objection to her last intrigue. True, it was open and avowed, but it was less to her discredit than all the others. So well bred as to be disinclined to reproach his wife with it, poor Shrewsbury, however, desired satisfaction. He called out the Duke of Buckingham; and the Duke of Buckingham, having vindicated his honour by killing him, was left on the field in peaceful possession of this famous Helen—an event which at first shocked the public. But the public grows accustomed to everything, and in process of time propriety and even morality itself lose their edge. The Queen was at the head of the faction that cried out against such a flagrant scandal, such notorious profligacy, and were indignant that so heinous an offence should go unpunished. As the Duchess of Buckingham was little and stumpy, very much after her own shape, as she too had never had any children and was abandoned by her husband for another, this sort of parallel between their conditions interested the Queen in the Duchess' favour. But it was in vain; nobody paid attention; and the world went on its accustomed way, while the Queen was doing her best to form an opposition from the ranks of devout and politically-minded persons.

Under some aspects, this princess' fate was sad enough. The King's regard for her made a fine show; but that was all. She realized that the consideration, in which she was held, diminished as her rivals' credit increased. She noticed that, while his mistresses, all charming, provided him with bastards, her Royal husband took very little trouble to procure himself legitimate offspring. As the whole happiness of her

life was centred on this single blessing, and as she flattered herself that the King would look on her with a kindlier eye if in that respect Heaven deigned to take pity on her, she had recourse to all the fashionable specifics against barrenness. Vows, novenas, offerings having been given the fullest possible trial and having severally proved useless, she must needs return to the more human kind of remedy.

What, in this state, would she not have paid for the ring Archbishop Turpin wore on his finger, and which caused Charlemagne to run after him as he had run after one of his concubines, from whom Turpin had taken it on her death? But it is long now since the only efficacious love-talismans are the actual charms of the beloved, and alien enchantments have fallen to the ground. The Queen's doctors, sagacious and intelligent as their tribe always is, having come to the conclusion that the cold waters of Tunbridge had not had the desired effect last year, decided that they would now send her to try the warm—that is to say, to the baths near Bristol. The expedition was arranged for next season, and, confident in its happy issue, this journey would have been among the pleasantest she had ever made, if her most dangerous rival had not headed the list of those who were to be of the company. The Cleveland was then nearing her time, so the Queen's anxiety did not affect her. A hollow sense of propriety obliged her to observe a certain decorum; for, although the pains she was at to conceal it did nothing to disarm or to confirm the suspicions of the general public, her presence in that plight would have been an affront too gratuitous for the Queen's eyes. But Miss Stuart, fairer than ever, had received the command to accompany them and was making resounding preparations. The poor Queen dared not object, yet, thenceforward, gave up all hope. What could the baths do, or such slight efficacy as the waters

possessed, against charms which were her undoing either by reason of the misery which they entailed or through causes calculated yet more deliberately to render their assistance null and void!

The chevalier de Gramont, for whom all the pleasures in life were as nothing, unless Miss Hamilton was there, could not excuse himself from following the Court. He was too necessary to the King and too much to his liking on an expedition of that kind, to be allowed not to take part in it; and, grateful as his conversation might have been in the solitude which a Court leaves after its removal, Miss Hamilton had not thought proper to sanction his staying in London, just because herself she did not intend to budge. He obtained leave to write and keep her acquainted with the news of the Court. What use he made of this permission may be conjectured, his own interests leaving very little room in his letters for any other sort of communication, as long as the Court stayed at Bath. Where he was concerned, absence rendered their stay very tedious; and he fell back on every diversion which could help to distract his impatience until the happy day of his return.

He had a great deal of regard for the eldest of the Hamiltons, and as much regard and considerably more affection for his brother. It was to the last that he expatiated most readily on the sentiments and passion which he nourished towards his sister. He was aware also of the beginnings of his friend's intrigue with his cousin, Mrs Wetenhall, but he did not know the coldness which had supervened after so lively a commencement, and was surprised to notice the attentions which he never lost an opportunity of showing Miss Stuart, since these attentions seemed to him quite over and above the dutiful respect with which one pays one's court to a prince's mistress. He looked carefully, and was not long in discovering that Hamilton was

already more infatuated than agreed with his fortune or his hopes of tranquillity. As soon as these observations had confirmed him in what he originally suspected, he resolved to enlighten him on the consequences of an entanglement that must be fatal, whichever way you looked at it, desiring none the less that an opportunity of speaking should arise of its own accord.

Meanwhile, the courtiers were amusing themselves with everything that could be called a pastime, in places where one seizes on anything so as to escape boredom. The game of bowls, in France the occupation of mechanics and lackeys, is in England quite a different matter. It is the amusement of persons of quality; it demands skill and aptitude, and is only practised when the weather is fine. The places where it is played are delightful resorts, called bowling-greens; they consist of little square lawns with turf as smooth as the cloth of a billiard-table. Hither, once the heat of the day is past, there is a general mustering of company. Deep play goes on, and the spectators can bet as heavily as they please.

The chevalier de Gramont, who had long been initiated in English sights and diversions, had ridden a race and, to tell the truth, had not been particularly successful. Still, he had at least had the pleasure of being convinced by experience that a hackney can do twenty miles upon the high-road within the hour. At cock-fighting his luck had been better; while, in the wagers which he had made at the bowling-greens, the side which he favoured had never failed to win.

At all these resorts, there is usually a kind of tavern, bearing the name of *arbour*, *summer-house* or *refreshment-room*, which sells every variety of English liquor, as cider, mead, gaseous beer and Spanish wines. There in the evenings the rooks meet, to smoke, drink and pit themselves one against another, in fact to do their best to relieve one another of the day's earnings.

Now these rooks are properly what the French call *capons* or *piqueurs*, men who always have money on hand which they offer to lend out to those who are losing at cards, allowing for interest, of which the gambler thinks nothing, since it only amounts to two per cent., payable next day.

So apt are these gentry in their conjectures, so consummate is their prudence in every sort of game, that nobody would dare to measure himself against them, even if they could be relied on to play fair. They make a vow, incidentally, that they will win four or five guineas a day and be content with that—a resolution from which they seldom depart.

It was surrounded by a congerie of these rooks, that Hamilton[1] found the chevalier de Gramont, when he walked in to drink a glass of cider. They were playing at hazard with a couple of dice, and, as in that game the person who holds the dice reaps all the advantages, the rooks from deference had conceded them to the chevalier de Gramont, and he was still holding them when Hamilton arrived. Secure in their position, the rooks were letting fly at him like furies, while he accepted every bet they offered. Hamilton was utterly taken aback, to see a man of the chevalier's experience and skill engaged in so unequal a contest; but although he warned him of his peril, aloud and under his breath, by signs and in French, the chevalier disregarded his warnings, and the dice that supported Cæsar and his fortunes worked a miracle in his favour too. The rooks were vanquished for the first time in their lives; but they did not fail to lavish all the eulogies and all the compliments, as being a fine player, which are customarily employed when one wishes to induce a gambler to try a second bout. However, their complimentary speeches were all in vain and their hopes disappointed; one trial was enough.

[1] George.

Hamilton described at the King's supper his finding the chevalier boldly at grips with the rooks, and the fashion in which Providence had come to his aid. "Upon my word, Sire," said the chevalier de Gramont, "I believe that for the moment the rookish gentry have been worsted"; and thereupon he started to relate the details of the episode in his usual manner—enlisting, that is to say, everybody's interest in a story simple enough of itself but which was transformed by the charm with which he told it.

After supper, Miss Stuart, in whose apartments cards were being played, summoned Hamilton to her side that she might hear the story. The chevalier de Gramont thought that he appeared to be receiving a rather favourable audience. This only confirmed him in his previous suspicions; and, having carried him off to sup with him in his rooms, the conversation opened as it very seldom failed to do: "George," he asked, "are you quite sure you aren't in any need of money? I know that you enjoy play. Perhaps your luck isn't as good as mine. We are far from London. Here are two hundred guineas. Come, take them; that will do to play with at Miss Stuart's." Hamilton, who had expected anything rather than that last remark, was a little disconcerted: "With Miss Stuart! What do you mean?" "Yes, with Miss Stuart. George, my friend," the chevalier went on, "I have got eyes in my head; you are in love with her, and, if I am not mistaken, she is quite content that you should be. But how is it, I should like to know, that you have been able to dismiss poor Peckham from your mind, to start on a wild-goose-chase after a princess who is not her equal, perhaps, when all is said and done, and would certainly be the death of you, no matter what her good intentions were. God bless me, but you and your brother do show a very pretty taste. In the whole of the Court, couldn't you

find any women to make your own, except the King's two mistresses? As for your elder brother, that will pass; he did but take the Castlemaine when his master was tired of her and the Chesterfield was tired of him. But you! . . . what can you hope to do with a creature whom the King is madder about just now than ever before? Is it because that drunken sot of a Richmond has again put himself into the running and pretends to the title of accredited lover? You will see what good it does him; I have not forgotten what the King said to me.

"Believe me, my young friend, there's no playing tricks with our masters—in other words, no playing games with their mistresses. In France I wanted to make myself agreeable to a little coquette for whom the King didn't care two pins; and you know how he took it. I agree with you that it is good sport; but don't trust her. They are all delighted that a man, for whom they have no real use, should become their public slave if only to make their turn-out more imposing. Would you not do better to spend eight days incognito at Peckham with the philosophic Wetenhall's wife, than to provide the *Gazette de Hollande* with a paragraph to the effect how: We learn from Bristol that a certain gentleman has been dismissed the Court on Miss Stuart's account, and that he will make a campaign in Guinea with the fleet which is being prepared for this expedition under the command of Prince Rupert?"

Hamilton who, as he listened to this discourse, was more and more struck by the good advice which it contained, looked like a man who has just woken up from a dream; whereupon, after musing a little while, turning to the chevalier with an expression of gratitude: "There is nobody in the world," he exclaimed, "who has a pleasanter wit than you, or a clearer judgment where your friends' interests are concerned. You have

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National Portrait Gallery

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opened my eyes; I was letting myself be seduced in the stupidest possible way, led on more by idle imaginings than by any real inclination. I am grateful to you for having stopped me at the brink of a precipice. True, I have other reasons to be grateful, but this time I will show my gratitude by taking your advice and going into retreat at my cousin Wetenhall's house, to clear my head of the rest of my fantasies—not incognito though; far from it. I should like to carry you along with me, as soon as ever the Court returns to London. Miss Hamilton will join us; for I shall be wise to take my precautions against a man who has great attractions and, if your philosopher is to be believed, in encounters of this kind is not particularly scrupulous. . . ." "Don't pay any attention to that pedagogue," the chevalier de Gramont cried; "but tell me how you got it into your head to hanker after this big idol of a Stuart?" "How the devil should I know?" Hamilton replied. "You are acquainted with the childish amusements in which she spends her time. Well, old Carlingford was there one evening, showing her how to put a lighted candle into her mouth, the great secret being to keep it burning there a long while and not let it go out. I have a pretty large mouth, thank God; and so as to outdo the master in the art, I stuck in two together and walked three times round the room without their being extinguished. Everybody allowed me the palm in this memorable contest, and Killigrew declared that nothing short of a lantern could hope to keep pace with me. She almost died with laughing, and there I was, admitted to the intimate circle of her pleasures. It can't be denied that the creature has the prettiest face imaginable. Since the Court has been from London, I have had a thousand opportunities of seeing her which I never had before. You know that the undress of the baths is an immense convenience to

young persons who, without wishing to offend against propriety, are not disinclined to let their beauty speak for itself. So confident is Miss Stuart of her superiority over all others, that one can't praise the fine arms or legs of some woman about the Court but she is ready to dispute your praise by practical demonstration. And I believe that, granted a little ingenuity, one could strip her naked without her giving it so much as a thought. And, after all, one must needs be of a very stoical disposition if these happy incidents had no sequel and left one absolutely unmoved; besides which, one's inevitable self-complacency makes one imagine that a woman has fallen to one's charm, when she distinguishes one by some mark of familiarity which is the result of habit and has often no other significance. That is how I see the affair; my presumption, her beauty, the exalted position she occupies, as well as a thousand amiabilities on her part, all conspired to prevent my giving the matter serious thought. But, in defence of my tactless behaviour, I must also add that the facility she granted me in uttering the most tender declarations, in extolling her, not to mention the confidences which she made me on subjects concerning which she would, no doubt, have done better to be silent, might have conduced to turn another man's head.

"I had given her the prettiest horse in all England; you know how extraordinarily graceful she is on horseback. The King, who of all outdoor sports likes hardly any except hawking, because it is so convenient for the ladies, set out some days ago surrounded by the beauties of his Court. He galloped after a falcon, and the whole brilliant rout of them went careering off at his heels. Miss Stuart was riding hard, and her horse, taking fright at her skirts, did its best to overtake mine, which was its stable-companion. And thus it came about that I alone was the witness of a

charming upheaval in her habit that displayed to my eyes a thousand beauties hitherto unsuspected. I was happy enough to be able to venture such exclamations, gallant and hyperbolical enough in all conscience, as prevented her being in the least upset by what had happened. On the contrary, my admiration has frequently been the topic of subsequent conversations, which did not seem to offend her.

" Old Carlingford and that idiot Crofts—for, while I am about it, I must make you a general confession—those two jackanapes, I repeat, used every opportunity to tell her stories of a rather lively kind, which, with the seasoning of a few old jokes and various monkey-tricks interspersed in the recital, went down quite easily and made her laugh with all her heart. For me, who do not know any stories and lack the art to tell them when I do—I was much embarrassed when my turn came to be asked. ' But I don't know any,' I protested one day when she was teasing me to begin. ' Then make one up,' she said. ' That I am even worse at,' I responded, ' but if you like I will tell you a very odd dream I had, since it is still more improbable than dreams usually are.' This aroused a curiosity which clamoured for immediate satisfaction; and I began to tell her how the most beautiful creature in the world, with whom I was passionately in love, had visited me during the night. And thereupon I fell to drawing her portrait, as I pretended to describe this marvellous beauty, telling her, however, that the divinity, who had sought my couch with the most favourable designs that could be imagined, did not belie them by any inopportune show of coldness. But that would not do for Miss Stuart; I was obliged almost to give her an exact memorandum of the various favours which this tender phantom had been so kind as to allow me, while, absorbed in the interest of my narrative, she did not seem in the smallest

degree surprised or disconcerted, and made me begin over and over again my description of a beauty whom I depicted, as far as I could, from her own lineaments and from what I conjectured of the other beauties I had not been privileged to see.

"That was what really drove me to the point of infatuation. She understood very well that it was her of whom I spoke. We were alone, as you may imagine, while I was telling her this story, and my glances did all they could to convince her that it was she who was my original. That knowledge did not appear to offend her, nor did her prudery seem to be up in arms against the happy conclusion of the adventure, which it rested in my power to have terminated in fashion still less discreet. This complacent audience made me fly headlong into the most flattering conjectures. I gave the King and his passion for her not a single thought; nor did I reflect on the perils of such a relationship. In short, I don't know what I did give a thought to; but I can see now that, if you had not thought for me, I was quite capable of ruining myself in the midst of these crazy imaginings."

Some time later, the Court returned to London; and it was from the epoch of this return, that a malign influence made itself felt in everything that regarded the tender passion, and that the politics of Love's empire all went awry. Resentment, suspicion, jealousy joined forces to sunder lovers' hearts; false rumours, slander and persecution gave the finishing strokes and set everybody by the ears.

The Duchess of Cleveland had been brought to bed while the Court was away at the baths. Never had she emerged from a confinement looking so beautiful; which caused her to take it into her head that, could she but appear before him in her new-acquired radiance, she would be able to reassert her original supremacy over the King's heart. Her partisans thought so too;

her equipage was got ready for this expedition; when, upon the eve of the day she was to set out, young Churchill met her eyes and she was stricken down by a malady which, in times past, had more than once brought her plans to nothing, and against which it was her habit to put up only the feeblest show of resistance.

A man who, from the rank of ensign in the Guards, sees himself raised to this elevation, must needs possess a very large fund of sagacity if his good fortune does not go to his head. Churchill, then, made the most of his new favour; and the Cleveland, who insisted neither on moderation nor yet on the maintenance of any sort of reserve, did not take his lack of reticence at all amiss. So a fresh intrigue had become the common gossip of the town when the Court arrived there; everybody aired his own views—some asserting that she had given him Jermyn's pension, coupled with Jacob Hall's emoluments, because he combined the advantages of both in his single person; others maintaining that he seemed too indolent and was too slightly built to support her favour for very long; but all agreeing, that a man, who was favourite to the King's mistress and brother to the Duke's, had made a very good start in life and could scarcely fail to rise to greatness. In effect, shortly afterwards the Duke of York gave him a post in his household; which was as it should be. But the King, for his part, thought that because the Duchess of Cleveland wished him well, that was no reason why he should be obliged to treat him well himself, and forbade him to appear at Court.

The good King was becoming ill-humoured, as he had every right to do. He did not interfere in anybody else's business, but other people were often presumptuous enough to meddle in his. Here was my Lord Dorset, First Gentleman of the Bedchamber, who had just debauched from his service the actress

Nell Gwyn. The Cleveland, to whom he no longer gave a thought, persisted in dishonouring him by her continual infidelities and the ignoble choices which she made, besides ruining him by keeping salaried lovers. But the subjects of grief which touched him most nearly were Miss Stuart's new coldness and her recent threats. For some while now he had been offering her all the establishments and all the titles she could want, until such time as it was within his power to do better. At first, she had been content to put them by, pretexting the public scandal to which her brilliant elevation would give rise; but, when the Court had returned, she took on fresh airs—sometimes wishing to retire from Court so as to allay the Queen's perpetual anxieties, sometimes to fly temptation—by which she hoped to suggest that her innocence remained still unimpaired. In short, she was a continual source, either of alarums and excursions, or else of vexatious humours which gave the tender-hearted King much pain.

Since he could not imagine what the devil she was after, he thought that he had best try putting his love-life in order, to see if it was not jealousy which made her so restless. And thus it was that, having first solemnly declared that, since the Churchill affair, he would have no further ado with the Duchess of Cleveland, he instituted a Saint-Bartholomew's Day for all the other minor amusements which he kept scattered about the town. Then it was good-bye to the Nell Gwyns, the Miss Davises and the whole joyous troop of singers and dancers who ministered to His Majesty's slighter pleasures. But these sacrifices were totally useless; Miss Stuart continued to make the King wretched; but he very soon discovered the real explanation of her coldness.

The officious Cleveland saw to that. Since her disgrace, she had let fly unrestrainedly against Miss

Stuart, whose impertinent intervention, she said, had been the cause of it, as well as against the idiotic behaviour of the King who had treated her in such an unceremonious fashion all for a brainless doll. She had still agents about the King's person, and it was through them that she learned to what a condition he had been reduced by Miss Stuart's new demeanour. As soon as she had obtained the information she was looking for, she repaired to the King's cabinet by way of the apartments of one of his pages, called Chiffinch —a route with which she was not unacquainted.

The King had returned from visiting Miss Stuart in a very bad temper. Lady Cleveland's presence surprised but did nothing to put him into a better mood. She noticed this and, addressing him in a tone of irony and with a smile of indignation: "I trust," said she, "that I am allowed to come and pay you my respects, even though the divine Stuart has forbidden your coming to see me. I do not wish to overwhelm you with reproaches which would be beneath me; and still less do I intend to excuse weaknesses on my part, which nothing could justify, your constancy towards me being as unexceptionable as it is, and since I am the only woman you have honoured with your affection whose subsequent conduct has proved her to be undeserving. No, my object in coming here was to console you for the dejection into which you have been thrown by the cruel Stuart's coldness or new-found virtue."

At these words a peal of laughter, as little natural as it was outrageous and exaggerated, put an end to the King's patience. After her preamble, he had certainly expected to hear her bring out some malicious joke, but, considering the terms they were on, he thought that she had no right to assume such a hectoring manner. However, just as he was preparing to reply: "No, no," she broke in: "don't take it ill

if I allow myself the liberty of laughing at the gross way in which you are being deceived. I can't bear that such a marked preference should make you the fable of your own Court, while all the time you are being ridiculed with impunity. I know that your precious Stuart sent you away under the pretence of some little ailment or, maybe, of some little conscience-prick; and I have come to warn you that the Duke of Richmond will very soon be at her side, if he is not there already. Don't accept my word for it; I might be saying this from motives of spite or jealousy. Follow me to her room, so that, if I am not telling you the truth, you need never listen to slander any more and will be able to distinguish her by an eternal affection; or else, that you may finally cast off the shackles of a false prude who is making you cut such a preposterous figure."

While speaking these last words, she caught hold of his hand as he stood there all irresolute, and dragged him off towards her rival's apartment. Chiffinch being her creature, Miss Stuart was not likely to receive any notice of the proposed visit; and Bab May, who owed his fortune to the Duchess of Cleveland and who on this occasion proved uncommonly useful, came to tell her that the Duke of Richmond had just entered Miss Stuart's room. They were in the middle of a small gallery, which led by a private entrance from the King's cabinet to his mistresses' apartments. Cleveland bade him good night as he was crossing her rival's threshold, and retired to watch how it would turn out; Bab May, who followed the King, was charged to bring her a report.

It was near midnight. The King encountered his mistress' women who respectfully put themselves in his way, informing him in a whisper that Miss Stuart had been very poorly since he left but had now gone to bed and, thank God for it, was getting some sleep.

"That remains to be seen," he observed, thrusting aside a maid who was obstructing his passage. And indeed he did find the Stuart in bed, but she was not sleeping; and the Duke of Richmond, who sat at her bed's head, seemed, according to the evidence, even less asleep. The stupefaction on one side, the rage evinced upon the other, were such, as in a similar surprisal, may easily be imagined. The King, who was naturally the least choleric of men, expressed his resentment to the Duke of Richmond in terms he had never used before. He was dumbfounded, and something else besides; he saw his master and his King deservedly wroth. On these occasions, the first transports which anger produces are apt to be dangerous; Miss Stuart's window would have been very handy for the purposes of exemplary vengeance, since the Thames flowed underneath. Thither he turned his eyes, and noticing that those of the King reflected a fury of which he had never imagined that they were capable, he made a deep bow and took his leave without replying to the perfect storm of threats which followed hard and fast on one another's heels.

The Stuart, now somewhat recovered from her first access of surprise, instead of attempting to justify her conduct got upon her high horse and said everything which was most calculated to embitter the King's resentment; remarking that if it was not permitted to receive the visits of a man of the Duke of Richmond's quality, with intentions that did him honour, then one was a slave in a free country; adding that she did not know that she had contracted any engagement which could prevent her disposing of her hand, but that, if it was not allowed in his kingdom, she did not think his power sufficient to prevent her crossing over to France and there immuring herself in a nunnery, to seek that repose which she could not find in his Court. Now swayed by passion, now softened by some few

tears which she shed, now alarmed by her threats, the King could find no reply either to the affected delicacy of a creature who presumed to act the rôle of Lucretia to his face, or to the effrontery with which she was bold enough to meet his reproaches half-way. But love was on the point of triumphing over his resentment and was about to force him to his knees, there to beg her pardon for the wrong he had done her, when she requested that he would retire and leave her in peace, at any rate for the rest of the night, without scandalizing the persons who had accompanied or led him hither by paying a long-drawn-out visit. This cool request finally alienated his sympathies, and he left, threatening never to see her more, and spent the most tormented night which he had ever passed since the days of his Restoration.

Next day, the Duke of Richmond was given orders to leave the Court and not present himself in the King's presence again. This command, however, he had not awaited, and it was learned that he started early that morning for his country-house.

Desiring to anticipate the malicious interpretation which could be read into the occurrences of last night, Miss Stuart hastened to throw herself at the feet of the Queen, and, in that posture, assuming the rôle of an innocent Magdalen, begged her pardon for all the sorrow of which she might have been the cause. Perpetual remorse, she said, had obliged her to do everything she could so as to be able to leave the Court; this consideration had induced her to listen to the Duke of Richmond who had long pursued her; but that, since his pursuit was the cause of his disgrace and of a scandal which would perhaps affect her own fair fame, she implored Her Majesty to take her under her protection and persuade the King to let her go into a nunnery, and thus put an end to the disturbances which her presence had been the innocent

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Lennoxlove

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means of fostering at Court—all of which was washed down with an appropriate flood of tears.

Delicious it is to hear a rival, prostrated at one's feet, begging forgiveness and defending herself at the same time. In a moment, the Queen's heart had relented; she mingled her tears with those of Miss Stuart, embraced her tenderly and, lifting her to her feet, promised her every kind of favour and protection, either for her marriage or for any other line of conduct she might decide upon, and sent her away having decided to do the best she could. After this first impulse, however, her subsequent reflections, since she had a great deal of intelligence, made her change her mind.

The King's inclinations, she knew, were not capable of the stubborner sort of constancy. Absence, she ruminated, would console him, or else some new relationship would eventually obliterate the memory of Miss Stuart; since she could not escape the spectacle of a rival, it were best that the rival were she whose discretion and virtue had just been made so brilliantly apparent. She flattered herself, moreover, that the King would be eternally grateful to her, if she opposed the retirement or marriage of a young person, with whom he was then madly in love. This pretty piece of reasoning decided her conduct; henceforward, all her industry was employed to bring round Miss Stuart to her way of thinking, and—which is the strange part of this story—after having persuaded her not to dream any more either of the Duke of Richmond or of going into a convent, it was she who took pains to reconcile the two lovers.

It would have been a shame if she had not succeeded in this negotiation; but, as it happened, she was spared the trouble. Since peace had been proclaimed, never had the King's attentions been so passionate, never had the fair Stuart received them so readily.

But the King did not long enjoy the sweets of a reconciliation which had put him into the best temper in the world, as we shall see. Since the Treaty of the Pyrenees, the whole of Europe had revelled in a profound peace. Spain, after contracting an alliance with the most formidable of her neighbours, was glad to breathe again; but she could not hope to shore up the tottering remnants of her monarchy when she considered the age and infirmities of her present monarch and the feebleness of his successor. France, on the other hand, governed by a King who was tireless in his application to public affairs, young, vigilant, greedy of renown, to grow greater had but to conceive the desire.

It was in those days that this prince, not wanting to disturb the peace of Europe, let himself be persuaded to strike terror into the coasts of Africa by means of an expedition which, even if it had succeeded, would have served no real purpose. But the King's happy star, always faithful to his glory, now wished to let it be seen, through the lack of success which attended the expedition to Gigeri, that only the projects of his own formation were deserving of his interest.

Not long afterwards, the King of England, also desirous of reconnoitring the African sea-board, equipped a squadron for the expedition to Guinea, of which Prince Rupert was to have the command. Persons, who had had some practical experience, told marvellous stories of the perils of the expedition—that they would not only have to fight against the inhabitants of Guinea, a race of devils whose arrows were poisoned, but they must also bear insufferable heat and downpours, of which every raindrop turned into a serpent; while, if one penetrated the interior of the country, one was assailed by monsters a thousand times more fantastic and more horrible than all the beasts of the Apocalypse.

But it was in vain that these stories went abroad; far from inspiring terror in the breasts of those who were to be included in the expedition, they were an incitement to glory for those who had no need of it. Jermyn presented himself among the first, and, never reflecting that the solemnization of his marriage with Miss Jennings had been put off on the grounds of his pretended convalescence, asked the Duke's permission and the King's approval to serve as a volunteer.

Some time ago now, the fair Jennings had begun to recover from the prepossession which had originally inclined her in his favour. Little else save the advantages of the establishment still made her desire this marriage. She was disgusted by the apathetic attentions of a lover, who seemed attentive merely as a matter of course; while the resolution he had just taken, without her knowledge, appeared so preposterous from his point of view, so shocking from hers, that thenceforward she decided not to give him another thought. Very gradually she came to see through the false brilliancy which had dazzled her eyes, so that the famous Jermyn, when he came to communicate the heroic project which we have mentioned, was received according to his deserts. There was so much indifference and so much whimsicality in the railleries with which she complimented him on his voyage, that he was quite taken aback—to an even greater degree, since he had prepared all the consolations which, he thought, would most effectually keep up her spirits, while he announced the crushing news of his departure. "Nothing," she said, "could be more distinguished in him who had enslaved so many female hearts in Europe, than to extend the scope of his conquests into another part of the globe; and she advised him to recruit all the captives which he made in Africa, in order to fill the gaps left by the various beauties whom his absence would bring to the grave."

Jermyn was greatly distressed that, in the condition to which he had no doubt he must have reduced her, she should still find the strength to make jokes. But he realized that she was in earnest. This farewell, she told him, she would accept as being his last, and she would be obliged if he did not repeat it before his departure.

So far she had found everything for the best; Jermyn was not only astounded to have been thus cavalierly sent about his business, but felt his original taste for her redoubled, after receiving these proofs of her indifference. Thus she enjoyed the pleasure of being able to despise him, and, at the same time, of seeing him more susceptible than ever. But that was not enough, and she had the unfortunate inspiration of carrying her vengeance beyond all reasonable limits.

There had latterly been published Ovid's *Epistles*, translated by the wits of the Court; she set to work composing the epistle of a forlorn shepherdess, addressed to the perfidious Jermyn. As her model she took the letter of Ariadne to Theseus, and began by reproducing word for word the complaints of that offended lover to the cruel deceiver by whom she was abandoned. It was all more or less adapted to the present day and situation, and she had intended to round off her poem with a description of toils, perils and monsters which were awaiting him in Guinea, and for which he had left a tender mistress plunged in the depths of woe. Not having the time, she very foolishly put this fragment, written in her own hand, into her pocket, and yet more foolishly let it fall right in the middle of the Court. Those who picked it up recognized her writing and made several copies, which were broadcast through London. However, her conduct had so firmly established the reputation of her virtue, that there was no difficulty in believing that the incident had happened precisely as it has been described.

Some time later, the expedition to Guinea was postponed for reasons which everybody knows, and Miss Jennings' subsequent behaviour justified her where this letter was concerned; since, in spite of all that Jermyn's natural worth and renewed assiduities could do to bring her back into the fold, she would never hear speak of him again.

But Jermyn was not alone in suffering the effects of that whimsical fatality, which delighted in tearing hearts asunder and presently reuniting them to entirely different objects. The Love God, you would have said, moved by some new caprice, when he delivered over to Hymen all who had acknowledged his suzerainty, had also been careful to muffle that god's eyes with his own bandage, that he might join most of the lovers, whom we have mentioned, according to the oddest system of combinations.

Thus the fair Stuart married the Duke of Richmond; the invincible Jermyn a conceited country wench; Lord Rochester a melancholy heiress; young Temple the solemn Lyttelton; Talbot, without knowing why he did it, took to wife the languishing Boynton; George Hamilton, under better auspices, wedded the lovely Jennings; while the chevalier de Gramont, as the reward of a constancy, which he had never experienced before and was never afterwards to display, saw Love and Hymen united in his favour and found himself at last the possessor of Miss Hamilton.

Commentary

In order that this *Commentary* may be of the fullest possible service to readers, it will be as well, perhaps, if I offer some explanation regarding the principles by which I have been guided in the compilation of the following brief biographical notices. In the first place I have endeavoured to furnish all the information which I consider absolutely essential to a proper understanding and appreciation of the *Memoirs;* but I have tried to avoid over-annotating the book by capping Hamilton's anecdotes with further ones from other sources or by launching into elaborate disquisitions upon subjects which have only a remote connection with the narrative. The most important consideration of all has seemed to me that of establishing the exact identity of every person mentioned. This is not quite so simple a matter as it may seem; for, apart from the difficulty of identifying persons who are not actually mentioned by their proper names, such as Roxalana, Miss Sarah, and the Mother of the Maids, former editors have frequently come to grief by confusing the various members of the same family. Miss Price and Miss Blague, for instance, have often appeared in previous editions as their respective sisters, while Viscount Taaffe has hitherto almost always been confused with his younger brother, and Henry Killigrew with his father. In this edition I have attempted to pin down the identity of each character once for all, and in the few cases where I have been unable to do so have put forward tentative suggestions noted as such. I believe the only examples remaining of these guesses are the notes on Mademoiselle Bardou, Miss Bellenden, Miss Hobart, the marquis de Brisacier, the marquis and marquise de Sénantes, and the Misses Roberts. In this last instance I have hazarded an explanation rather than an identification. I have to admit that I have been completely defeated in my efforts to trace Gaboury, Louvigny, the baron de Limbec, and Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain.

If I cannot lay claim to have made any new discoveries of great importance, I believe this is the first edition, at any rate in English, in which attention has been paid to all the foreign characters, many of whom have not been identified before. Discoveries regarding the English, Scottish, and Irish characters are necessarily fewer, though, to use Hamilton's own phrase, it has at last pleased fortune to draw "Mlle Leviston" out of obscurity. The note on Lord Gerard not only clears up a difficulty of identification, but provides an explanation

of a passage hitherto apparently meaningless. The identities of both Dungan and Miss Warmestry were known before; but the note on Dungan contains a good deal of new information, while the identity of Miss Warmestry's husband is disclosed for the first time. I have also been able to throw additional light on the constitution of the Queen's household by the discovery of two lists in the *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic*, 1661–1662 (Vol. XLVII, Nos. 116 and 117), which have apparently never been printed and have been overlooked by previous commentators. The first document is in Charles II's own handwriting endorsed in another hand "Your Ma^ties owne list for the Queenes servants," the second in the handwriting of Sir Henry Bennet, afterwards Lord Arlington. This is endorsed "A list of the Queenes servants that have warrants," and is later in date than the King's, from which it differs in some particulars.

The comparative lengths of the notes may seem to some readers inconsistent, and this point requires comment. I have not thought fit to write long notes on persons of such historical importance as Charles II, the Duke of York, Louis XIV, Anne of Austria, and Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin, however prominent a part some of them may play in the *Memoirs;* since I considered that the main facts of their lives would be familiar to practically all readers. On the other hand it may be thought that notes of disproportionate length have been provided on persons who are mentioned perhaps only once or twice in the book. In these cases it will, I think, be found either that there has been considerable controversy over their identity, or that there has been no note on them at all in previous editions. In general, however, I venture to claim that the greatest space has been duly allotted to the really prominent characters in the book.

In every article such information as is given has been carefully selected and rigorously pruned. My very first object has been to establish the identity of each character by giving the correct name in full and the facts concerning his or her parentage. The dates[1] of births, marriages, and deaths have been included whenever available, both because it may be of some interest and advantage to the reader to know the ages of all the characters at the time of the events in which they took part, and also because Hamilton, for reasons of his own, is sometimes deliberately inaccurate, as in the cases of Sir John Denham and the elder Russell, whom, in order to add point to his anecdotes, he makes out to have been much older men than they actually were.

Subsequent changes of style and title have also been deemed worth recording. In the case of women who married after the close of the

[1] All the dates given in the *Commentary* and in the *Chronological Appendix* are Old Style, *e.g.*, January 14th, 1662-1663 is printed as January 4th, 1663.

events described in the *Memoirs* the importance of this is obvious; but in addition several of the men who play a prominent part in the book are perhaps better known to posterity by their later titles, as, for example, Henry Sidney, the younger Jermyn, Richard Talbot, and John Churchill, who may be more familiar as the Earl of Romney, Lord Dover, the Duke of Tyrconnel, and the great Duke of Marlborough. It seems scarcely necessary to draw attention to the interest of following the future careers of Hamilton's characters. Who, for instance, would not be eager to hear what eventually happened to Lady Muskerry?

Taking into consideration Hamilton's extreme maliciousness, I have thought it expedient in several instances to demonstrate that his estimates of characters do not always tally with opinions expressed by other and less biased observers. Sufferers in this respect are Frances Stuart, her husband, the Duke of Richmond, Henry Howard, afterwards Duke of Norfolk, and Sir John Denham.

After careful thought I decided, except in a few obvious instances, to omit references to the sources from which my information is drawn. In some cases, where scraps of information derived from divers sources have been pieced together, some seven or eight references would have been necessary for one short sentence, and, had they been included, not only would the *Commentary* have swollen to an inordinate size, but also the perusal of the notes would have become a complicated and irritating task, which is exactly what it has been my aim to avoid. I propose, however, to indicate briefly the general scheme of my research. The authorities can be roughly grouped into five classes.

I. Previous annotated editions of the *Memoirs*.

It is only right to acknowledge frankly the obvious fact that I started my investigations where others left off, and that I began with the advantage of having at my disposal the fruits of over two hundred years of scholarly research. In consequence I owe an enormous debt to my predecessors, notably to H. Vizetelly, Alan Fea, and Gordon Goodwin, and probably even more so to the pioneers, Horace Walpole and Sir Walter Scott, who had the unenviable task of grappling with the names in the early editions. How erratic in spelling these were will be seen by a glance at my notes, in which the original versions of the names in the *editio princeps* have been printed in italics whenever they differ from those now given, which are the spellings now generally accepted.

II. Contemporary Manuscript sources.

Among these, even though they are mostly in print, I include the *Calendars of State Papers* and the *Treasury Books and Papers* in the Record Office, and the volumes of the Historical Manuscripts Com-

mission. In this category also come the despatches of the French Ambassadors and Charles II's letters to his sister in the Ministère des Affaires Etrangères in Paris.

III. Contemporary Memoirs.

The chief authorities consulted were Clarendon, Pepys, Burnet, Reresby, Evelyn, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Retz, and Tallemant des Réaux.

IV. Books of Reference.

This is, of course, the largest class of all. First and foremost comes the *Dictionary of National Biography*, supplemented by every English, Scottish, and Irish *Peerage* and *Baronetage* on which I could lay my hands. Where there was a discrepancy in dates, as there very frequently was, I preferred as a rule to adopt those given in G. E. Cokayne's *Peerage* and *Baronetage*. I consulted also the corresponding works of other nations, the French *Nobiliaires* of Saint-Allais and of Chenaye-Desbois, the *Allgemeine deutsche Biographie*, the *Biographie nationale de Belgique*, and Goethals's *Dictionnaire généalogique et héraldique des familles nobles du royaume de Belgique*, Crollalanza's *Dizionario storico-blasonico*, A. J. van der Aa's *Biographisch Woordenboek der Nederlanden*, and Molhuysen and Blok's *Niew Nederlansch biographisch Woordenboek*. This group also comprises such works as Dalton's *English Army Lists*, Chamberlayne's *Angliæ Notitia*, Musgrave's *Obituary*, Le Neve's *Knights*, Grainger's *Biographical History* and Courcelles' *Dictionnaire historique et biographique des généraux français*.

V. Modern works.

From this class I would single out for especial mention Jesse's *England under the Stuarts*, Alan Fea's *Some Beauties of the Seventeenth Century* and *James II and his Wives*, Arthur Dasent's *Private Life of Charles II*, Miss Davidson's *Catherine of Bragança*, and above all *The Life of Anthony Hamilton* by Ruth Clark, whose exhaustive researches into the history of both the man and his work have been of the utmost service to me. Especially valuable were her Bibliography of Hamilton's *Works* and her Appendix on the French manuscript copies of the *Memoirs*, which enabled both the Translator and myself to make several important emendations and corrections in the text.

C.H.H.

Alphabetical Commentary

Abbeville, a town on the main road between Calais and Paris.

Anne of Austria (1601–1666), Queen of France. She was the daughter of Philip III of Spain and married Louis XIII in 1615. During the minority of her son Louis XIV she was Regent of France, her chief minister being Cardinal Mazarin, to whom she is supposed to have been clandestinely married.

Archduke, The, see Leopold William.

Arenberg, Prince d' (1633–1681), Charles Eugène, younger brother of the duc d'Arschot (q.v.), whom he succeeded in 1674. (*Prince d'Aremberg.*)

Arlington, Lady (1631 ?–1718), Isabella, daughter of Lodewijk van Nassau, heer van Beverweerd (1600 ?–1665), natural son of Maurice, Prince of Orange, by Margaretha van Mechelen. She was a younger sister of the Countess of Ossory (q.v.). Her marriage to Arlington took place about 1665. Their only child, Lady Isabella Bennet, married the Duke of Grafton, one of Charles II's sons by Lady Castlemaine.

Arlington, Lord (1618–1685), Henry Bennet, second son of Sir John Bennet of Harlington, Middlesex. He fought on the Royalist side during the Civil War, and then it was that he sustained the gash across the bridge of his nose which he always kept covered with a strip of black plaster. He was Charles II's representative in Spain during some part of the Interregnum, and was appointed Keeper of the Privy Purse at the Restoration. In 1663 he was created a peer and intended to take the title of Lord Harlington, but the Heralds' College when drawing up his patent of nobility omitted the H, having apparently decided that it should be not only silent but invisible. Arlington was Secretary of State from 1662 to 1674 and a member of the celebrated Cabal ministry. In 1674 he became Lord Chamberlain and Earl of Arlington.

Arran, Earl of (1639–1686), Richard Butler, fifth son of the Duke of Ormonde (q.v.). He was created Earl of Arran in 1662, and in 1664 married Lady Mary Stuart, daughter of James, Duke of Richmond and Lennox. She died three years later, and in 1673 he married Dorothy, daughter of John Ferrars. A good soldier who served with distinction both by land and sea, he was versatile like all

his family, and shone at Court, where he was accounted one of the best dancers. The behaviour attributed to him on the occasion of the Duke of York's marriage seems inconsistent with what is known of his character from other sources; Clarendon, who gives a voluminous account of the matter and was certainly in a position to know, does not mention his name in this connection. (*Comte d'Aran.*)

Arras, Siege of (1654).

Arschot, duc d' (1625–1674), Philippe-François, prince-comte d'Arenberg, duc d'Arschot et de Croy. In addition to his Flemish titles, he was a grandee of Spain and a Knight of the Golden Fleece. His principality of Arenberg was erected into a duchy by the Emperor Ferdinand III in 1644, and he was allowed by his own sovereign, Philip IV of Spain, to accept this honour. (*Duc d'Arscot.*)

Bagot, Miss (1645–1679), Mary (sometimes erroneously called Elizabeth), daughter of Colonel Hervey Bagot, and Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York. She married, first, in 1664, Charles Berkeley, Earl of Falmouth (q.v.), to whom she bore a daughter, and, second, in 1674, Charles Sackville, Lord Buckhurst (q.v.). After the death of Anne Hyde in 1671 she had been talked of as a possible wife for the Duke of York, but it seems that her reputation was against her. Charles II himself is reputed at one time to have enjoyed her favours. (*Mademoiselle Bagett.*)

Bapaume, a town in Artois.

Bardou, Mademoiselle. Nothing whatsoever is known of this lady; she is not mentioned in either of the lists of the Queen's household, in which, as Hamilton indicates, she probably held a subordinate position. Conceivably she was a daughter or relative of a French widow, Geneviève Bardou, who in 1663 petitioned the King for payment of £800 due to her brother, Nicholas Montgarnier, by the late King. One Claudius Bardou, mentioned in the Secret Service Expenses of Charles II, may have been a male relative.

Batteville, Baron de, a distinguished soldier and diplomatist of Swiss origin. The name should more properly be spelt Watteville, for the family originally came from Wattenwyl in the Canton of Berne. The father had settled in Spain, where he became General of Cavalry in Catalonia, and the son also entered the Spanish service. In September 1661, while he was Spanish Ambassador in London, there was a famous affray over the question of precedence between him and the French Ambassador, the comte d'Estrades.

Bedingfield, Miss, see Mrs Wetenhall.

Bellenden, Miss. This lady is supposed to have been a daughter of William, Lord Bellenden; but this is impossible, as he died

unmarried in 1671, having in default of issue resigned his peerage a few months before his death to John Ker, fourth son of the second Earl of Roxburgh, a relative on his mother's side. It is tentatively suggested that she may have been Margaret (born before 1635), daughter of Adam Bellenden, Bishop of Dunblane, who went to England about 1642, became Rector of Porlock in Somerset, and died in 1647. But this identification is not altogether satisfactory, for she would have been some ten years older than most of the other Maids of Honour. (*Mademoiselle Balantin.*)

Berkeley, Sir Charles (before 1636–1665), second son of Sir Charles Berkeley of Bruton. He was Groom of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York before the Restoration and afterwards commanded his guards. He succeeded Arlington as Keeper of the Privy Purse. He was created Baron Berkeley of Rathdown and Viscount Fitzharding in Ireland, 1663, and Baron Bottetort and Earl of Falmouth in England, 1665. Hamilton's account of him is unduly biased in his favour. Burnet also is fairly indulgent; but Clarendon styles him "a fellow of great wickedness," and Pepys flatly calls him a pimp. When he was killed by a cannon-ball at the battle of Southwold Bay, he was regretted by few save the King and the Duke of York, who had been extremely fond of him and genuinely grieved for him. In a letter to his sister, Madame, on June 8th, 1665, Charles wrote: "I have had as great a losse as tis possible in a good frinde poore C Barckley, it troubles me so much as I hope you will excuse the shortnesse of this letter, haveing receaved the newes of it but two houers agoe." Berkeley married Mary Bagot (q.v.) in 1664. (*Chevalier de Barklay.*)

Bidache, Château of, a residence belonging to the Gramont family, thirty-one kilometres from Bayonne on the River Bidouze in Béarn.

Blague, Miss. Henrietta Maria, eldest daughter of Colonel Thomas Blague or Blagge of Horringer, Suffolk, Groom of the Bedchamber to Charles I. She was Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York, and of her three sisters, Dorothy, Mary, and Margaret, the two younger were subsequently Maids of Honour to the Duchess and the Queen respectively. Early in 1663 Miss Blague married Sir Thomas Yarborough (q.v.), by whom she had four sons and four daughters, one of whom, Margaret, married "Gyles Cutting a damned rogue of Hoveton St Peters Norff attorney at lawe" (Le Neve). In her husband's will, dated August 29th, 1709, Lady Yarborough is mentioned as being still alive; but she did not survive him, so that she must have died between that date and April 1716.

Blanquefort (1638–1709), Louis de Duras or Durfort, son of Guy-Aldonse de Durfort, marquis de Duras, and nephew of Turenne. He came to England soon after the Restoration, and seems at first to

have borne the name of Durfort, which appears in some of the previous editions of these *Memoirs*. He was more usually known by his French title of marquis de Blanquefort. Since Dungan died in 1662, it was presumably in that year that he became Lieutenant in the Duke of York's guards. He was promoted to Captain in 1665, in which year also he became a naturalized Englishman, and to Colonel two years later. He was created Baron Duras of Holdenby in 1673. Having married Lady Mary Sondes, daughter of George Sondes, Earl of Feversham, in 1677 he succeeded by special remainder to his father-in-law's earldom. He was the Lord Feversham who commanded James II's troops at the battle of Sedgemoor. (*Blancfort, depuis Comte de Traversham.*)

Boynton, Miss (?–1678), Catherine, daughter of Colonel Mathew Boynton of Barnston, Yorkshire, a gallant Royalist who had been killed at Wigan. Hamilton is wrong in saying that she belonged to the new establishment of Maids of Honour to the Queen after the retirement of Miss Warmestry, Miss Bellenden, and Mademoiselle la Garde; actually she was one of the original members of the Queen's household and is mentioned in the lists drawn up by the King and Sir Henry Bennet. She married Richard Talbot (q.v.) in 1669, and bore him a daughter, who died in 1684. Her sister married the poet Earl of Roscommon. (*Mademoiselle Bointon.*)

Bretby: the seat of the Earl of Chesterfield, near Repton, in the Peak district, Derbyshire. The original building designed by Inigo Jones was pulled down and rebuilt in 1780. A great feature of the place was its gardens, which were modelled on those of Versailles.

Brice, Don Gregorio, the Spanish general in command of the garrison at Lerida, 1647.

Brinon, valet to the chevalier de Gramont.

Brisacier, marquis de. None of the French *Nobiliaires* seem to mention this French nobleman. The only Brisaciers traceable are several theologians of the seventeenth century, and one François de Brisacier, who was Secretary to the Queen of France in 1664. He was imprisoned in the Bastille for an attempt to blackmail the King of Poland, and on his release was sent into exile. He died in Moscow. It is possible that this adventurer may be identical with Miss Blague's admirer.

Brissac, duc de (1626 ?–1661), Louis de Cossé, duc de Brissac et de Beaupréau, the latter title being held by reason of his marriage in 1645 to Marguerite de Gondi, daughter of the duc de Retz and Jeanne de Scépeaux, duchesse de Beaupréau in her own right. He was not yet duc de Brissac at the time of the incident related in the *Memoirs*,

for this must have taken place before 1650, and he did not succeed his father till the year following.

Bristol. Although the Court did pay a brief visit to Bristol in the late summer of 1663, the allusion is actually meant for Bath, whither the Queen went for her health.

Bristol, Earl of (1612–1678), George Digby, known as Lord Digby till 1653, when he succeeded his father as second Earl of Bristol He served in the Royalist army during the Civil War, and did more harm than good to his cause both then and during the exile by his almost incredible vanity, unreliability, and lack of principle. In spite of his unremitting enmity towards the powerful Chancellor Clarendon he succeeded in getting himself appointed Secretary of State to Charles II in 1657. After the Restoration he continued to make a nuisance of himself on every possible occasion. His wife was Lady Anne Russell, daughter of the Earl of Bedford.

Brooke, Frances, second daughter of Sir William Brooke and stepdaughter of the Hon. Edward Russell, brother-in-law of the Earl of Bristol. Her portrait is among the "Windsor Beauties" painted by Lely for the Duchess of York. She married, first, Sir Francis Whitmore, and, second, Mathew Harvey. Her death took place before 1690.

Brooke, Margaret (1646?–1667), youngest daughter of Sir William Brooke and sister of Frances Brooke (q.v.). She married Sir John Denham (q.v.) in 1665, and about a year later was publicly acknowledged by the Duke of York as his mistress. She died in January 1667, after a long, painful, and mysterious illness. The various reports that she was poisoned by her husband, the Duchess of York, or the Countess of Rochester are wholly without foundation. She had desired that her body should be opened after her death; this was duly done, and no trace of poison was discovered in it. For Hamilton's account of her rivalry with the Countess of Chesterfield, see the article dealing with that lady. (*Mademoiselle Brouk.*)

Brouncker, Henry (1627–1688), Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York. In 1684 he succeeded his elder brother, Viscount Brouncker, first President of the Royal Society, as third Viscount Brouncker. He himself died without issue and the title became extinct. He was one of the most inveterate gamesters at Court, and a vicious and avaricious man. In his case Hamilton's portrait cannot be accounted too highly-coloured. (*Broncard.*)

Buckhurst, Lord (1638–1706), Charles Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, son of Richard Sackville, Earl of Dorset. He was an early admirer of Nell Gwyn's, and persuaded her to leave the stage for a time in 1667

and retire with him to Epsom. Hamilton is in error in saying that he took her away from the King; if anything, the reverse was the case. At any rate he preceded Charles II in her favours. In June 1674, he married Mary Bagot, Countess of Falmouth (q.v.), and he was twice married afterwards. In 1675 he was created Earl of Middlesex and two years later succeeded to the earldom of Dorset. Though he was a rake in his youth, he sobered down later and held high office with distinction under Charles II and William III. He was an excellent poet, best-known by his famous ballad "To all you ladies now on land."

Buckingham, Duchess of (1639 ?–1705), Mary, only child of Lord Fairfax, the Parliamentary General during the Civil War. Although she was actually engaged to Lord Chesterfield at the time, Buckingham wooed and won her in 1657, principally with the object of getting back his forfeited lands, which had been granted to Fairfax by Parliament. It was certainly not for her beauty, to which she had no pretensions. Possibly because of a mutual sympathy born of the similarity of their married lives she became one of the most intimate friends of Queen Catherine, to whom she was a Lady of the Bedchamber.

Buckingham, Duke of (1628–1687), George Villiers, eldest son of the first Duke of Buckingham, the favourite of James I and Charles I. He was brought up with Charles II and accompanied him on his voyage to Scotland and his attempt to regain the Crown in 1649. The instability of his disposition rendered him as unreliable in politics as in love, and although he attained to high office, becoming a member of the Cabal ministry, neither Charles II nor anyone else ever really trusted him. Dryden's portrait of him as Zimri in *Absalom and Achitophel* is deservedly famous; but Buckingham himself possessed almost as fine a talent for satire, as he showed by portraying Dryden as the ridiculous poet, Bayes, in his comedy, *The Rehearsal*. Intriguing, profligate, dishonourable, and spendthrift, Buckingham eventually died a ruined and discredited man. See also the articles on the Duchess of Buckingham and the Countess of Shrewsbury. (*Duc de Boukingham.*)

Bussy (1618–1693), Roger de Rabutin, comte de Bussy, author of the *Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*, a collection of scandalous anecdotes of the Court of Louis XIV, which he composed for the amusement of his mistress, the marquise de Monglat. For this impudence he was confined in the Bastille in 1665 and afterwards exiled to his estates in Burgundy for seventeen years. He was an intimate friend of Anthony Hamilton's, and there can be little doubt that Hamilton was influenced by his book in writing these *Memoirs*. (*Bussi.*)

Caméran, Comte de, or, more properly, Conte di Camerano, a member of a noble Piedmontese family. He was, no doubt, a descendant

in the first or second degree of Orazio di Camerano, ennobled in 1601 by Duke Charles Emanuel I of Savoy.

Carlingford, Earl of (?–1677), Theobald Taaffe, second Viscount Taaffe, created Earl of Carlingford in 1661 for his services as a Royalist commander in Ireland during the Civil War. He was the father of the Viscount Taaffe who had the intrigue with Miss Warmestry.

Carnegie, Lady, see the Countess of Southesk. (*Carneguy.*)

Carnegie, Lord, see the Earl of Southesk. (*Carneguy.*)

Casaux (?–1681), Isaac de Béon de Casaux, Lieutenant-General in the French army. (*Caseau.*)

Castlemaine, Countess of (1641–1709), Barbara Villiers, daughter of William, second Viscount Grandison, a noble Cavalier who had died of wounds received at the siege of Bristol. She entered the lists of love very early in life and had a questionable love affair with Lord Chesterfield when she was little more than sixteen. She went over to Holland soon after her marriage to Roger Palmer in 1659, and almost immediately became Charles II's mistress. She was openly acknowledged by him after the Restoration, and in 1661 became Countess of Castlemaine by her reluctant husband's elevation to the peerage of Ireland. When the King married he was cruel enough to force his mistress on his wife as Lady of the Bedchamber. She was by no means faithful to the King and indulged in an endless succession of lovers of all ages, classes, and professions. Charles acknowledged the paternity of five of her children, the Dukes of Southampton, Grafton, and Northumberland, and the Countesses of Sussex and Lichfield; but he rejected two more whom she tried to foist on him. Her ascendancy was seriously threatened at one time by Frances Stuart, with whom Charles seems to have been genuinely in love, but it was actually because of her promiscuity and her vile temper that he ultimately broke with her. Her day was to all intents and purposes already over in 1670 when she was created Duchess of Cleveland in her own right, but she was completely supplanted in the following year by Louise de Keroualle, afterwards Duchess of Portsmouth. She lived in Paris for some years during the latter part of Charles II's reign. In 1705 she married Beau Feilding, brother of Miss Feilding (q.v.); but in addition to being already married he treated her cruelly, and the marriage was annulled two years later. Lady Castlemaine was as remarkable for her rapacity and greed as for her insatiability in love. (*Comtesse de Castelmaine.*)

Catherine of Bragança (1638–1705), daughter of the Duke of Bragança, who became King of Portugal as John IV in 1640. A marriage between her and Charles II was mooted as early as 1645. She was married to him at Portsmouth in May 1662. In his peculiar way Charles seems to have been really fond of her, and his emotion at the

time of her serious illness was so intense as to turn his hair grey. Had she been able to give him an heir, she might have retained his volatile affections, but she never had a child, although she was pregnant several times. After Charles II's death, which affected her deeply, for she had always adored him, she lived in retirement at Somerset House and Hammersmith. She returned to Portugal in 1693 and was Regent there 1704–1705.

Cerise, a Swiss inn-keeper at Lyons.

Charlemagne, the Emperor (742–814).

Charles II (1630–1685), eldest son of Charles I and Henrietta Maria of France (q.v.). He was restored to the throne in 1660.

Chesterfield, Countess of (1640–1665), Elizabeth, daughter of James Butler, Duke of Ormonde (q.v.). She was the second wife of Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield (q.v.). There is a great deal of inaccuracy in Hamilton's account of her relations with the Duke of York, and especially of her rivalry in the matter with Lady Denham. Lord Chesterfield had become aware of the Duke's attentions to her and her favourable reception of them, and had taken her away into the country as early as November 1662, a month before the arrival of the Muscovite envoys. She was still at Bretby in January 1663, after the reception of the envoys was over. The story of the green stockings must therefore relate to some other occasion ; in all probability Hamilton connected it with the reception of the Muscovite embassy merely as a literary device to preserve the thread of the narrative unbroken. It is a more serious matter that there could have been no rivalry between Lady Chesterfield and *Lady Denham* over the Duke of York at this time ; for Lady Denham was still Miss Margaret Brooke : her marriage did not take place till 1665. According to Hamilton Lady Chesterfield survived Lady Denham, whereas actually she died a year and a half before her. This particular part of the *Memoirs* needs treating with greater caution than any other ; there may be, and probably are elements of truth in it, but it cannot be accepted as it stands.

Chesterfield, Earl of (1633–1714), Philip Stanhope, son of Henry, Lord Stanhope, and his wife, Catherine, who in 1660 was created Countess of Chesterfield in her own right for life. He succeeded his grandfather as second Earl of Chesterfield in 1656. His first wife, Lady Anne Percy, whom he married in 1652, died two years later ; in 1660 he married the lady who is the Countess of Chesterfield of these *Memoirs ;* and he married a third time in 1669. In his early days he was a notorious rake, boasting the doubtful distinction of having been Lady Castlemaine's first lover and the not unsuccessful admirer of a great many other ladies of high rank. This gay young spark is scarcely recognizable in Hamilton's portrait. Hamilton was obviously

prejudiced against him for some reason, but it is not unlikely that he did sober down as responsibilities came to him. He was Lord Chamberlain to the Queen from 1662 to 1665. Although he acquiesced in the Revolution settlement, his personal loyalty to the Stuart family was unfailing; on the abdication of James II he retired into private life, and steadfastly refused, though often requested, to accept any office under William III, preferring to occupy himself in beautifying his magnificent gardens at Bretby.

Chiffinch, William (1602?–1688), Page of the Backstairs to Charles II until 1666, when, on the death of his brother, Thomas, he became Keeper of the King's Closet. As such he was employed by Charles in his most secret business, whether amorous or political. (*Chivins.*)

Churchill, Arabella (1648–1730), eldest daughter of Sir Winston Churchill and sister of the great Duke of Marlborough, the John Churchill of the *Memoirs*. Coming to Court as a Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York she became acknowledged mistress to the Duke, to whom she bore several children, one of whom, James FitzJames, became the famous maréchal-duc de Berwick. She afterwards married Colonel Charles Godfrey, by whom she had two daughters. It is noteworthy that she was one of the prominent characters in the *Memoirs* to be still alive when they were published.

Churchill, John (1650–1722), son of Sir Winston Churchill, and younger brother of Arabella Churchill (q.v.). He first came to Court as page to the Duke of York, and soon became a lover of Lady Castlemaine's; but this intrigue occurred nearly ten years later than Hamilton places it, for when the Court returned from Bath in 1663 he was still a mere boy of thirteen. He is reputed to have been the father of one of Lady Castlemaine's children whom the King refused to acknowledge. In 1678 he married Sarah Jennings, sister of Frances Jennings, Duchess of Tyrconnel (q.v.). In later life he became the greatest military commander of the age as Duke of Marlborough.

Clarendon, Earl of (1609–1674). Edward Hyde, originally an opponent of the Court party in Charles I's time, went over to the King and became Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was Charles II's chief adviser during the exile, first as Secretary of State and then as Lord Chancellor. He was created Earl of Clarendon in 1661 and remained the King's chief minister till 1667, when his enemies, led by Lady Castlemaine, Buckingham, and Arlington, successfully engineered his fall. Charles also undoubtedly suspected him of having encouraged the marriage between Frances Stuart and the Duke of Richmond. During his exile in France he completed his famous *History of the Great Rebellion* and wrote his *Life* and the *Continuation to his Life*. He

died in Rouen. He was an honest and sober-minded man, and, though ambitious, for reasons of state-policy vigorously opposed his daughter's marriage to the Duke of York.

Cleveland, Duchess of, see the Countess of Castlemaine.

Cominges, Monsieur de (1613–1670), Jean-Baptiste-Gaston, comte de Cominges, French Ambassador in London from December 1662 to December 1665. He was stiff and proud, and both Charles II and Clarendon complained that it was very difficult to deal with him. His dispatches are invaluable in checking the facts in these *Memoirs*.

Condé, prince de (1621–1686), Louis de Bourbon, son of Henri II, prince de Condé, and Charlotte-Marguerite de Montmorency, sister of Henri, duc de Montmorency (q.v.). He was known as duc d'Enghien before he succeeded his father in 1646. As one of the foremost military commanders of his time he shed additional lustre on one of the most illustrious names in Europe, becoming known to history as " Le Grand Condé."

Cooke, Sarah. This very indifferent actress in the King's Company is probably to be identified with " Miss Sarah," the niece of the Mother of the Maids, who was introduced to the stage by Rochester. Some former commentators have erroneously identified " Miss Sarah " with Elizabeth Barry, with whose career also Rochester was associated. But Elizabeth Barry does not fit Hamilton's description at all, since, while she had no claims to beauty, she was universally allowed to be the greatest tragic actress of her generation. Moreover, the dates do not fit : Elizabeth Barry did not make her appearance on the stage till 1673.

Corbetta, Francisco (1620 ?–1681). Born at Pavia, Corbetta, or Corbetti as the name is sometimes spelt, became famed in his native land as a guitar-player. In 1656 he was sent by the Duke of Mantua to the Court of Louis XIV. After the Restoration he came to England, where Charles II provided him with a pension and a wife. In a letter to Madame dated May 29th, 1665, Charles II wrote : " I have heere sent you some lessons for the guittar, which I hope will please you, the Comte de Gramont did carry over with him others, which it may be you have, and as fransisco makes any more that pleases me, I will send them to you." Corbetta died in Paris.

Corisande, Gramont's grandmother, see the Gramont family.

Cornwallis, Lord (1655–1698), Charles Cornwallis, succeeded his father as third Lord Cornwallis of Eye in 1673. In the same year he married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Stephen Fox (q.v.), so that the incident of the letter related by Hamilton must be posterior to this date. Lord Cornwallis's second wife, whom he married in 1688, was the widow of the ill-starred Duke of Monmouth. (*Milord Conwalis*.)

Crofts, Lord (1611?–1677), William Crofts, Captain of Queen Henrietta Maria's guards before the Civil War. Created a peer in 1658, he took the title of Baron Crofts of Saxham. Charles II's son by Lucy Walter (subsequently the Duke of Monmouth (q.v.)) was placed in his care and at first bore his name. After the Restoration he was Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the King, who placed great trust in him and frequently employed him to carry important communications to the duchesse d'Orléans. (*Crafs.*)

Cromwell, Oliver (1599–1658), the Protector. (*Cromwel.*)

Davis, Miss: Mary or Moll Davis, illegitimate daughter of Colonel Charles Howard, son of Thomas, Earl of Berkshire, but according to other accounts the daughter of a blacksmith at Charlton near the seat of the Howard family in Wiltshire. She became an actress in Sir William D'Avenant's troop at the Duke's Theatre. She left the stage in 1668 to become Charles II's mistress, and bore him a daughter, Mary Tudor (1673–1726), who subsequently married Francis, Earl of Derwentwater, and was the mother of the Jacobite earl executed in 1716.

Denham, Lady, see Margaret Brooke. (*La Denam.*)

Denham, Sir John (1615–1669), poet and architect. On May 25th, 1665 he married, as his second wife, Margaret Brooke (q.v.). He was fifty at the time of his marriage, not seventy-nine, as Hamilton says. Always inclined to eccentricity, for a time he went completely mad in consequence of his wife's infidelity with the Duke of York. He was widely but unjustly suspected of having poisoned her. He had some talent as an architect and succeeded Inigo Jones as Surveyor to the Crown; but he was still better known as the author of *Cooper's Hill* and the *Elegy on the death of Cowley*. In his youth he was a great gamester, though at the same time he managed to write an admirable and convincing treatise on the evils of gaming. (*Chevalier Denam.*)

Digby, Lord, see the Earl of Bristol. (*Milord Dighby.*)

Dillon, Cary (1627–1689), youngest son of Robert, Earl of Roscommon. He was second to Colonel Thomas Howard (q.v.) in his duel with Jermyn, 1662, and though, according to an account in the Verney MSS., he "fought carelessly, as if willing neither to hurt nor be hurt, it being none of his quarrel," he it was who killed Rawlins. In 1684 he succeeded his nephew, the poet, as fifth Earl of Roscommon.

Dorset, Lord, see Lord Buckhurst.

Dungan, Robert (after 1630–1662), third son of Sir John Dungan, Bart., of Castletown, Kildare, and brother of Sir William Dungan, who was created in 1662 Viscount Dungan of Clane and in 1686 Earl of Limerick. A petition from Sir William Dungan mentions his younger

brother, Robert, who " served his Majesty abroad in several capacities, and is now (Oct. 16th, 1660) lieutenant in the Duke of York's troop in Flanders." In 1661 he was Lieutenant in the Duke of York's Life Guards under the captaincy of Sir Charles Berkeley. He must have died in the spring or early summer of 1662, for his estate was administered in July of that year. There is a story that he was one of Nell Gwyn's first admirers and introduced her to the stage, a service which she rewarded by getting him appointed to the Duke of York's guards, but the facts and dates here given show that this was manifestly impossible. (*Dongan.*)

Du Plessis Praslin (1598–1675), César de Choiseul-Praslin, comte du Plessis, known at first under the cadet family title of comte d'Hostel. He became a maréchal de France in 1645 and duc de Choiseul in 1665. Owing to his advanced age he went into retirement in 1672.

Etherege, Sir George (1635 ?–1691), dramatist, diplomatist, and debauchee. He is supposed to have met his death from a fall when under the influence of drink in Paris, where he lived in exile owing to his loyalty to the House of Stuart.

Falmouth, Lady, see Mary Bagot.

Falmouth, Lord, see Sir Charles Berkeley.

Feilding, Miss (?–1680), Anne, daughter of George Feilding or Fielding of Solihull, Warwickshire, a kinsman of the Earl of Denbigh. She became the third wife of Sir Samuel Morland, the inventor. Her brother, Robert, known as Beau Feilding (1651–1712) married successively Mary, only daughter of Barnham Swift, Lord Carlingford, Lady Muskerry (q.v.), an impostor called Mary Wadsworth, who posed as Mrs Deleau a rich widow, and the Duchess of Cleveland. This last marriage took place on November 25th, 1705, little more than a fortnight after the former one, and was bigamous. It was annulled in 1707. Feilding appears to have served in the army, attaining the rank of Major-General, and to have dabbled in politics. He was M.P. for Gowran in James II's Irish Parliament, 1689. (*Mademoiselle Filding.*)

Feraulas, Squire, a character in the romance of *Amadis des Gaules.*

Fiesque, comtesse de (?–1699), Gilonne d'Harcourt married, first, the marquis de Piennes, second, in 1653, Charles-Louis, comte de Fiesque. She was Gramont's mistress for some time, and, when she finally dismissed him in 1643, he suspected that Monsieur de Chabot, afterwards duc de Rohan, had had a hand in the matter, and challenged him to a duel. But when it came to the point of fighting, he backed out, thereby obtaining a reputation for cowardice, which he does not seem otherwise to have deserved.

Flamarens, marquis de (?–1706), François de Grossolles, eldest son of Antoine-Agésilas, marquis de Flamarens, whom he succeeded in the title. Having taken part in a duel in which Madame de Montespan's brother, the marquis d'Antin, was killed, he resolved to forestall the inevitable order exiling him, and fled to England in 1662. He died at Burgos in Spain, unmarried and still an exile. (*Marquis de Flamarin.*)

Fox, Sir Stephen (1627–1716), statesman. He was no longer Treasurer of the King's Household, as Hamilton says he was, at the time of his daughter's marriage to Lord Cornwallis (q.v.). He had managed Charles II's household during the exile, and in 1661 was appointed Paymaster-General, which was an entirely different post. Though Nell Gwyn may have helped, and probably did, in furthering the idea, he was the real originator of Chelsea Hospital. (*Le Chevalier Fax.*)

Francisco, see Corbetta.

Fribourg, Battle of (1644).

Gaboury, perhaps a member of the family of Gabarret or Gavarret, branches of which were seated in Lauraguais and Rochefort.

Gerard, Lord (1618–1694). The original edition has "Milord Janet," which most commentators have taken to refer to one of the Earls of Thanet; but the French MSS. still preserved have "Milord Jaret," thus suggesting Lord Gerard, who is far more appropriate in the context. He was Charles Gerard, created first Baron Gerard of Brandon in 1645. Like Prince Rupert, he was one of the chief Royalist commanders during the Civil War, so that there is some point in the allusion to them as sustaining the rival merits of Cæsar and Alexander, the great commanders of antiquity. Lady Gerard, who was Jane, daughter of Pierre de Civelle, equerry to Queen Henrietta Maria, is frequently referred to in Cominges's despatches as "Madame Jaret." She was a Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Catherine. Lord Gerard was created Earl of Macclesfield in 1679. (*Milord Janet.*)

Gigeri, forty leagues from Algiers. The French had a factory there, and in 1664 sent an expedition to build a fort for its protection against the Arabs.

Gloucester, Duke of (1639–1660), Henry, third son of Charles I and younger brother of Charles II and the Duke of York. He was regarded as the most promising of the three brothers. He died of smallpox in the autumn of the year of the Restoration. (*Duc de Glocester.*)

Gramont Family, The. The tradition runs that the Gramonts were anciently of Spanish stock, the original spelling of the name

having been Agramonte. But the branch of the family to which the chevalier belonged was not really true Gramont in the male line. The founder of this branch was Antoine d'Aure, son of Manaud d'Aure, vicomte d'Aster, who in 1525 married Claire de Gramont, sister and heiress of Jean, seigneur de Gramont. This Antoine later assumed the name and arms of his mother's family. His son, Philibert de Gramont et de Toulongeon, comte de Gramont et de Guiche, and vicomte d'Aster, married in 1567 Diane d'Andouins, only daughter of Paul, comte de Louvigny. Their son, Antoine, was the father of the hero of these *Memoirs*. Diane d'Andouins, who was also known as "la belle Corisande," was at one time the mistress of Henri IV (q.v.), who by many was believed to have been the father of Antoine, comte de Gramont. The chevalier himself apparently affected to believe the story, though he must have known that his grandmother's association with the King did not begin until after her husband's death. Antoine, comte de Gramont was twice married. By his first wife, Louise, daughter of the maréchal de Roquelaure, he had two sons, the maréchal de Gramont (q.v.), and Roger, comte de Louvigny, who was killed in a duel in 1629. His children by his second wife, Claude de Montmorency, daughter of the seigneur de Bouteville, were Henri, comte de Toulongeon (q.v.), Philibert (q.v.) the hero of these *Memoirs*, and four daughters, Suzanne-Charlotte, afterwards marquise de St Chaumont (q.v.), Anne-Louise, afterwards marquise de Feuquières, Françoise-Marguerite-Bayonne, afterwards marquise de Lons, and Charlotte-Catherine, who became a nun.

Gramont, comtesse de, see Elizabeth Hamilton.

Gramont, maréchal de (1604–1678), Antoine, eldest son of Antoine, comte de Gramont, by his first wife. See the note on the Gramont family. In 1634 he married a kinswoman of Cardinal Richelieu, Françoise-Marguerite de Chivré, daughter of Hector de Chivré, seigneur du Plessis. Until his father's death in 1644 he was styled comte de Guiche, and was made a maréchal de France in 1641 while still bearing that title. He was created duc de Gramont in 1648. He was half-brother to the chevalier de Gramont, and father of the princesse de Monaco and of that comte de Guiche who entertained so fervent a passion for Madame.

Gramont, Philibert de (1621–1707), son of Antoine, comte de Gramont, by his second wife, Claude de Montmorency, daughter of the seigneur de Bouteville. Philibert was known successively as the abbé, the chevalier, and the comte de Gramont. His early adventures are sufficiently described in the *Memoirs*. In 1662, having offended Louis XIV by his persistent attentions to one of his mistresses,

Mademoiselle de la Mothe Houdancourt (q.v.), he was exiled to England, where, according to Hamilton, he arrived about the time of the King's marriage, which took place in May. His first attempt to return to France, alluded to in the *Memoirs*, apparently occurred in the early autumn of this year, for Charles II announces his impending departure in a letter to Madame dated September 8th, 1662: "The Chevalier de Gramont begins his iourny tomorrow or next day, by him I will write more at large to you, I am doing all I can to gett him a rich wife heere, you may thinke this a jeste, but he is in very good earnest, and I beleeve he will tell you that he is not displeased with his usage heere, and with the way of liveing." He returned to England on January 14th, 1663, as appears from a dispatch from Cominges to Louis XIV dated the following day. Cominges frequently alludes to him in subsequent dispatches, describing his fruitless attempts to obtain the favours of Mrs Middleton (q.v.), and informing the King that he is pursuing his usual methods in gallantry, that is to say making more noise than progress. But in August he was able to announce that the chevalier was "now, six months after his coming, in a fair way to marriage." The ambassador's account of the events leading up to the marriage sheds so much light on the affair that it is advisable to quote it at length. "He is so satisfied and content with the advantages he has obtained from gallantry that he is desirous to make it the foundation of his conduct for the remainder of his days. But since he has very rightly decided that his age was becoming a great obstacle to all his illusory pleasures, he has resolved to secure himself some solid ones by marrying. With this object in view he has cast his eyes upon a lovely young lady of the house of Hamilton, a niece of the Duke of Ormonde, adorned with all the graces of virtue and noble birth, but so little endowed with material wealth that the highest estimate of her fortune is just nothing.

"I think that in the beginning the chevalier did not intend to let the affair go so far: but, whether it was because her conversation completed what her beauty began, or because the fuss made by two rather tiresome brothers had something to do with it, he has now declared himself publicly. The King has given his consent, and in view of the intended marriage has given them to hope that he will help them to set up house by a pension or some other means when he is able.

"Nevertheless, since I perceived that this marriage was making him the laughing-stock of the Court and that everyone was joking about it as they pleased, I ventured to try to break it off or at least to postpone it for some time; but with no success, and I see no further remedy for an inevitable evil, counselled by a blind and performed by a diseased man. He has tried to pass off on me as good reasons a thousand false ones; but I would not listen to him, nor he to me, and time alone

will show him whose arguments were best. For his peace of mind I hope that his will prove to be so, but there is little likelihood of that."

In December Gramont at last heard that he would be permitted to return to France, but his journey was repeatedly postponed, possibly in order that he might marry Elizabeth Hamilton before he left. On December 21st Cominges informed Louis XIV that the marriage had just been made public. Gramont must have paid a brief and hasty visit to Paris almost immediately after his wedding, for on January 4th, 1664, Charles II wrote to Madame that he was very glad to hear that Gramont was being well received in Paris, while on January 18th he thanks her for a letter brought by Gramont on his return, and makes one of his characteristic comments: "I have not had yett time to talke with the Comte de Gramont, he is so taken up with his wife, as I have scarce seene him these two dayes that he has been heere, but that fury continues not long, and I beleeve he will be as reasonable in that point as most men are." The birth of the first child, a son, at the end of August 1664, lends some colour to the popular story that Gramont tried to escape to France without marrying Miss Hamilton, but was intercepted by her brothers at Dover and forced to return and keep his promise. It appears, however, from Cominges's dispatch quoted above that the lady's brothers had intervened even earlier.

Towards the end of October 1664, the comte and comtesse de Gramont left for France. "The Conte de Gramont will give you this, and he will tell you how kind I am to you," wrote Charles II to Madame on October 23rd, "I pray be kinde to him and to his wife for my sake, and if at any time there be any occasion to send hether one of his talent, there is nobody will be more wellcome to me then him." They were apparently very well received in France.

During the following years the comte and comtesse de Gramont were very frequently in England, and even when in France the comte seemed to have left part of his heart in England, for Madame describes how he rejoiced when the news of the English victory over the Dutch at Southwold Bay was brought to the Court of France: "Pour le conte de gramond il est plus englois q'homme du monde et tous les iours ie ne scay comme il ne ce fait pas mille affaire pour sela il estoit comme un fou de ioie quand la nouvelle est arive."

The comte and comtesse de Gramont accompanied Madame on her historic visit to Dover in 1670, and in 1688 Gramont came over to England on a special mission as Louis XIV's representative to congratulate James II and his Queen on the birth of an heir to the throne.

Gramont seems to have retained his verve and youthful sprightliness right up to the end of his long life: Ninon de Lenclos described him as the only old man at the Court of France who was not ridiculous. (*Chevalier de Grammont.*)

Guinea, Expedition to, contemplated in 1664.

Guise, duc de (1614–1664), Henri de Lorraine. He started his career in the Church and became Archbishop of Rheims, but on the death of his elder brother in 1639 and his own succession to the title, he relinquished holy orders and entered the army.

Guise, duchesse de (?–1679), Honorine de Glimes, widow of the comte de Boussu. She married the duc de Guise (q.v.) in Brussels in 1641.

Gwyn, Nell (1650–1687), actress and mistress of Charles II. She started her career as an orange-girl at Drury Lane, but later went on the stage, making her first appearance in 1665. She was successively the mistress of Charles Hart, the actor, Charles, Lord Buckhurst, and Charles II, whom she called her Charles III. Her association with the King started about 1668 and continued to his death. One of her sons by Charles was created Duke of St Albans. She was the most popular of all the King's mistresses, and has remained so to this day. Her everlasting charm is probably due as much as anything else to the quality of her wit, which was characteristically English, and, indeed, of the kind that is usually described as Cockney. (*Nellgouyne and Mademoiselle Gouin.*)

Hall, Jacob, a well-known rope-dancer, who enjoyed the favours of Lady Castlemaine. His social position was considerably inferior to that held by music-hall performers of the present day.

Hamilton Family, The. Sir George Hamilton, fourth son of James, first Earl of Abercorn, and his wife, Mary Butler, daughter of Lord Thurles and sister of the Duke of Ormonde (q.v.), had six sons and three daughters, of whom only the two eldest sons, James and George (q.v.), and the eldest daughter, Elizabeth (q.v.), are mentioned in the *Memoirs*. Their other children were Anthony (q.v.), the author of the *Memoirs*, Thomas, a naval officer, and Richard and John, who, owing to the penal laws against Roman Catholics, entered the service of France. Both these youngest brothers were ardent Jacobites and fought for James II during the war in Ireland. Richard led James II's cavalry at the battle of the Boyne, and John was killed at the battle of Aughrim. The remaining sisters were Lucia, married to Sir Donough O'Brien of Lemineagh, and Margaret, married to Mathew Forde, of Coolgreny, Wexford. All the children were born in Ireland, but were brought up in France, chiefly at Caen, whither Sir George Hamilton, as a Royalist and a Roman Catholic, retired in 1651.

Hamilton, Anthony (1646–1720), third son of Sir George Hamilton (see preceding article). Born at Roscrea, Tipperary, he was taken over to France in 1651 and was brought up and educated as a Frenchman. He returned to England with the rest of the family

after the Restoration, but later, like his brothers, entered the service of Louis XIV. When the penal laws against the Catholics were suspended by James II he entered the Irish army, and in 1686 was a Lieutenant-Colonel in Sir Thomas Newcomen's regiment. He was later promoted to full Colonel, appointed Governor of Limerick, and made an Irish Privy Councillor with a pension of £200 a year on the establishment. After James II's defeat Anthony retired to France, where he lived chiefly at St Germain. His friendship with the four beautiful Bulkeley sisters, one of whom became the Duchess of Berwick, was the greatest pleasure of his later years, and it was for them that he wrote his fairy stories and much of his verse. Besides the *Memoirs of the comte de Gramont*, his best-known work, he wrote *Le Bélier*, *Histoire de Fleur d'Épine*, *Les Quatre Facardins*, *Zéneyde*, *L'Enchanteur Faustus*, and a good deal of minor verse and prose, chiefly " pièces d'occasion."

Hamilton, Elizabeth (1641–1708), eldest daughter of Sir George Hamilton (see the Hamilton family). She was one of the greatest beauties at the Court of Charles II, and her portrait is one of the most pleasing of the " Windsor Beauties " painted by Lely for the Duchess of York. She married Philibert de Gramont (q.v.) in December 1663. She left for France with him in October 1664, a couple of months after the birth of her first child. On this occasion Charles II wrote to Madame : " I writt to you yesterday by the Comte de Gramont but I beleeve this letter will come sooner to your handes, for he goes by the way of Diep with his wife and family, and now that I have named her, I cannot chuse but againe desire you to be kinde to her, for besides the merritt her family has on both sides, she is as good a creature as ever lived, I beleeve she will passe for a handsome woman in france, though she has not yett since her lying in, recovered that good shape she had before, and I am affraide never will."

The comtesse de Gramont, though a favourite with both the King and Queen of France and with Madame, who described her as " une des melieur famme que iay vue de ma vie," was by many accounted too stiff and haughty, and seems to have been far less popular at the Court of France than she was in England. Queen Marie-Thérèse, however, held her in great esteem and appointed her a Dame du Palais in 1667. She seems to have been a good wife to Gramont, bearing his constant inconstancy with dignity and patience. In her later years she gave herself up to religion and corresponded with Fénélon for fourteen years about the state of her soul.

She bore Gramont three children, a son, who died young, and two daughters, one of whom, Claude-Charlotte, was married in 1694 to Henry Stafford-Howard, Earl of Stafford. The other daughter, Marie-Elizabeth (1667–1706), took the veil and died Abbesse de Sainte-Marine du Poussey, in Lorraine.

Hamilton, George (?–1676), "the younger of the Hamiltons," second son of Sir George Hamilton and brother of Elizabeth Hamilton, comtesse de Gramont (q.v.). During the exile he was page to Charles II. After the Restoration he entered the King's Guards. In 1665 he married Frances Jennings (q.v.). Two years later, having apparently been knighted by Charles II before his departure, he went abroad and entered the service of Louis XIV, in command of the English gens d'armes. He became a naturalized Frenchman in 1668. He attained to high rank in the French army, being appointed maréchal de camp (Major-General) in February 1676, but he was killed fighting in Flanders in June of the same year. This was the Hamilton who pursued Mrs Wetenhall and Frances Stuart. Evelyn describes him as "a valiant and worthy gentleman."

Hamilton, James (?–1673), "the elder of the Hamiltons," and the lover of Lady Chesterfield. He was the eldest son of Sir George Hamilton. Being a convert to Protestantism he was the only one of his family who could remain in the English service during Charles II's reign. He was Groom of the Bedchamber to the King, Colonel of a regiment of foot, and Ranger of Hyde Park. One of his legs was shot off by a cannon-ball in a fight with the Dutch at Schonvelt, and as a result of this wound he died shortly after. About 1660 or 1661 he married Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Colepeper, and his eldest son by her became sixth Earl of Abercorn.

Henrietta Anne (1644–1670), duchesse d'Orléans, youngest child of Charles I. She was born at Exeter during the Civil War. In 1646 her governess, the Countess of Morton, succeeded in carrying her off to her mother in France, where she was brought up as a Roman Catholic. She came to England with Queen Henrietta Maria for a short time after the Restoration, being then already affianced to Philippe, duc d'Orléans, younger brother of Louis XIV, whom she married on her return to France in 1661. She acted as intermediary in the secret negotiations between Louis XIV and Charles II, and personally negotiated the Treaty of Dover in 1670. She died with dramatic suddenness almost immediately after her return to France, and it was freely rumoured that she had been poisoned by her husband or at his instigation, but modern research seems to indicate that she died of a duodenal ulcer of long standing.

Henrietta Maria (1609–1669), Queen of England. She was the youngest daughter of Henri IV of France and married Charles I in 1625. Charles II was her eldest surviving son, her first-born having died soon after birth. During the exile she lived in France, and did not return to England till November 2nd, 1660. She spent a good deal of her time in England from 1660 to 1665, having her residence

at Somerset House, but in the latter year she left finally for France, where she spent the remainder of her life, chiefly at the Château of Colombes.

Henri IV (1553–1610), Henri de Bourbon, King of Navarre, and King of France from 1589 to 1610. He was the father of Louis XIII and Queen Henrietta Maria of England, and therefore grandfather of both Charles II and Louis XIV. He was the lover of Gramont's grandmother, Diane d'Andouins, and by many was supposed to have been the father of Gramont's father, Antoine de Gramont. Paternity, indeed, played a great part in his life.

Hobart, Miss. This lady has been supposed to be one of the sixteen children of Sir Henry Hobart of Blickling, Norfolk; but since he died in 1625 at a very advanced age and long after the births of his children, she would surely have been incredibly old to be a Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York after the Restoration. It is far more probable that she was one of his almost countless granddaughters. Taking the lady's disposition as well as the dates into consideration, the likeliest would appear to be a daughter by his second wife of Sir Miles Hobart, K.B., of Plumstead, Norfolk. She died unmarried in 1696 at the age of sixty-three. Even then she would have been rather old to be a Maid of Honour, but it is noteworthy that Hamilton describes her as "the eldest of the community."

Howard, Henry (1628–1684), second son of Henry, third Earl of Arundel. He was created Baron Howard of Castle Rising in 1669 and succeeded his elder brother as Duke of Norfolk in 1677. The dukedom, which had been in abeyance since the attainder of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, beheaded in 1572, was restored to the family by Act of Parliament in 1660. It is difficult to understand how he could be described as on the point of becoming Duke of Norfolk and already in possession of the estates when his elder brother was still in excellent health. It may be that the allusion was actually intended for this brother, Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk (1627–1677). Henry Howard was certainly not stupid, as Hamilton describes him, but was on the contrary a patron of learning and himself a scholar. At the suggestion of his intimate friend, John Evelyn, he presented the collections made by his grandfather, the Earl of Arundel, the library to the Royal Society, and the Arundelian marbles to the University of Oxford. He married, first, Lady Anne Somerset, daughter of the Marquess of Worcester, and, second, Jane, daughter of Robert Bickerton.

Howard, Thomas (after 1629–1678), fourth son of Sir William Howard of Naworth and younger brother of the Earl of Carlisle. He

narried, in 1664, as her third husband, Mary Villiers, Duchess of Richmond, sister of the Duke of Buckingham (q.v.).

Hughes, Mrs (?–1719), Margaret, or Peg, Hughes made her first appearance on the stage in 1663 and was one of the first female actresses n England. In 1669 she became the mistress of Prince Rupert (q.v.). Her daughter by him, Ruperta (born 1673), married Lieutenant-General Howe. (*Mademoiselle Fiwes.*)

Humières, marquis d' (1628–1694), Louis de Crevant, marquis and afterwards duc d'Humières, maréchal de France and grand maître de l'artillerie. He was less remarkable for his military talents than for his magnificence, his exquisite manners, and his unimpeachable taste n clothes and food.

Hyde, Anne (1637–1671), eldest daughter of the Earl of Clarendon (q.v.). At the age of twelve she was taken by her mother to Antwerp, and five years later she became a Maid of Honour to Mary, Princess of Orange (q.v.). She was secretly contracted to the Duke of York n Breda in 1659, and married to him in London in the following year. There are elements of truth in Hamilton's account of the events leading up to her marriage. Berkeley certainly claimed that he had enjoyed her favours, but Clarendon does not mention the other "men of honour" who are supposed to have made similar statements. The Duchess of York was an able and a generous woman; the only fault laid to her charge was that "she took state on her rather too much." (Burnet.) Queen Mary II and Queen Anne were her daughters.

Hyde, Mrs (1639–1662), Theodosia, daughter of Arthur, Lord Capel, and first wife of Henry Hyde, afterwards known as Viscount Cornbury. She never became Countess of Clarendon, for she had died before her husband succeeded his father.

Jennings, Miss (1649?–1731), Frances, daughter and co-heiress of Richard Jennings of Sandridge, Herts, and elder sister of the famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. She was Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York in 1664, and in the following year married George Hamilton (q.v.). It was probably at this time that she became a convert to the Roman Catholic faith. In 1679, three years after Hamilton's death, she married her old admirer, Dick Talbot, afterwards Duke of Tyrconnel (q.v.). She accompanied him to Ireland, and, as the wife of the Viceroy, was James II's hostess at Dublin Castle after his defeat at the battle of the Boyne. After her husband's death she retired to France, where she lived on a small pension granted to her by the Court. Later she lived in Brussels. She may have paid a visit to England about 1705; but Walpole's story that she became a milliner at the Royal Exchange is almost certainly apocryphal. About 1709, having succeeded in gaining from the Crown the restitution of some of her husband's

property, she returned to Ireland, where she passed the remainder of her life in devotion and good works, among which was the establishment of a Convent of Poor Clares. She died at her house in Paradise Row, Dublin.

Jermyn, Henry (1636–1708), younger son of Thomas Jermyn, elder brother of the Earl of St Albans (q.v.). He entered the service of the Duke of York before the Restoration, and later became his Master of the Horse. He was a notorious gamester and debauchee. He was much liked and trusted by James II, who showered honours on him and in 1685 created him Baron Dover, but his character was devoid of loyalty and strength, and he was easily won over by William III's overtures in 1692. He succeeded his elder brother, Thomas, as third Lord Jermyn of St Edmundsbury in 1703. The only daughter of his marriage to Judith, daughter of Sir Edward Poley, of Badley, Suffolk, predeceased him, and on his death his peerages became extinct. It was rumoured, probably without any foundation, that he was secretly married to Mary, Princess of Orange in Holland before the Restoration. (*Germain.*)

Jones, Mr (1636–1712). Richard Jones succeeded his father as third Viscount Ranelagh in 1670. He was created first Earl of Ranelagh in the peerage of Ireland in 1674. He sat in the English House of Commons from 1685 to 1703, and also held various government posts in Ireland, including that of Paymaster-General (1691–1702). He was able and witty, but debauched and dishonest.

Killigrew, Henry (1637–1705), son by his first marriage of Thomas Killigrew (1612–1683), Master of the Revels, with whom he has been confused not only by many of the previous editors of the *Memoirs*, but also by the writer of the article on Thomas Killigrew in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. He must also be carefully distinguished from his kinsman, Dr Henry Killigrew, the dramatist. The Henry Killigrew of the *Memoirs* was a courtier, and held the post of Groom of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York and afterwards to the King. In 1662 he married Lady Mary Savage, daughter of Earl Rivers of Rock Savage. Though he possessed a merry wit and considerable charm, he was one of the most abominable and debauched scoundrels who ever disgraced a Court. It is uncertain when his intrigue with Lady Shrewsbury took place; but he was already casting aspersions on her character and morals in 1667, when he had a most ignoble scuffle in the theatre with the Duke of Buckingham. He appears then to have thought it advisable to take refuge in France. Charles II wrote to his sister on October 17th, 1667: "For harry Killigrew you may see him as you please, and though I cannot commende my Ldy Shrewsberys conduct in many things yett Mr Killigrews carriage towards her, has been worse then I will repeate, and for his demelé

with my Ld of Buckingham he ought not to brag of, for it was in all sorts most abominable, I am glad the poore wrech has gott a meanes of subsistance, but have one caution of him that you beleeve not one word he sayes of us heere, for he is a most notorious lyer and does not want witt to sett forth his storyes pleasantly enough." On March 10th, 1668, he wrote again: "My Ld of buckingham is so affraide that you should think he is the cause that H. Killigrew does not returne hether since you have desired him to forgive what is past, as he has againe desired me to tell you that there is nothing of what relates to him in the case, as in truth there is not but he has offended so many of the Ladyes relations in what concernes her as it would not be convenient for him to shew his face heere, the truth is, both for his owne sake and our quiett heere, it will be no inconvenience for him to have a little pacience in other countries." Hamilton's account of the whole affair is considerably compressed and foreshortened; it was not shortly after the Duke of Monmouth's marriage in 1663 that the attack on Killigrew took place, but on May 18th, 1669. Charles mentions it in a letter to Madame dated May 24th: "The accident which befell the Prince of Toscane and the french ambassadore heere made a great noise, but my lady Shrewsburyes businesse with Harry Killigrew has quite silenced the other, my Ld cheefe Justice is enquireing after the matter and what the Law will do I cannot tell, but the Lady is retired out of her house and not certainly knowne where she is." Among other unsavoury exploits Killigrew is supposed to have stabbed his servant to death while under the influence of drink, and to have narrowly escaped hanging for drugging and raping a girl. (*Killegrew.*)

La Garde, Mademoiselle de: Jane, daughter of Charles Peliot, sieur de la Garde (the name is also spelt Le Gard and Legard). She was Chamberer or Dresser to the Queen. Her marriage to Mr, afterwards Sir, Gabriel Silvius (q.v.), carver to the Queen, took place at the beginning of July 1668. She cannot have survived her marriage for much more than two years, for on September 14th, 1670, a warrant was issued to Madam de Bordes "dresser to the Queen in place of Lady Silvius deceased." A sister of Mademoiselle la Garde's married Sir Thomas Bond, Comptroller of the Household to Queen Henrietta Maria.

La Mothe Houdancourt, Mademoiselle de (?–1689), Anne Lucie de la Mothe Houdancourt was Louis XIV's mistress for a brief period in 1662, and it was because of Gramont's attentions to her that he was exiled to England. The King need scarcely have taken so serious a view of the chevalier's offence, for he himself had only taken her to excite the jealousy of La Vallière. He very soon grew tired of her and returned to his former mistress. She married the marquis de la Vieuville in 1666.

La Motte, a French officer serving under Condé at Arras.

La Place, sergeant in Matta's company.

La Suze, comtesse de (1618–1673), Henriette, daughter of the maréchal de Coligny. In 1643 she married Thomas Hamilton, Earl of Haddington, who died a year later. She then married the comte de la Suze, a bigoted Calvinist. It was freely stated that it was with the object of escaping from her husband that, in 1653, she became a Roman Catholic; at any rate she was successful in getting her marriage annulled. She was celebrated for her beauty, wit, and literary talents, and was an intimate friend of Christina, Queen of Sweden.

La Venerie, a palace near Turin, belonging to the ducal family of Savoy, and often occupied by them during the summer months.

Lely, Sir Peter (1618–1680), son of one Van der Vaas, who took the name of Lely or Lilly. He was born at Soest near Utrecht and studied art at Haarlem. Coming to England in 1641 he was in great favour successively with Charles I, the Protector Cromwell, and Charles II, by whom he was knighted in 1679. The series of portraits of ladies of the Court painted by him for the Duchess of York and mentioned by Hamilton in the *Memoirs* is known as the "Windsor Beauties," and now hangs at Hampton Court. (*Lély.*)

Lens, battle of (1648).

Leopold William, Archduke (1614–1661), second son of the Emperor Ferdinand II. Previous commentators have confused him with that Archduke Leopold who subsequently became the Emperor Leopold I, but who was only fourteen years old at the time of the Siege of Arras. Although the Archduke preferred a military career, he had originally been intended for the Church, and throughout his life was influenced by his early training. Owing to his nobility of character and his unfeigned piety he became known as "the Angel."

Lerida, a town in Spain besieged by Condé in 1647.

Livingston, Miss. In Charles II's own list of his Queen's future household this lady is set down as "Ldy Eliz Levingston one of the Maides privy Ch." She was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Livingston of Barncloich, created Viscount of Kilsyth and Lord Campsie by Charles II in August 1661. He died in London less than a month later. She married, first, by contract of September 4th, 1662, Major-General the Hon. Robert Montgomery, fifth son of Alexander, sixth Earl of Eglinton, and, second, in 1686, Captain George Douglas, son of Sir George Douglas of Kelhead. How she became known as *Lady* Elizabeth it is difficult to understand, but she certainly did, for, besides Charles II's entry, she is mentioned in a charter dated August 5th, 1664,

as "Lady Elizabeth Livingstoun now the wife of Major-General Robert Montgomrie." (*Mademoiselle Leviston.*)

L'Hôpital, maréchale de (?–1711), Françoise Mignot. She was married three times: first, to Pierre de Portes, Treasurer and Receiver-General of Dauphiné; second, to François de l'Hôpital, a younger brother of the duc de Vitry. He was known as the seigneur du Hallier until 1643, when, on being created a maréchal, he assumed the style of maréchal de l'Hôpital. He died in 1660. The maréchale de l'Hôpital in 1672 married as her third husband the abdicated King of Poland, John Casimir. Former editions have all printed Mademoiselle de l'Hôpital, but the name is correctly given in the French MSS.

Limbec, baron de: a Belgian or Flemish nobleman.

L'Orme, Marion de (1611?–1650), daughter of Jean de Lou, sieur de l'Orme. The most celebrated courtesan of her day. Among her lovers were Cardinal Richelieu and the ill-fated Cinq-Mars.

Louis XIII (1601–1643), son of Henri IV and Marie de Medici. He succeeded his father as King of France in 1610.

Louis XIV (1638–1715), son of Louis XIII and Anne of Austria. He succeeded his father as King of France in 1643.

Louvigny. The identity of Louvigny is obscure, for this was a title held by the chevalier's own family, and there appears to have been no comte de Louvigny who could have been present at the siege of Arras in 1654. Gramont's half-brother, Roger, comte de Louvigny, was killed in a duel in 1629, and his nephew Antoine-Charles, comte de Louvigny, and afterwards duc de Gramont, was only six years old at the time.

Lussan, Monsieur de (?–1712), Jean d'Audibert, comte de Lussan et baron de Valrose, first Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the prince de Condé. His daughter married Henry FitzJames, Duke of Albemarle, a natural son of James II by Arabella Churchill.

Luynes, duchesse de, Jeanne-Marie, daughter of the celebrated French minister, Colbert, and wife of Charles-Honoré d'Albert, duc de Luynes. (*La belle Luine.*)

Lyttelton, Sir Charles (1629–1716), seventh son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton. While still a mere boy he fought on the Royalist side at Colchester and at the battle of Worcester, and afterwards joined the exiled Court and became the King's Cup-bearer. During the next ten years he was frequently employed by Charles II on secret missions. He was knighted in 1662, Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica from 1662 to 1664, and, after his return to England, Colonel of the Duke of York's regiment. He married Anne Temple (q.v.) in 1666. He was a man of honest and upright character and of unimpeachable

loyalty. After the Revolution he retired into private life. In 1693 he succeeded to his brother's baronetcy and estates. By a curious coincidence one of his sons married a Miss Temple, who was also a Maid of Honour. (*Chevalier Littleton.*)

Madame, see Henrietta Anne.

Maisons, President de (?–1677), René de Longueil, marquis de Maisons, President of the Parlement of Paris. His daughter married the marquis de Soyecourt (q.v.).

Mall, The, in St James's Park, the most fashionable promenade of high society in the Restoration period.

Manaud d'Aure, an ancestor of the chevalier de Gramont. See the Gramont family.

Marie Thérèse of Austria (1638–1683), Queen of France. She was a daughter of Philip IV of Spain. Her marriage to Louis XIV, which took place in 1660, was arranged as one of the conditions of the Treaty of the Pyrenees.

Martial, the most celebrated Parisian glove-maker of the period. The early translators, not realizing that Martial was a proper name, took the meaning of *gants de Martial* to be military gloves or gauntlets. The mistake was first pointed out by Vizetelly.

Mary (1631–1660), eldest daughter of Charles I and Princess Royal of England. She married William, Prince of Orange, in 1641, and shortly after his death bore a son who was to become King William III. She is supposed to have been secretly married to Henry Jermyn (q.v.). She died of smallpox while on a visit to England to congratulate Charles II on his Restoration.

Matta (1614–1674), Charles de Bourdeille, comte de Matta, fifth of the eight children of Claude de Bourdeille, baron de Matta, d'Aumargne, et de Beaulieu. As a wit he was more celebrated than Gramont himself. His name has been variously spelt: Matta, Mata, Matha, Mathas, and Mastas. The form here given is the most usual.

May, Bab (1629–1698), Baptist May, Keeper of the Privy Purse to Charles II. He owed this position to Lady Castlemaine, to whose interests he was in consequence attached. Most, if not all, of the previous English editions have given the name as Babiani or Babinai, thus obscuring the identity of the person meant. The French contemporary MSS. still preserved have Bab-May. (*Babinai.*)

Mazarin, Cardinal (1602–1661), Giulio Mazzarini, an Italian born at Piscina. After a short and brilliant career in the Papal service he was persuaded to enter that of France by Cardinal Richelieu, whom he succeeded as chief minister. He is supposed to have been secretly married to Queen Anne of Austria (q.v.).

Mazarin, Peter (?–1654), father of Cardinal Mazarin. He was a native of Palermo, but afterwards settled in Rome.

Mello, Don Francisco (?–1678), son of Gomes de Mello and Marinha de Portugal. He held various posts of honour at the Portuguese Court, including that of Trinchante da Casa Real (Carver). He accompanied Queen Catherine to England as her Camareiro Mór, and remained as Portuguese Ambassador in London. He afterwards represented his country at the Hague. He is not to be confounded with his more celebrated cousin Francisco Manuel de Mello, who was not so good a diplomatist, but a better writer. De Mello, who was a great favourite with Queen Catherine, lived and died a bachelor. (*Francisco de Melo.*)

Méneville, Mademoiselle de, a Maid of Honour to Queen Anne of Austria. Her Christian name was Catherine. She was celebrated for her beauty and still more so for her amours. The most prominent of her many lovers was the surintendant des finances, Nicolas Fouquet. Disappointed at the refusal of the comte de Brion, afterwards duc de Damville, to keep a promise of marriage he had given her, she eventually retired into a convent.

Middlesex, Earl of, see Lord Buckhurst. The context shows clearly enough that Buckhurst is meant, but Hamilton anticipates by giving him this title. The Earl of Middlesex at this time, Lionel Cranfield (after 1622–1674), was neither a wit nor a poet. Buckhurst was not created Earl of Middlesex till 1675. (*Midlesex.*)

Middleton, Mrs (1645–1692), Jane, daughter of Sir Robert Needham, and a relative of John Evelyn's. In the year of the Restoration she married Charles Middleton or Myddelton, of a Denbighshire family. From her portraits it appears that she was deservedly accounted one of the greatest beauties of the Court of Charles II. Hamilton does an injustice to her character; she was not mercenary and steadfastly refused all gifts from Gramont. Cominges, indeed, avers that the maid whom Gramont bribed kept all his love-letters as well as his money, and never delivered any of them to her mistress. Mrs Middleton was still a reigning beauty in 1676, when the French Ambassador, Courtin, wrote to Louvois: "I am just going to visit Mrs Middleton, who is the most beautiful woman in England—and the most amiable. I would give her all your money if she would only listen to my suit, but she once refused a purse of fifteen hundred livres offered her by Monsieur de Gramont, so you need not fear for your treasure." If Gramont was not fortunate enough to please her, others were more favoured, including the Duke of York, the poet Waller, and Ralph Montagu (q.v.). (*Madame Midelton and Midleton.*)

Monmouth, Duchess of (1652–1732), Lady Anne Scott, daughter and heiress of the Earl of Buccleuch and later Countess of Buccleuch in her own right. In 1663 she was married to the Duke of Monmouth (q.v.), but owing to the tender ages of both bride and bridegroom, the marriage was not then consummated. She was one of the wealthiest heiresses in the British Isles, her fortune being in reality considerably greater than Hamilton states. She and her husband were created Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch in 1673. She married Lord Cornwallis (q.v.) in 1688. She was undoubtedly the very last survivor among the persons mentioned in the *Memoirs*.

Monmouth, Duke of (1649–1685), James, son of Charles II and Lucy Walter or Barlow. He was born at the Hague and brought up by Lord Crofts (q.v.), whose name he bore until he was formally acknowledged by Charles II, when he assumed the name of Fitzroy and was created Duke of Monmouth. On his marriage to Lady Anne Scott, he assumed her family name. He formed a rallying-point for the Protestant party during the latter part of Charles II's reign, and posed as being legitimate. In 1685 he attempted to claim the throne, but was defeated at Sedgemoor by James II's troops under the Earl of Feversham, and subsequently beheaded. (*Duc de Montmouth.*)

Montagu, Edward (?–1665), eldest son of Edward, Lord Montagu of Boughton, and elder brother of Ralph Montagu (q.v.). He was Master of the Horse to Queen Catherine. He was killed before Bergen.

Montagu, Ralph (1638–1709), second son of Lord Montagu of Boughton. He was Master of the Horse to the Duchess of York, and succeeded his brother, Edward (q.v.), in a similar capacity to the Queen. In 1669 and again in 1676 he was Ambassador to France. He succeeded his father as Lord Montagu of Boughton in 1684, and was created Viscount Monthermer and Earl of Montagu in 1689 by William III, whose ardent supporter he was. Queen Anne made him Marquess and Duke of Montagu in 1705. He married, first, in 1671, the Dowager Countess of Northumberland, and, second, in 1692, Elizabeth Cavendish, widow of the second Duke of Albemarle. He was an inveterate intriguer and was instrumental in bringing the duchesse Mazarin over to England in the hope that she might supplant the Duchess of Portsmouth in Charles II's affections. He was a successful admirer of the beautiful Mrs Middleton (q.v.). (*Montaigu.*)

Montmorency, duc de (1595–1632), Henri, duc de Montmorency et Damville, one of the last of the great feudal nobles in France. Exasperated by Cardinal Richelieu's treatment of him, he attempted to raise Languedoc, the province of which he was Governor, to take part in the rebellion of Gaston, duc d'Orléans. He was defeated and taken prisoner at Castelnaudary, and, in spite of the intercessions of

the entire Court, Richelieu caused him to be beheaded at Toulouse. His sister, Charlotte Marguerite, married Henri II, Prince de Condé, and he was therefore uncle of " le grand Condé."

Mother of the Maids, The. This was the official designation of the duenna who was entrusted with the task of superintending the manners and morals of the Maids of Honour. In the Queen's household the post was held, as, indeed, it had been held in the previous reign, by Bridget, daughter of Sir Edward Tyrrell and wife of Sir William Saunderson, who held a minor post at Court, and had some repute as a writer of historical biographies. As Hamilton indicates, the lady was already getting on in years; she died in 1682 at the age of eighty-nine and was succeeded by her niece, Hester Nurse. The name of the lady who held the corresponding post in the Duchess of York's household has not yet come to light. Mrs Lucy Wise, who held it in 1669, must have been a successor, if Hamilton is correct in his assertion that the Duchess dismissed the Mother of the Maids in order to shield Miss Hobart.

Muskerry, Lady (?–1698), Lady Margaret de Burgh, only child and heiress of the Marquess of Clanricarde. She was married three times: to Lord Muskerry (q.v.), in 1676 to Robert Danvers or Villiers, self-styled Viscount Purbeck, who was killed in a duel at Liège in 1684, and to Beau Feilding. (See Miss Feilding.) Both her later husbands were spendthrifts and adventurers who helped to dissipate her fortune. She was forced to sell off most of her estates, and ended her life in comparative poverty at Summer Hill. (*Madame de Monséry.*)

Muskerry, Lord (?–1665), Charles Maccarthy, Viscount Muskerry, eldest son of the Earl of Clancarty and through his mother, Elinor Butler, a nephew of the Duke of Ormonde and a cousin of the Hamiltons. He was Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York. A gallant soldier, he saw a good deal of service in the wars against the Dutch, but was killed at the battle of Southwold Bay, being struck down by the same cannon-ball as killed Lord Falmouth. (*Milord Monséry.*)

Newcastle, Duchess of (1624?–1674), Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Lucas. In the days of her youth she had been a Maid of Honour to Queen Henrietta Maria. She married, as his second wife, William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle. She was a prolific writer of plays and verse and also wrote a life of her husband. The King's conclusion that the strange apparition might be the Duchess was not unnatural, for she was noted for her extreme eccentricity both in behaviour and apparel. (*Duchesse de Newcastel.*)

Nordlingen, battle of (1645).

Olonne, comtesse d' (1633–1714), Catherine-Henriette, daughter of Charles d'Angennes, seigneur de la Loupe et baron d'Amberville. She married, in 1652, Louis de la Trémouille, comte d'Olonne. She and her sister, madame de la Ferté-Senneterre, were close rivals for the distinction of being the most dissolute woman at the Court of France.

Orange, Princess of, see Mary, Princess Royal.

Ormonde, Duke of (1610–1688), James Butler, twelfth Earl and first Duke of Ormonde (created 1661), son of Thomas, Viscount Thurles, and grandson of the eleventh Earl of Ormonde. Throughout the civil troubles he was the most loyal of cavaliers, and in spite of periods of disfavour was regarded by Charles II as one of his most trusted advisers. He was several times Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland both before and after the Restoration. Although he himself does not play a prominent part in the *Memoirs*, he was intimately connected with several of the chief characters, being the father of the Earls of Ossory and Arran and the Countess of Chesterfield, and uncle to Lord Muskerry and to the Hamiltons. (*Duc d'Ormont and d'Ormond.*)

Ossory, Countess of (?–1688), Emilie van Nassau, eldest daughter of Lodewijk van Nassau, heer van Beverweerd, and elder sister of the Countess of Arlington (q.v.). She married the Earl of Ossory (q.v.) in 1659. (*Comtesse d'Ossery.*)

Ossory, Earl of (1634–1680), Thomas Butler, eldest son of the Duke of Ormonde (q.v.). Possessed of his full share of the good looks for which his family were celebrated, he was a student, a scholar, and a musician, and yet skilled in all manly sports. He was in command of *Victory* at the battle of Southwold Bay. He predeceased his father, and his son became second Duke of Ormonde. (*Comte d'Ossery.*)

Oxford, Earl of (1626–1703), Aubrey de Vere, twentieth and last Earl of Oxford (of that creation) and premier earl of England. He succeeded his father in 1632. His mother being Dutch, he was brought up in Holland and served in the Dutch army till 1648. By his second wife, Diana, daughter of George Kirke, he had an only child, Diana, who married the Duke of St Albans, one of Charles II's sons by Nell Gwyn. Her portrait is among the "Hampton Court Beauties" painted by Kneller. For his intrigue with the actress, see Roxalana.

Palatine, The Princess (1616–1684), Anne de Gonzague, daughter of Charles, duc de Nevers, afterwards Duke of Mantua. In 1645 she eloped with Edward, Prince Palatine, a younger brother of Prince Rupert (q.v.). She played a prominent part in political intrigues during the regency of Anne of Austria, and cardinal de Retz declared that she was the only woman comparable to the English Queen Elizabeth in political ability. In her youth she was a sceptic, but in consequence of a vivid nightmare gave herself up to religion in her later years. The

story of how Gramont intercepted her courier would probably have been related in the projected part of the *Memoirs* describing Gramont's exploits in France after his return from Turin.

Peckham. East Peckham in Kent between Tonbridge and Maidstone. Mr Wetenhall's house was known as Hextall Court.

Penalva, Countess de (?–1681), D. Maria de Portugal, sister of the Portuguese Ambassador, Francisco de Mello (q.v.). She was a trusted Lady-in-waiting to the Queen-Regent of Portugal, and accompanied the Infanta to England as head of her Portuguese household. It was on this occasion that she was given the title of Condessa de Penalva in her own right. She never married. The name has been spelt Panétra in practically all previous editions; but is correctly given in the French MSS. still preserved. (*Comtesse de Panétra.*)

Peronne, a town situated on the Somme in Picardy.

Poussatin, a poor Béarnais priest, whom Gramont in joke made his chaplain.

Price, Miss (?–1678), Goditha, daughter of Sir Herbert Price, Master of the Household to Charles II. She was a Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York. Her sister, Henrietta Maria, with whom she has sometimes been confused, was a Maid of Honour to the Queen. She became the Duke of York's mistress about 1666, and never married.

Progers, Edward (1617–1713), son of Philip Progers of a Monmouthshire family, who was equerry to James I. He was a page to Charles I and Groom of the Bedchamber to Charles II when Prince of Wales. He continued to hold this post after the Restoration. Like Chiffinch (q.v.), he was much trusted by Charles II in secret business of all kinds. He is reputed to have died of teething at the age of ninety-six.

Pyrenees, Peace of the, the treaty negotiated in 1659 by Cardinal Mazarin and Don Luis de Haro between France and Spain.

Ranelagh, Earl of, see Mr Jones. (*Comte de Ranallagh.*)

Rawlins, Giles (the name is sometimes spelt Rawlings). He was a Colonel in the army and Gentleman of the Privy Purse to the Duke of York. While acting as second to Howard in his duel with Jermyn, he was killed by Jermyn's second, Cary Dillon (q.v.). (*Gilles Rawling.*)

Richelieu, Cardinal (1585–1642), Armand-Jean du Plessis, Cardinal and duc de Richelieu, chief minister in France in the time of Louis XIII.

Richmond, Duchess of, see Miss Stuart.

Richmond, Duke of (1640–1672), Charles Stuart, son of George, Lord Aubigny, and grandson of Esmé, third Duke of Lennox. He was

created Earl of Lichfield by Charles I in 1645. He lived in France during the Interregnum and returned to England with Charles II in 1660, in which year he succeeded his cousin as Duke of Richmond and Lennox, and as Great Chamberlain and Hereditary Lord High Admiral of Scotland. He married, in 1660, Elizabeth Cavendish, a Dorsetshire heiress, and became Lord-Lieutenant of Dorsetshire in the following year. It was probably during his first widowerhood that he was a suitor for the hand of Elizabeth Hamilton, since he was wooing Frances Stuart immediately after the death of his second wife, Margaret, daughter of Laurence Banister, and widow of William Lewis. Unsuccessful in overcoming the King's opposition to his marriage to Frances Stuart (q.v.) he made a runaway match with her at the end of March 1667. Charles II never really forgave him, and at first refused his repeated requests for diplomatic employment; but he relented at last and sent him as Ambassador to Denmark, where he died. With the exception of the barony of Clifton, which passed to his sister, Catherine, all his titles reverted to the King as his nearest heir male, and Charles II conferred them in 1675 on his son by the Duchess of Portsmouth. The Duke of Richmond does not deserve Hamilton's strictures, for he appears to have been an able as well as an amiable man, though inclined to spend and to drink far too much. His public duties were always discharged conscientiously and well.

Robartes, Lady (?–1714), Letitia Isabella, daughter of Sir John Smith of Bidborough, Kent, and second wife of Lord Robartes (q.v.). In 1688 she became the second wife of Charles Cheyne, first Viscount Newhaven (1625 ?–1698). See also the Misses Roberts. (*Madame Roberts.*)

Robartes, Lord (1606–1685), John Robartes, second Lord Robartes of Truro. He fought on the Parliament side in the Civil War, but retired from public life after the execution of Charles I, of which he disapproved. He was Lord Deputy in Ireland at the time of the Restoration and Lord-Lieutenant there 1669–1670. He was created Earl of Radnor in 1679 while Lord President of the Council. He was a most unpopular man, being accounted solemn and morose.

Roberts, The Misses. It has been impossible to trace these ladies, who are described as being among the prominent beauties at Court, and should therefore be easy to identify, as are all the others mentioned in the list. The allusion can scarcely be applied to Jane Roberts, the daughter of a clergyman, and one of Charles II's obscurer mistresses, for she did not belong to the Court. It is more likely that there is some error in the text, and that the reference is actually intended for Lady Robartes (q.v.), who certainly was one of the reigning beauties and should have been included in the list.

Rochester, Earl of (1648–1680), John Wilmot, second Earl of Rochester. In 1659 he succeeded his father, who, as Lord Wilmot, had been Charles II's companion on his wanderings in the southern counties after the battle of Worcester. In May 1665, he caused a great scandal by abducting an heiress, Elizabeth, daughter of John Mallet, of Enmore, Somersetshire, as she was returning home after supping with Frances Stuart. He married her a year or so later. He was distinguished both as a poet of considerable attainment, excelling especially in satire, and as one of the worst libertines at Charles II's Court. He was more indiscreet even than Buckingham, and his tongue and his pen frequently got him into trouble with the easy-going Charles II. His health was early undermined by his debaucheries, and he died young—in penitence and piety according to Bishop Burnet, into whose spiritual clutches he had suffered himself to be drawn towards the end. Burnet wrote an unctuous account of his conversion.

Rocroi, battle of (1643).

Roxalana: Elizabeth or Betty Davenport, born 1642, younger sister of Frances Davenport, also a well-known actress of the time. Betty Davenport was popularly known as Roxalana, owing to her memorable performance in the part of that name in D'Avenant's *Siege of Rhodes*. There is every reason to believe that the story of her deception by the Earl of Oxford (q.v.) is true. In 1664 she bore him a son, known as Aubrey Vere. In the older English editions of the *Memoirs* the name was printed Roxana, thus leading commentators on the wrong track by way of Lee's *The Rival Queens* to another actress, Mrs Marshall. (*Roxelane.*)

Royal, Princess, see Mary, Princess Royal.

Royale, Madame, see the Duchess of Savoy.

Rupert, Prince (1619–1682), Count Palatine of the Rhine and Duke of Bavaria, third son of Frederick, Elector-Palatine and King of Bohemia, and Elizabeth, "The Winter Queen," daughter of James I. He became a naturalized Englishman in 1644, when he was created Earl of Holderness and Duke of Cumberland. He was the great cavalry leader on the Royalist side in the Civil War. He also distinguished himself as a naval commander with the Royalist fleet, 1649–1653, and in the wars with the Dutch after the Restoration. He was a keen student of mechanics and chemistry, and is reputed to have invented mezzotint engraving. Actually he did not, but he was one of the first to practise the art. As a result of his association with Peg Hughes (q.v.) he had a daughter, Ruperta. (*Prince Robert.*)

Russell, John (after 1612–1681), third son of the fourth Earl of Bedford, and brother of William Russell, first Duke of Bedford. He

commanded the King's regiment of Foot Guards, and was much liked and respected by Charles II, who described him as a very honest man. He died unmarried. To add flavour to his story Hamilton makes him out to have been some twenty years older than he actually was. (*Le vieux Roussel.*)

Russell, William (?–1674), eldest son of Edward Russell and nephew of John Russell (q.v.). Through his father's marriage to Lady Brooke, he became a stepbrother of the beautiful Brooke sisters (q.v.). He was Standard-bearer to Charles II. He never married. (*Guillaume Roussel.*)

St Albans, Earl of (1604?–1684), Henry Jermyn, second son of Sir Thomas Jermyn. He was created Baron Jermyn in 1643 and Earl of St Albans in 1660. He became Vice-Chamberlain to Queen Henrietta Maria in 1628 and remained in close association with her for the rest of her life. He is, indeed, supposed to have been secretly married to her. Both Pepys and Reresby mention the rumour.

Saint Chaumont, Madame de (?–1688), Suzanne-Charlotte, daughter of Antoine, comte de Gramont, by his second wife, and therefore sister to the hero of the *Memoirs*. She married Henri Mitte, marquis de Saint Chaumont et comte de Miolans. She was one of the foremost "précieuses," and held the position of governess to the children of Monsieur, the duc d'Orléans.

Saint-Evremond (1613–1703), Charles Marguetel de Saint Denis, seigneur de Saint-Evremond, the scion of a noble family in Normandy. He was banished from France for an indiscreet letter outspokenly censuring Cardinal Mazarin's conduct at the time of the Peace of the Pyrenees. He did not actually write a history of the negotiations, as Hamilton says he did. The first few years of his exile were spent in Holland, and he was there again for a brief spell before 1670, otherwise he spent the remainder of his long life in England. His means were small, and he was enabled to live in comparative comfort only through Charles II's graceful and characteristically witty gesture in appointing him Governor of the Duck Island in St James's Park, with a salary of £300 a year. He was instrumental in persuading the beautiful duchesse Mazarin to come to England, and was her faithful admirer, friend, adviser, and unofficial secretary till her death. Few were the events in her life, however trivial, which were not commemorated by him in either prose or verse, for he was an exceedingly prolific writer and very agile with his pen. His appearance was singular: he had a great wen between his eyebrows, and at a time when most men, at any rate in his social station, wore periwigs, he elected to wear a leathern cap over his own grey hair. (*St Evremont.*)

Saint Germain, Mademoiselle de. It is uncertain whether this Maid of Honour to the Duchess of Savoy (q.v.) was of French or Savoyard origin.

Sarah, Miss, see Sarah Cooke. (*Misse Sara.*)

Savoy, Duchess of (1606–1663), Christine, eldest daughter of Henri IV of France and sister of Queen Henrietta Maria of England. In France she was known as Madame Royale. She married Victor Amadeus, Prince of Piedmont, afterwards Duke of Savoy, who died in 1637. At the time of Gramont's visit to Turin she was Regent for her son, Charles Emanuel II.

Savoy, Prince Thomas of (?–1656), uncle of the reigning Duke of Savoy, Charles Emanuel II. In 1624 he married Marie de Bourbon-Soissons and was founder of the Savoie-Carignan branch of the family. He died at the siege of Cremona when in command of a French army.

Scott, Lady Anne, see the Duchess of Monmouth.

Sedley, Sir Charles (1639 ?–1701), a typical rake of the Restoration period, and, like many of them, a wit and a poet of considerable talent. Enraged at James II's intrigue with his daughter Catherine, who was created Countess of Dorchester in her own right, he turned against the Stuarts and was instrumental in bringing about the Revolution of 1688.

Séméac, Château de, a property owned by Gramont's elder brother, the comte de Toulongeon (q.v.), and inherited by Gramont himself in 1679. It is situated on the River Adour, just outside Tarbes.

Sénantes, marquis de. The name Sénantes, like Caméran and Tanes, is obviously the gallicized version of a Piedmontese name. According to Horace Walpole the family still existed in Piedmont in his time, the head being known as the "Marquis de Carailles." This is clearly also a French form, and it is probable that Walpole was referring to the family of Caroelli, which originally came from Novara.

Sénantes, marquise de. If the marquis was able to trace his wife's descent back to Yolande de Sénantes, whoever she may have been, it looks as if he had married into a branch of his own family; or possibly he may have held his title by right of his marriage to the marquise.

Shrewsbury, Countess of (?–1702), Anna Maria Brudenell, eldest daughter of Robert, Earl of Cardigan. In 1659 she married, as his second wife, Francis Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury (q.v.). Her son by him was created Duke of Shrewsbury by William III. After many amours she became the mistress of the Duke of Buckingham (q.v.), and is supposed, though probably without foundation, to have been actually present at his famous duel with her husband, disguised as a page and holding her lover's horse. She was curiously faithful to Buckingham

and bore him a son, impudently styled Earl of Coventry by his parents, although, of course, he was not legitimate. He died while still a child. In 1676 she married George Rodney Bridges, by whom also she had a son. See also Henry Killigrew. (*Comtesse de Shrewsbery.*)

Shrewsbury, Earl of (1623–1668), Francis Talbot, succeeded his father as eleventh Earl of Shrewsbury in 1654. His first wife was Anne, daughter of Sir John Coniers, his second the Countess of Shrewsbury of the *Memoirs*. He died of the wounds received in his duel with Buckingham.

Sidney, Henry (1641–1704), fourth son of Robert, Earl of Leicester, and brother of Algernon Sidney, and of Dorothea, Countess of Sunderland, Waller's " Sacharissa." He was Groom of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York and became Master of the Horse to the Duchess in 1665. During Charles II's reign he was entrusted with several diplomatic missions, and it was while he was in Holland in 1679 that he became a favourite with the Prince of Orange, whose cause he espoused at the Revolution. William III created him Earl of Romney in 1694. From 1693 to 1702 he was Master-General of the Ordnance, and the pheon or arrow-head which figures in the Sidney arms was adopted as the badge of that department, and is used to this day. Although he was accounted the handsomest man of his time and had an endless succession of amours, no one ever succeeded in entrapping him into matrimony.

Silva, Don Pedro Francisco Correa de, a Portuguese nobleman who was attached in some capacity to the suite of Queen Catherine. The previous editions of the *Memoirs* have " one Taurauvedez, who called himself Don Pedro etc." The word is inexplicable as it stands. It is certainly not a proper name. The French MSS. have " un Taureaucideur," that is to say a bull-fighter. Don Pedro cannot have been a professional bull-fighter, for he is mentioned in an account of the Queen's departure from Portugal as being one of the most prominent personages in her suite. It is probable that the word is used merely in a derogatory manner.

Silvius, Mr (1637 ?–1697), afterwards Sir Gabriel Silvius or Sylvius. According to some accounts he was of Scottish descent; but he appears actually to have been a native of Orange and to have possessed an estate in Provence. He held the post of Carver to the Queen, and was knighted in 1669, the year following his marriage to Mademoiselle la Garde (q.v.). He married again in 1677. He was envoy to Brunswick in 1680 and to Denmark in 1685.

Southesk, Countess of (?–1695), Anne, daughter of William, Duke of Hamilton, and wife of Robert, Earl of Southesk (q.v.). She died in

Holland in October 1695, and was brought back to Scotland for burial. (*Comtesse de Southask.*)

Southesk, Earl of (?–1688), Robert Carnegie, succeeded his father as third Earl of Southesk in 1669. As Lord Carnegie he held a commission in Louis XIV's Scottish Guards during the Commonwealth. The sordid story of Southesk's revenge gained much credence at the time and is repeated by Pepys and Marvell as well as Hamilton. Bishop Burnet, however, says: "Lord Southesk was, for some years, not ill pleased to have this believed. It looked like a peculiar strain of revenge, with which he seemed much delighted. But I know he has, to some of his friends, denied the whole story very solemnly." It is now generally accounted to be false, and in any case Hamilton's version of the manner in which Lord Southesk discovered his wife's infidelity cannot be true, for the association between Lady Carnegie and the Duke of York took place shortly after the Restoration, while Lord Carnegie did not become Earl of Southesk till several years later—in 1669. It is a pity that it should have been so, for Talbot's ignorance of the identity of his old friend Carnegie with the Earl of Southesk was the only good part of an otherwise vulgar story. (*Comte de Southask.*)

Soyecourt (after 1618–1679), Charles-Maximilien-Antoine de Belleforière, marquis de Soyecourt, Grand Veneur and Grand Maître du Garderobe to Louis XIV. He married Marie-Renée de Longueil, daughter of the président de Maisons (q.v.), and was famed for the number of his amorous intrigues. (*Saucourt.*)

Spring Garden. There were two Spring Gardens at this period. The Old Spring Garden, situated off the Mall between Charing Cross, Whitehall and St James's, had been a fashionable resort even in the time of Charles I. After the Restoration part of it was built over and it became too small for its original purpose. Its place as a favourite pleasure resort was taken by the New Spring Gardens at Vauxhall.

Stuart, Miss (1648?–1702), Frances Teresa, elder daughter of the Hon. Walter Stuart, M.D., third son of the first Lord Blantyre. She was brought up in France at the Court of Queen Henrietta Maria, but came to England with her mother early in 1662 to be a Maid of Honour to the new Queen. She was immediately acclaimed one of the greatest beauties at Court. Charles II was passionately in love with her, but she never surrendered to him. In 1667 she eloped with the Duke of Richmond (q.v.). Her first attempts to return to Court were unsuccessful in spite of the intercession of Madame, to whom the King wrote that he could not so soon forget an injury which went so near his heart. But when she fell ill with the smallpox he forgot his resentment and forgave her. She was received into favour again and appointed Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen. When she first came to Court

she was only about fifteen, so she may have been, and, it is to be hoped, was actually as frivolous and light-hearted as Hamilton makes her out to have been; but her affectionate letters to her husband, to whom she seems to have been genuinely attached, and her later correspondence with her cousin, Lord Blantyre, reveal a shrewd and well-balanced though tender-hearted personality. She seems to have possessed considerable business ability, and, though her husband's estate when he died was cumbered with debt, she herself by careful management built up and left a considerable fortune. Being a Roman Catholic and a partisan of the Stuarts, she went into retirement during the reign of William III. Her last public appearance was at the Coronation of Queen Anne. (*Mademoiselle Stwart.*)

Summer Hill or Somer Hill, Lady Muskerry's country-house, some five miles from Tunbridge Wells.

Taaffe, Lord (?–1673), William Taaffe, Viscount Taaffe, elder son of the Earl of Carlingford (q.v.). Most previous commentators have supposed the Lord Taaffe of the *Memoirs* to have been the younger brother, Nicholas, who succeeded his father in 1677 and was killed at the battle of the Boyne, where he commanded a regiment of foot in James II's service. (*Milord Taffe.*)

Talbot, Peter (1620–1680), brother of Richard and Thomas Talbot (q.v.). He was Almoner to the Queen and one of those intriguing Jesuits who have helped to create the widespread prejudice against the whole of their estimable Order. He was a traitor to his own country, and during the Interregnum put before Cardinal Mazarin a plan whereby Ireland should be delivered over to the French. In 1669 he was consecrated titular Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin at Ghent. Arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the Popish plot in 1678, he died in prison in Dublin two years later.

Talbot, Richard (1630–1691), usually known as Dick Talbot. He was the fifth son of an Irish lawyer and politician, Sir William Talbot. He was first introduced to Charles II's notice during the Interregnum as a man who was willing to go over to England and assassinate Cromwell. At the Restoration he became Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York. Hamilton's story of his rivalry with Gramont for the hand of Miss Hamilton is not accurate in detail, for his quarrel with Ormonde and consequent imprisonment in the Tower and relegation to Ireland took place in 1661 before Gramont's arrival in England. He married, first, Miss Boynton (q.v.), and, second, Lady Hamilton (Frances Jennings (q.v.)). His chief claims to fame were his gigantic stature and his unremitting loyalty to the house of Stuart. In 1685 James II created him Earl of Tyrconnel and entrusted him with the chief direction of Irish affairs. He was made

Viceroy of Ireland in 1687 and commanded James II's troops at the battle of the Boyne. Even after James had left Ireland he continued to hold out for a time. In 1691, after a brief visit to France to procure arms and money, he returned to Ireland as the Lord-Lieutenant of the exiled king, by whom also he was created titular Duke of Tyrconnel. He died of apoplexy when about to defend Limerick against William III, his death at the time being attributed to poison.

Talbot, Thomas, brother of Richard and Peter Talbot (q.v.). He was a Franciscan friar, able but debauched.

Tambonneau, Jean (?–1684), President of the Chambre de Comptes. Both he and his wife, Marie Boyer, were notorious for their amours.

Tanes, comte de. This is a gallicized version of the name of Federico, marchese di Tana di Chieri, a Piedmontese nobleman, high in the favour of Madame Royale. He was Governor of Turin and at one time Ambassador to the Pope from the Court of Savoy.

Temple, Miss (?–1718), Anne, daughter of Thomas Temple, of Frankton, Warwickshire. She was a Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York. In 1666 she became the second wife of Sir Charles Lyttelton (q.v.), a man considerably older than herself. She bore him no less than thirteen children, five sons and eight daughters.

Termes, valet to the chevalier de Gramont.

Toulongeon, comte de (?–1679), Henri de Gramont, elder son of Antoine, comte de Gramont, by his second wife, and brother of the chevalier de Gramont (q.v.). He died unmarried, and Gramont inherited all his property, including Séméac (q.v.).

Trino, a small town near Novara, and one of the strongest places occupied by the Spaniards in Savoy. It was twice besieged, in 1639 and in 1643, but it is now quite certain that it was at the later siege that Gramont was present. Both he and Matta are mentioned in the *Mercure François* as having distinguished themselves in repelling sallies made by the Spanish garrison. Trino capitulated on September 24th, and, as Hamilton says, most honourable terms were granted to the Spanish commander, the baron de Batteville (q.v.).

Tunbridge Wells, Kent. The Court was there in July 1663, and again in July 1666. Hamilton has inextricably entangled the two visits. Nell Gwyn was not present on the first occasion, and Lord Muskerry was not present on the second, as he had been killed in the previous year. Moreover, at the time of the second visit Gramont had already been married to Miss Hamilton for some years.

Turenne, maréchal de (1611–1675), Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne, vicomte de Turenne, one of the most famous French generals. He was killed by a cannon-ball at the battle of Salzbach.

Turin, capital of Savoy.

Turpin, Archbishop (fl. 800), Archbishop of Rheims in the time of the Emperor Charlemagne.

Tyrconnel, Duke of, see Richard Talbot. (*Duc de Tirconel.*)

Van Dyck, Sir Anthony (1599–1641), the celebrated portrait-painter at the Court of Charles I. (*Van-Dyk.*)

Vaugirard, a suburb of Paris, but at that time a country village.

Vardes, marquis de (1611–1688), Francois-René du Bec Crespin, marquis de Vardes. He was celebrated at the Court of France both for his wit and for his capacity for intrigue. Having offended Louis XIV he was sent to the Bastille and afterwards exiled to Montpellier, where he remained for nineteen years. In 1683 he was allowed to return to Court and was received by the King as if he had never quitted it.

Vendôme, César de (1594–1665), eldest son of Henri IV of France by Gabrielle d'Estrées.

Villeroy, maréchal de (1598–1685), Nicolas de Neufville, son of Charles de Neufville, marquis de Villeroy. He was Governor to Louis XIV during his childhood and was created a maréchal de France in 1651. In 1663 he was created duc de Villeroy.

Warmestry, Miss (the name has also been spelt Warmester, Warmestrey, Warmestré, Warmistre, Warmestrawe, and Warminster). It was for long thought that this name was fictitious, and, on the authority of the last Earl of Arran, the lady was identified with another Maid of Honour, Mary Kirk, who left Court in similar circumstances and married Sir Thomas Vernon. But there can no longer be any doubt that Miss Warmestry really existed. She is mentioned in Sir Henry Bennet's " List of the Queenes servants that have warrants " as " Mrs Elena Warmestrawe." Lord Cornbury also mentions her (as Mrs Warmestry) in a letter giving an account of the Queen's household. The Warmestrys were a Worcestershire family, and it is probable that she was the daughter of Dr Thomas Warmestry (1610–1665), a Puritan but a Royalist, Master of the Savoy in 1660 and later Dean of Worcester. She married John Machell, of Hills, Sussex, sometime Member of Parliament for Horsham. It is likely that the law-suit which Hamilton mentions had something to do with a fine of £1000 which had been imposed on him for assaulting and wounding Sam Gott of Battle in 1663. The King had desired that the fine should be levied in full rigour for the sake of example; but it appears that this was not done, for during the next few years there were petitions from various people to have some portion of the fine granted to them. It looks as if Machell was able to offer a successful resistance, since Hamilton

says he won his suit. Isabella, the eldest daughter of the marriage, about 1685 married Arthur Ingram, who succeeded his brother as third Viscount Irvine in 1688. Through their descendant, Frances Irwin, who married Lord William Gordon, a portrait of Miss Warmestry came into the possession of the Gordon family, and is now in the collection of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon at Gordon Castle. In the catalogue of the Duke's pictures Miss Warmestry's Christian name is given as Anne. (*Mademoiselle Warmestré.*)

Wells, Miss, Winifred, youngest daughter of Gilbert Wells of Twyford, Hants. Contrary to Hamilton's statement she was one of the Queen's original Maids of Honour, being mentioned in the King's and Sir Henry Bennet's lists and in Lord Cornbury's account of the Queen's household. She is supposed to have been the lady who in January 1663, gave birth to a child during a ball at Court. Charles II must have found her more charming than Hamilton supposed, for her association with him, which began in 1664, lasted for some ten years. In 1675 she was married to Thomas Wyndham. Pepys describes her as being both beautiful and intelligent. (*Mademoiselle Wels.*)

Wetenhall, Mr: Thomas Wetenhall of Hextall Court, near East Peckham, Kent. The name is also spelt Whetenhall.

Wetenhall, Mrs: Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Henry Bedingfield, Bart., of Oxborough, Norfolk, and wife of Thomas Wetenhall (q.v.). From an entry in an old family Bible in private hands it appears that "Mrs Whetenhall dyed 15 of June 1689." (*Madame Whittnell.*)

Yarborough, Sir Thomas (1637–1716), son of Sir Nicholas Yarborough of Snaith, Yorkshire, and a cousin of Sir John Reresby. He married Henrietta Maria Blague (q.v.). Hamilton is wrong in stating that his country estate was in Cornwall; he probably knew no more than that he lived at a considerable distance from London, and chose Cornwall as conveying the desired impression of remoteness. (*Chevalier Yarbouroughs.*)

York, Duchess of, see Anne Hyde. (*Duchesse d'Yorck.*)

York, Duke of (1633–1701), James, second son of Charles I. He married, first, Anne Hyde (q.v.), and, second, Mary Beatrice d'Este, daughter of the Duke of Modena. He succeeded Charles II in 1685, but was dethroned in 1688. After his defeat by William III at the battle of the Boyne in 1690 he retired to France, where he spent the remainder of his life in exile. He died at St Germain. (*Duc d'Yorck.*)

The Chronology of the Memoirs of Comte de Gramont

The chronology of the early chapters of the *Memoirs* is not complicated and requires very little attention. Chapter I is merely concerned with Anthony Hamilton's views on the writing of memoirs. Chapter II begins with the arrival of the chevalier at the siege of Trino. It is stated that the siege had already been formed when he arrived, so that he must have got there some time in August 1643. This chapter and the next are concerned with the progress of the siege during the months of August and September, except for the passage at the beginning of Chapter III, where Gramont gives Matta a brief retrospect of his career up to that date. Chapter III ends with the fall of Trino (September 24th, 1643). In Chapter IV are related the adventures of Gramont and Matta at the Court of Savoy in the autumn of 1643. Gramont was then twenty-two years of age, and Matta seven years older.

The events of some eight years are rather hurriedly compressed into Chapter V. It is obvious that this is the most unfinished part of the book, and it is known that Hamilton originally intended to devote three chapters to this period in his hero's life. The beginning of the chapter is devoted to a rapid account of Gramont's early devotion to the prince de Condé, and it is mentioned that he took part in the battles of Fribourg (1644), Nordlingen (1645), and Lens (1648). Later he thought it best to desert Condé and reconcile himself with the Court. The most interesting part of this chapter is the account of Gramont's singular behaviour at the siege of Arras in 1654 and his adventurous return to announce the news of its relief to the Court at Peronne. Hamilton then indicates an interruption of several years in the narrative, and takes it up again but to make brief mention of the Peace of the Pyrenees (November 7th, 1659), the marriage of Louis XIV (June 1st, 1660), and the death of Cardinal Mazarin (March 10th, 1661). The chapter closes with an allusion to Gramont's ill-advised attentions to the King's mistress, Mademoiselle de la Mothe Houdancourt, in the spring of 1662 and his consequent banishment to England.

The chronology of the latter half of the book dealing with Gramont's adventures at the Court of Charles II is not so straightforward and can best be dealt with chapter by chapter.

CHAPTER VI

Gramont's previous visit to England in Cromwell's time.

Hamilton does not say whether this was a visit undertaken on his own by Gramont, or whether he accompanied one of the French ambassadors. If the latter was the case he might have come over with Antoine de Bordeaux-Neufville, when he returned from leave in April 1656, or with the special mission of the duc de Créquy in 1658. The latter occasion would seem to have been the more likely.

Gramont's second visit to England.

It is definitely stated that Gramont arrived during the festivities made to celebrate the King's marriage. It is probable, therefore, that he arrived early in June 1662. Charles II and Catherine of Bragança were married at Portsmouth on May 21st and thereafter proceeded to Hampton Court, where they remained till the King made his state entry into London with his new Queen on August 23rd. Most recent editors, misled by a passage in one of Cominges's dispatches announcing Gramont's arrival in England, have entirely overlooked the fact that Gramont was in England in 1662, and have placed his first arrival in January 1663, which was actually when he came back after his abortive attempt to regain the favour of Louis XIV. That they are in error is proved not only by Hamilton's statements but also by Charles II's letter of September 1662, quoted in the article on Gramont in the *Commentary*.

A minor mistake in this chapter is worth noting. The Coronation celebrations were not cut short by the deaths of the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Royal, for both died in the autumn of 1660 and Charles was not crowned till April 22nd, 1661.

The Jermyn-Howard duel.

The encounter between Henry Jermyn and Colonel Howard took place on August 18th, 1662. Pepys mentions it in his *Diary* on the following day, and says that it took place at the old Pall Mall at St James's, and that Howard would not to the last tell Jermyn what the quarrel was, nor did anybody know.

CHAPTER VII

The Queen's Masquerade.

Peter Cunningham, who, in an appendix to his *Story of Nell Gwyn*, made the first serious attempt to disentangle the chronology of the

English part of the *Memoirs*, has led subsequent editors astray by identifying this masquerade with one mentioned by both Pepys and Evelyn in February 1665. There is no reason to suppose that Hamilton was referring to this particular occasion, for entertainments of this kind were of frequent occurrence. Cominges relates that there were plays or dances at Court almost every day. This masquerade probably took place in the autumn of 1662 or during the ensuing winter. From internal evidence it is quite clear that it must have taken place before the marriage of Miss Blague, who had become Lady Yarborough before March 1663.

Charles II's pursuit of Frances Stuart.

The King's admiration for Frances Stuart was already notorious at the beginning of 1663; under date, February 8th, Pepys records the rumour of a mock-marriage between her and Lady Castlemaine at the end of which the King is said to have taken Lady Castlemaine's place. Throughout the year 1663 there are many allusions to the King's infatuation both in Pepys's *Diary* and in the dispatches of the French ambassadors.

The Queen's illness.

Catherine of Bragança was stricken with a violent fever in October 1663, and for days her life was despaired of. Cominges informed Louis XIV that Charles II continued to sup every evening with Lady Castlemaine, where he conversed with Miss Stuart, with whom he was very much in love. The ambassador went on to say that the King's remarriage was already being discussed, and hinted very plainly that Miss Stuart's name was being freely mentioned in that connection.

The incident of the calash with glass windows.

It was probably in 1663 that the chevalier de Gramont made this magnificent present to the King. At any rate it must have been before 1664, in which year died the duc de Guise, who at Gramont's request had ordered and paid for the carriage.

CHAPTER VIII

The Duke of York's affair with Lady Chesterfield.

It is quite impossible to unravel the chronology of this affair; Hamilton has entangled it so inextricably. Such dates as can be supplied do not dovetail into the narrative. Lord Chesterfield was already well aware of the Duke's attentions to his wife in the early autumn of 1662, and it was in October of this year that he took her away to Bretby. It was notorious that his object in doing so was to get her away from the Duke of York (Pepys, November 3rd, 1662). She was not allowed to

return till the following spring, and it is certain that she was at Bretby at the time of the audience of the Muscovite envoys in the last days of December 1662. Lord and Lady Chesterfield went to Bretby again on May 12th, 1663, but this visit was not immediately after the reception of the envoys, nor can it be described as taking place in the middle of an extremely stormy winter. It is only possible to conclude that if there is any truth in the story of the green stockings, the incident took place in the early autumn of 1662, before Lord Chesterfield removed his wife for the first time, and that the picturesque Muscovite setting was local colour arbitrarily introduced by Hamilton.

The retrospect of the Duke of York's love affairs.

The Duke was secretly contracted to Anne Hyde at Breda on November 24th, 1659, and the actual marriage ceremony took place on the night of September 3rd, 1660, at Worcester House.

The affair with Lady Carnegie took place in 1662. If it is true that Talbot really played any part in it just after he had returned from Portugal, this must have been at the end of May or the beginning of June, for he had come over with Catherine of Bragança. But Lord Carnegie did not succeed his father as Earl of Southesk till 1669, so that at any rate the delightful story of Talbot's "gaffe" must be apocryphal.

The Duke of York's pursuit of Miss Brooke.

Even if the Duke was paying attentions to Margaret Brooke before her marriage, his affair with her occurred several years later than any of the other events mentioned in this chapter. Her marriage to Denham did not take place till May 25th, 1665. It is, therefore, impossible that Lady Denham could have been Lady Chesterfield's rival at the time Hamilton indicates, nor could she possibly have discovered the intrigue between her and the Duke of York, seeing that it was common knowledge some three years before her own marriage.

CHAPTER IX

The Duke of York's passion for Lady Denham and her death.

The intrigue between the Duke of York and Lady Denham was at its height in 1666, when she was openly acknowledged by him as his mistress. Lady Denham died on January 6th, 1667. Hamilton ingenuously represents his brother George as still lamenting at this time over the recent departure of Lady Chesterfield, who according to this reckoning would already have been in exile at Bretby for at least five years! As a matter of fact she was dead, having predeceased Lady Denham by a year and a half.

The arrival of Flamarens and Tambonneau.

Here Hamilton returns to the year 1662. It was in the autumn of that year that Flamarens took refuge in England.

Talbot's rivalry with Gramont.

Dick Talbot's dispute with the Duke of Ormonde, his confinement in the Tower, and his subsequent relegation to Ireland, represented by Hamilton as having eased Gramont's apprehensions of his dangerous rival, actually happened in 1661, the year before Gramont arrived in England. But, of course, this does not preclude the possibility of Talbot's having been Gramont's rival for the hand of Miss Hamilton at some later date.

The Marriage of Mademoiselle la Garde.

Here Hamilton is anticipating considerably, for Mademoiselle la Garde was not married till the summer of 1668. In warrants of April 13th and June 25th of that year she is styled " Madam Le Gard," but on July 16th she becomes " Mlle Jane Le Gard now wife of De Silvius." The wording of this last entry would seem to betoken a very recent marriage.

The Queen's new Maids of Honour.

From the context it would appear that the changes to which Hamilton refers were those which took place in 1664. But he is wrong in several small matters of detail. Mademoiselle la Garde was not married at this time and did not give up her post when she did marry. Moreover, neither Miss Wells nor " Miss Livingston " were among the new Maids of Honour; they belonged to the Queen's original household.

The rivalry of Miss Price and Miss Blague over Dungan.

Since Dungan died in the early summer of 1662 before Gramont's arrival, the chevalier can only have known about this incident from hearsay. Miss Blague, as mentioned above, was married to Sir Thomas Yarborough before March 1663.

Miss Bagot's marriage.

In this case Hamilton is absolutely right with his dates, for Miss Bagot was married to Lord Falmouth in 1664.

The Earl of Oxford and Roxalana.

As this incident is merely told as a story by Miss Hobart, the date of it is really not essential to the chronology of these *Memoirs*. But it may be thought worth recording that the mock-marriage took place in January 1662. Evelyn records seeing " Roxalana " act for the last time on January 9th, while Pepys on February 18th mentions that she had left the stage. She evidently reconciled herself to being Oxford's

mistress if she could not be his wife, for her son by him was born on April 17th, 1664.

Sir Charles Lyttelton pays his addresses to Miss Temple.

Sir Charles was absent in Jamaica as Governor from 1662 to 1664, therefore he cannot have begun to woo Miss Temple before 1664. His marriage to her took place in 1666.

CHAPTER X

The greater part of the events of this chapter belong to the year 1665.

The treaty between Charles II and Lady Castlemaine.

This is just a bit of imaginative nonsense. No such compact was ever made between the King and his mistress, and certainly not by the instrumentality of the chevalier de Gramont. In any case Lady Castlemaine was not created Duchess of Cleveland till 1670.

Lord Rochester as the German doctor.

It was, as a matter of fact, as an Italian, one Alexander Bendo, that Rochester masqueraded. But he was only seventeen years old in 1665, and it is only reasonable to suppose that this exploit dates from a later period. If Miss Jennings went to consult a charlatan at all, it must have been some other rogue. There can be no doubt as to the date of her escapade.

Miss Jennings's adventure as an orange-girl.

The date of this exploit can be fixed within a few days. Pepys heard all about it from Lady Sandwich and records it in his *Diary* under date February 21st, 1665, as having happened a few days ago.

The visit of the Court to Tunbridge Wells.

Here Hamilton has allowed himself considerable latitude in his grouping of events. In the first place he has confounded the two occasions on which the Court was at Tunbridge. The Queen went there for her health in July 1663, and again in July 1666. But Nell Gwyn was not present on the first occasion: she had not then even made her first appearance on the stage; and Lord Muskerry was not present on the second: he had been killed at the battle of Southwold Bay in the preceding year. Peg Hughes was not Prince Rupert's mistress at the time of either of these visits, and did not become so till 1669. The Duke of York's visit to York took place in August 1665: it was in order to escape the Plague that the King and Queen went to Salisbury, and the Duke and Duchess made their northern progress. Hamilton is, however, quite right in dating from this occasion the beginning of the Duke's liaison with Arabella Churchill, the scandal

connecting the Duchess's name with that of Henry Sidney (Pepys, November 17th, 1665), and the death of Edward Montagu, who was killed before Bergen on August 2nd, 1665.

Gramont's first return to France.

This is one of Hamilton's most notable pieces of poetic licence. If the book were pure fiction the chevalier's departure comes just where it ought to come in order to sustain the reader's interest in his wooing of Miss Hamilton. But, as a matter of fact, he left early in September 1662, long before most of the events related in the preceding chapters.

CHAPTER XI

The chronology of this concluding chapter is amazingly erratic. Hamilton darts with airy inconsequence from one point to another in the whole period covered by Gramont's stay in England, and even makes excursions into the years following his marriage. It is true that the comte and comtesse de Gramont paid frequent visits to England after their marriage, and they may have been there at the time of any of the events enumerated in this chapter.

Gramont's visit to France.

In order to emphasize the chevalier's eagerness to return to Miss Hamilton, his stay in France is represented as being much shorter than it actually was. In truth he was absent from England for over three months, and did not fall in love with Miss Hamilton until after his return.

Gramont's return to England.

He arrived on January 14th, 1663. See the article on Gramont in the *Commentary*.

The Duke of Monmouth's marriage.

This took place on April 20th, 1663.

The Killigrew-Shrewsbury affair.

The whole history of this sordid business in reality was spread over several years, though Hamilton relates it as if it all occurred within the space of a few weeks. Killigrew's liaison with Lady Shrewsbury was over by 1666, in which year she became the mistress of the Duke of Buckingham. But the consequences of Killigrew's slandering of his former mistress did not occur till several years later. Moreover, Hamilton gets the order of events wrong. The attack on Killigrew took place on May 18th, 1669, not before but long after the duel between Buckingham and Shrewsbury, which was fought on January 10th, 1668. But it cannot be denied that Hamilton's bird's-eye view of the whole affair has the essential truth that is to be found, for example,

in the chronicle plays of Shakespeare, wherein also events are necessarily foreshortened and compressed for dramatic reasons.

The Court's visit to Bristol (Bath).

Hamilton states that this took place in the year following the visit to Tunbridge, but it really took place in the same year. Since the waters of Tunbridge had not had the desired effect on the Queen's health in August 1663, her physicians advised her to try those of Bath, and the Court removed there in September. It was presumably during this autumn that George Hamilton was paying his addresses to Frances Stuart.

The Expedition to Guinea.

This was projected in 1664.

The birth of a child to Lady Castlemaine.

The child to which Lady Castlemaine gave birth while the Court was at Bath was Henry Fitzroy, afterwards Earl of Euston and Duke of Grafton. He was born on September 20th, 1663. The Court returned to London on October 2nd.

Lady Castlemaine's affair with Churchill.

This incident has no business to be in the *Memoirs* at all. Hamilton is obviously drawing on his own recollections. The affair did not begin till 1668 at the earliest, probably later.

Lord Buckhurst and Nell Gwyn.

It was in July 1667, that Buckhurst persuaded Nell Gwyn to leave the stage and retire with him to Epsom. As has been noted elsewhere, he did not take Nell away from the King, but preceded him in her affections.

The King offers to discard his mistresses.

While it appears to be true that Charles did make some such offer to Frances Stuart, Hamilton is in error regarding the details. Lady Castlemaine was not yet Duchess of Cleveland, and did not become so till three years after Frances Stuart's marriage to the Duke of Richmond, nor was she yet enamoured of Churchill. It was also after Miss Stuart's marriage that Mary Davis first became the King's mistress.

Frances Stuart and the Duke of Richmond.

It is not known for how long before their marriage the Duke had been an admirer of Miss Stuart, but the whole pother about the projected marriage can be narrowed down to the first three months of 1667, since the Duke was not in a position to offer her his hand till that January, when his second wife died.

The Expedition against Gigeri. October 1664.

The fitting out of the Guinea fleet. August 1664.

The marriages of the principal characters in the Memoirs.

Frances Stuart eloped with the Duke of Richmond and was secretly married to him at the end of March 1667. The date of Henry Jermyn's marriage to Judith Poley does not appear to be known. Rochester, who had abducted the heiress, Elizabeth Mallet, in 1665, was married to her in the following year. Anne Temple's marriage to Sir Charles Lyttelton took place in 1666, Catherine Boynton's to Dick Talbot in 1669, and George Hamilton's to Frances Jennings in 1665. The chevalier de Gramont's rare constancy had met with its reward long before, towards the end of December 1663.

Note on the Illustrations

The "Windsor Beauties," the famous series of portraits of the loveliest ladies of the Court of Charles II specially painted by Lely for the Duchess of York, have, through Hamilton's allusion to them, become so intimately identified with the *Gramont Memoirs* that no apology need be made for including at least some of them in this volume. Critics may perhaps object that they have been too often reproduced already; but there is no getting away from the fact that they are the ideal illustrations for the book. Those selected on this occasion are the portraits of Elizabeth Hamilton, Frances Stuart, Mary Bagot, Margaret Brooke, and Mrs Middleton. The portrait of the Duchess of York herself here reproduced now hangs with the others at Hampton Court, but it did not form part of the original collection. It is a Lely School adaptation of a large full-length portrait also at Hampton Court. Instead of Lady Castlemaine's portrait as Minerva among the "Windsor Beauties," it has been decided to include another painting by Lely depicting her as St Catherine. This is in Lord Bathurst's collection, as is also the magnificent full-length of Henry Brouncker, one of a series of six prominent courtiers painted by Lely to the order of Sir Peter Apsley, cofferer to King Charles II. Other examples of Lely's work are the portraits of the Countess of Shrewsbury and the Earl of Arlington from the Marquess of Bath's collection at Longleat, and the superb Lennoxlove portrait of the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, which was bequeathed by the Duchess herself to an ancestor of the present owner, Major W. A. Baird.

Characteristic of the contemporary French School are the Parmentier portrait of Saint-Evremond and the Rigaudesque painting of Richard Talbot, both in the National Portrait Gallery. The Gordon Castle picture of Miss Warmestry, though attributed to Lely, is probably also by a French painter. Lord Bathurst's portrait of Rochester is attributed to a French painter, Henri Gascar, but it is not French in character or treatment, and in any case is a far finer piece of work than anything Gascar is actually known to have painted. On the other hand Gascar might have been the painter of the unusual little picture of Charles II from the Goodwood collection, though it might equally well be by a Flemish or Dutch painter. It is given to Lely in the Goodwood Catalogue. The portrait of Catherine of Bragança

from the National Portrait Gallery is by Simon Verelst, a Flemish painter.

Though the Editor personally is inclined to consider that the Bathurst portrait of Rochester is of English origin, the only picture in this volume which can with any certainty be placed to the credit of an English brush is the portrait of the Duke of York from Cirencester Park. Even this is traditionally attributed to Lely, but expert opinion now gives it to Russell or Riley.

The painter of the portraits of Anthony Hamilton and his brother George has not yet been identified. These pictures, which are now in the National Portrait Gallery, originally came from Ditton Park.

It will be noticed that all the illustrations properly belong to the latter half of the book. In order to secure a better spacing it has been necessary to relegate to the earlier pages the portraits of Charles II, Catherine of Bragança, Lady Castlemaine, and Saint-Evremond, but the remainder of the illustrations will be found to have been appropriately placed.

The Editor has pleasure in acknowledging the kind co-operation of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, the Marquess of Bath, K.G., the Earl Bathurst, and Major W. A. Baird, who have given permission for their pictures to be reproduced and have afforded every facility for the preparation of the illustrations.

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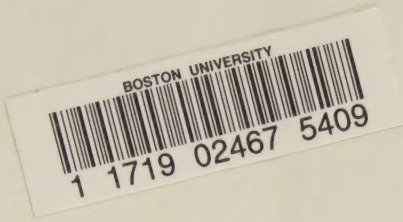

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